INSIDE THE MENNINGER PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC OF KANSAS

Flamboyant Natalie Wood, the Hollywood Throwback

MRS. DREW PEARSON: AT HOME WITH NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

The Saturday Evening POST

Apr. 7, 1962 — 20¢

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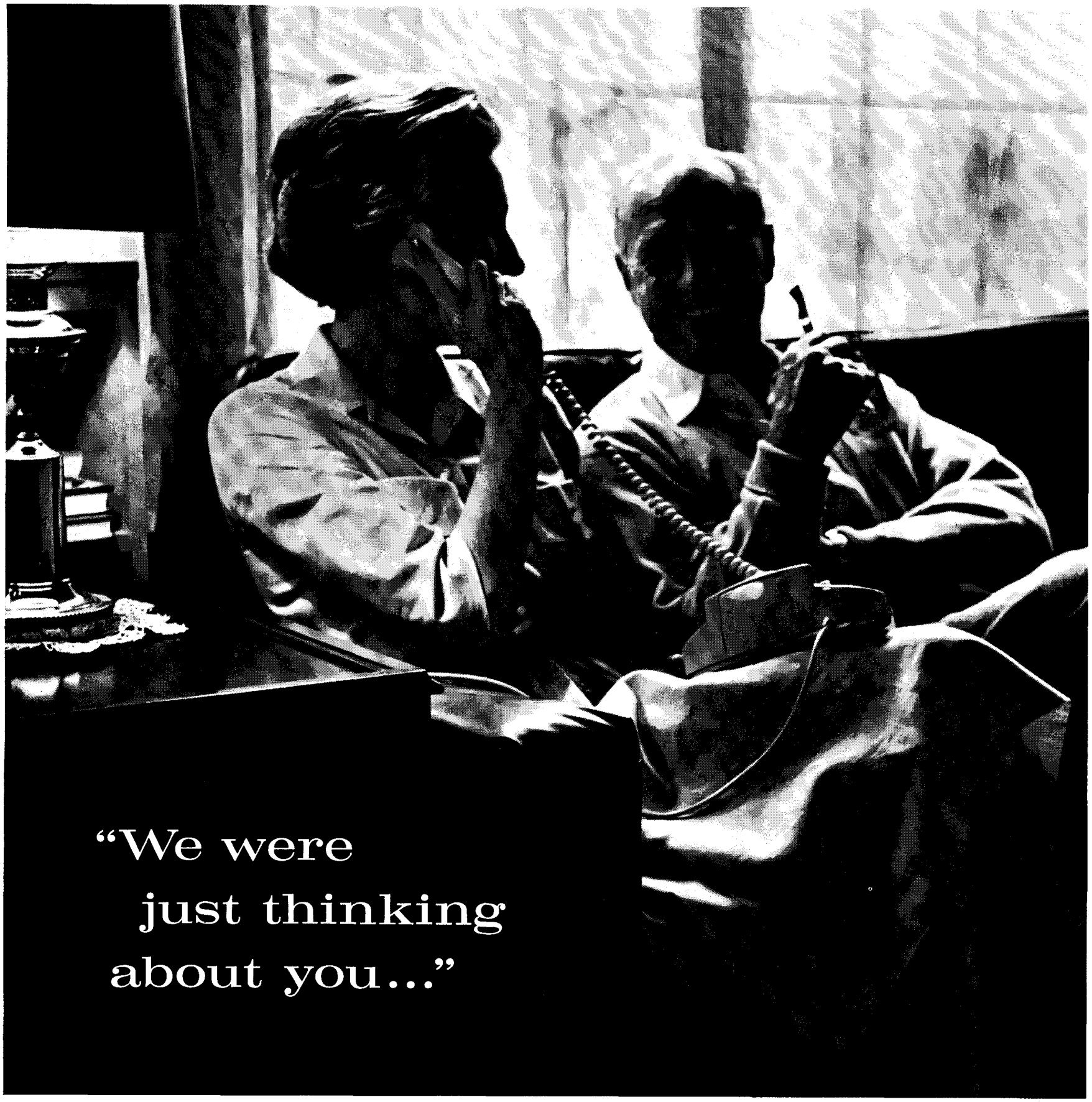

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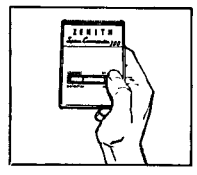

channels, adjusts volume, even mutes the sound instantly while the picture stays on. Relax — tune TV from your easy chair!

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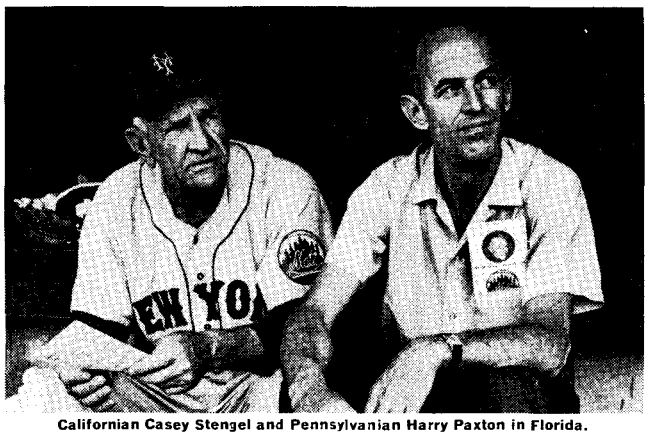
Natalie Wood (above): Don't let that sweet, shy, little-girl pose (as Gypsy) fool you. For the story of what this "Hollywood throwback" is really like, see page 32.

Mind Menders. Doctors Karl and Will Menninger of Topeka, Kansas, are among the most eminent psychiatrists at work today. In a series of four articles beginning in this issue (page 17), *The Post*'s science editor **Steven M. Spencer** tells about the brothers' famous clinic and the influence they have in Kansas, justifying Topeka's claim to be a world psychiatric center. When Steve went to Topeka to dig up material for the articles, Doctor Karl at first declined to discuss case histories, but relented when Steve promised to make the patients unidentifiable. (Doctor Karl did not reveal identities anyway.) Making up fictitious names is routine for a veteran medical writer, and Steve has some favorites, among them "John Anderson." So one patient became John Anderson in the manuscript sent out to Topeka to be checked for accuracy. "My face turned the color of a Kansas sunset when the manuscript came back," Steve reports, "for it bore this notation in the margin: 'You've used the name of our Governor!'"

Photographer Morath in Topeka.

Hard on the Heels of writer Spencer, photographer **Inge Morath**—the Vienna-born free-lancer who married playwright Arthur Miller in February—went to Topeka to take pictures for the article. After she had clicked her shutter nearly a thousand times, some hundred of them with Doctor Karl in range, he resolved that it was time to reverse directions and made her pose for him. The happy result appears at left.

California, Everyone? Noting that all the writers of fiction in this issue live in California, we checked the addresses of all the other storytellers whose work we have published so far this year. They range from Geneva, Switzerland, where **Vivian Connell** lives (A PLACE THAT NEVER CHANGES, March 17) to Brighton, South Australia, home of **Edward Lindall** (THE DIVING TREE, February 17). But California heads the list, being the address of slightly more than one fifth of the fiction writers. (We thought of stating this proportion in formula form, as W/5=C, until we realized that it could be taken to mean "one fifth of every writer lives in California.") On the other hand, a smaller proportion of our articles originate in the Golden State, a fact suggesting that its climate may be especially warming to pure imagination. In this issue a single eastern city—Washington, D.C.—takes the nonfiction honors, being the home of **John Perry, Mrs. Drew Pearson,** and contributing editor **Don A. Schanche.** Still, contributing editor **Bill Davidson** had to go to California (from New York City) to write about Hollywood's Natalie Wood. And though sports editor **Harry T. Paxton** (who is a Philadelphian) found his subject in sunny Florida, the indestructible Stengel still lives in sunny Glendale, California, right across the street from the home of storyteller **Charlotte Armstrong,** author of THE SPLENDID WORD.



Californian Casey Stengel and Pennsylvanian Harry Paxton in Florida.

The Cover. We hasten to point out that most telephone operators do not consider eavesdropping good form. The apartment-house switchboard girl depicted on our cover by artist Constantin Alajálov, however, evidently finds listening in to gossip fascinating—though on this occasion, downright shocking. We have only faint hope that the earful she is getting will cure her nosiness.

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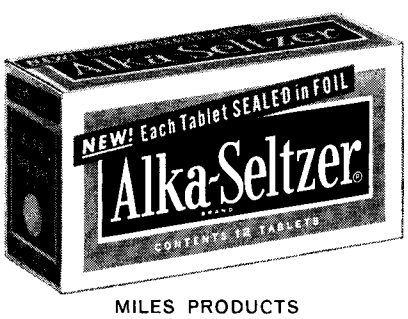

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LETTERS

LYNDON'S SURRENDER

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your article THE NEW LYNDON JOHNSON [by Ben Bagdikian, Feb. 24], we do need a new picture of Lyndon. I still have the picture of complete surrender to a fellow senator who now is our President. After all his brave vows to the contrary, he sang the old refrain, "I surrender, dear."

FRED H. FLOWERS
San Diego, Calif.

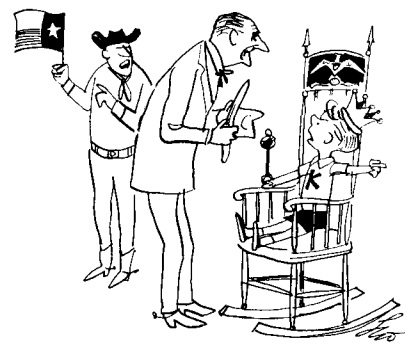
Dear Sirs:

As a Texan, I want to hang my head in shame.

PEW BROUGHTON
Big Spring, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

It is kind of you to throw a sop to a has-been that never was. In the jumble of Washington politics I don't believe Lyndon is able to see things clearly. Out here in the wide-open spaces of Texas we are able to see the succession to the Presidency from Jack through Bobby, Teddy, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra. Then there will be another brood of Kennedys to take over, and Lyndon will



find himself waving to a parade that has long since passed him by, and I think we can safely say that he also is a has-been that never will be.

C. A. HUSTED
Pampa, Tex.

THE EVIL EYE

Dear Sirs:

Bentz Plagemann, to my mind, paints a pretty sad picture [THEY THINK WE HAVE THE EVIL EYE, Feb. 24] of an individual steeped in self-pity, bemoaning "his fate," unable to adjust to his limitations, seeking sympathy and special consideration. I should like to refute, however, that Mr. Plagemann represents the thinking and feelings of the majority of handicapped persons.

It is almost seven years since I—then in my middle thirties, married and the mother of three children, ages ten, eight, and three—was stricken with polio. I, too, wear a leg brace and need two aluminum crutches (not merely a cane) in order to walk, but I'm usually much too busy to indulge in any of Mr. Plagemann's self-pity.

RUTH S. KUMIN
Brockton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Since I have worn long leg braces for over thirty-three years as a result of polio, I read with considerable interest Bentz Plagemann's article. While I have become immune, or almost so, to the stares of the curious when I'm where I am not known, I can agree heartily with most of his statements.

CARL E. WALKER
St. Marys City, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing Bentz Plagemann's article. As a volunteer helper at Easter Seal clinics here, I'm being initiated into some of the unbelievable "medievalisms" of bracing, and I sincerely hope this article heralds progress in the field.

Also, I suspect many kindhearted and intelligent people will read the article and comment, "The evil eye! How can people be so ignorant and callous!" Yet, when introduced to someone who works with the crippled, they will say, "How wonderful of you! But I couldn't possibly do that—I feel too sorry for them." I wish these people would explore the possibility that their "sorrow" is heavily tinged with the horrible feeling, "What if this should happen to me, or my child!" Once we realize how much of our excessive sympathy is selfish fear, we can offer constructive help and understanding to those who are handicapped.

PAULINE SANDHOLDT
Yuma, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Apparently this article was written to make people feel sorry for "cripples." If there is anything more disgusting to me than open pity shown toward us physically handicapped, it is self-pity by the "cripple" himself.

SYLVIA SURRATT
Victorville, Calif.

NO CAVE WOMEN

Dear Sirs:

I am sick of hearing about woman's changing status. It is not her status that has changed, but only her freedom. After reading that women today are little better off than the cave women [SPEAKING OUT: RETURN OF THE CAVE WOMAN, by Margaret Mead, Mar. 3], I turned on my automatic washer, unloaded the dishwasher and went off to take a flying lesson.

MARJORIE ANN HOGE
Princeton, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I am grateful to you for the article by Margaret Mead. Our country does not have to apologize for the educational opportunities and the corresponding achievements of our women, but we do need wisdom in our guidance of these pioneering institutions. There are few parents or educators who cannot learn from the incisive observations of Miss Mead.

DUNCAN MERRIWETHER
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chairman, Board of Trustees
Mount Holyoke College

Dear Sirs:

Could we, please, have just a brief respite from articles analyzing and criticizing the American woman? I am convinced that the main thing wrong with the American woman is an excess of articles discussing what is wrong with the American woman.

VIRGINIA HACKLEMAN
Connersville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

It's about time women realized that most men do not want a shy and retiring wife who stays in her shell. A woman who can help her husband,

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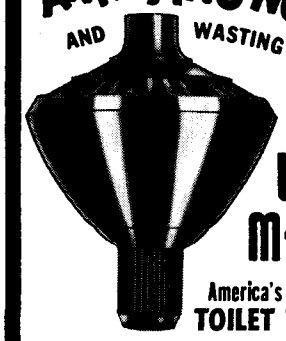

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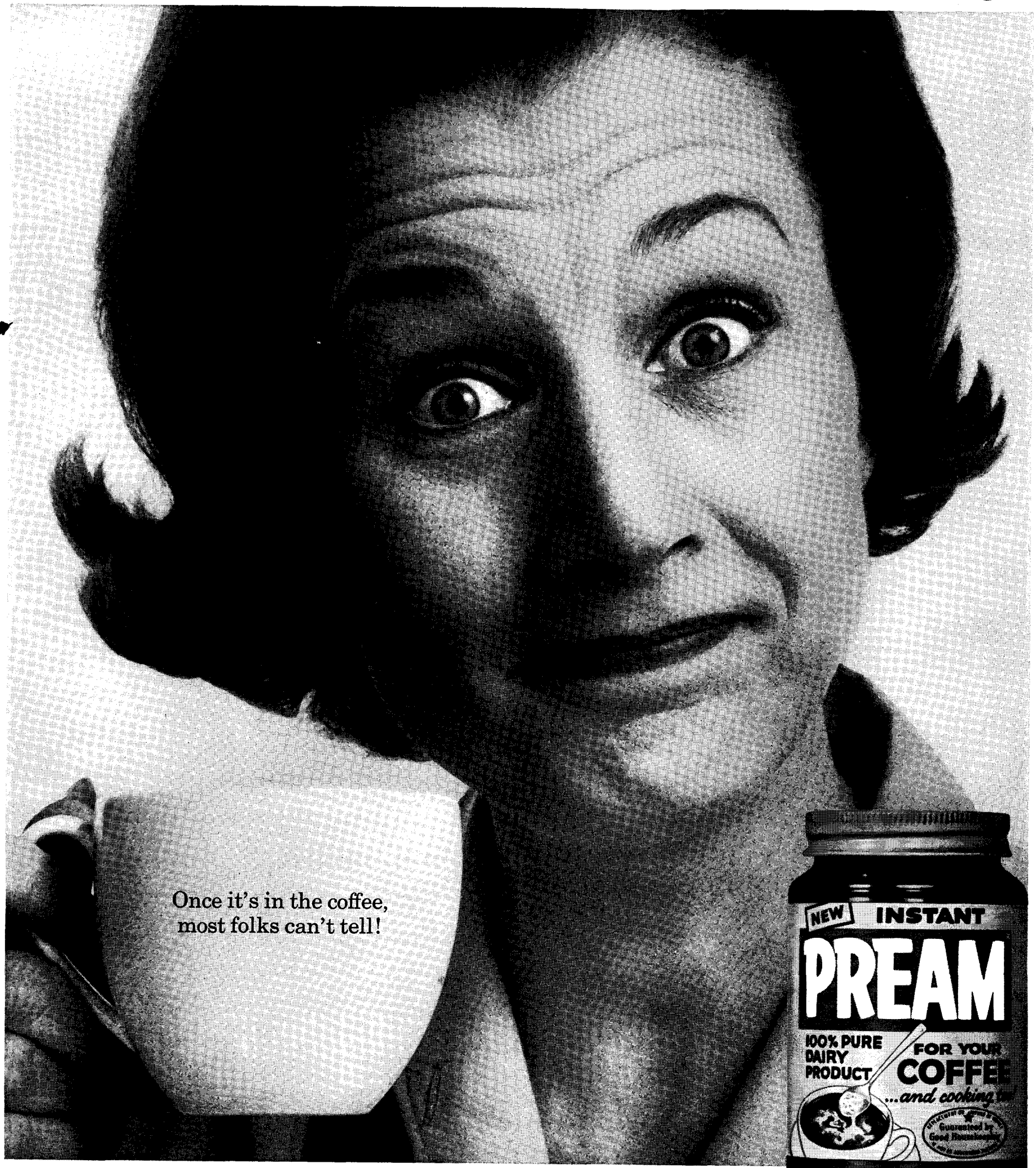

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LETTERS

home and community is to be much admired today, as she is a vanishing breed.

JOEL TALMAGE CROCKER
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Interesting for Bible times, but not practical for 1962. . . . I believe 80 percent of the women are for making the most of life. Your article is for the other 20 percent.

ANNETTE DES ROBERTS
Biddeford, Maine

Dear Sirs:

It is my stanch opinion that Margaret Mead has one of the best minds of our generation, whether it be housed under a bald pate or a permanent wave. However, I am always bewildered to rediscover that, while she can face the fact that woman is female physiologically, she insists upon viewing her fellow woman as psychologically, sociologically and ethnologically non-sextarian.

G. PEARCE RESE
Washington, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Margaret Mead seems to be encouraging women to leave their homes to maintain the tradition of service to society. She says "work outside the home . . . holds no attraction in itself, unless it is subservient to the demands of an individual household." Ridiculous. More and more women are professionals first and women second, and glad of it. They are also finding increasing acceptance in every occupational field. (If she can generalize, so can I.) . . .

Miss Mead also says, "A mother who knows nothing about science is a mother whose child is handicapped." I violently disagree. The child who is handicapped is the one whose mother doesn't realize the significance of her personal influence on her child. The thoughtful woman I admire is just a whole person in a society of people torn into pieces by conflicting appeals. This whole woman is happy at home and realizes she is most useful to society as a source of love within the family.

BARBARA KIRKLAND, '62
University of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

EUROPE'S AFFLUENCE

Dear Sirs:

The hymn sung by Ernest O. Hauser in AFFLUENT EUROPE [Feb. 10] will not be echoed by every European. There are many people, in Britain at least, who do not accept our increasing affluence without some diffidence, hesitation and qualification.

To my mind, some of the features of affluence emphasized by Mr. Hauser are repulsive in their baldness. . . . We in Britain want more of the good things in life, but we wish to preserve quality and the satisfaction of pride in personal skills: we want better housing and roads, but we wish to preserve the quietness and beauty of our countryside; we want entertainment, but we do not wish to become television addicts and sensation seekers; we want prosperity, but we must avoid abject materialism. . . .

There is no virtue in being dynamic for its own sake, nor is there any virtue in affluence for its own sake.

MICHAEL J. BURBIDGE
Pinner, England

DANGEROUS PETS?

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed reading PETS CAN BE DANGEROUS [by Frances Allen and John E. Allen, M.D., Feb. 17], but it can also be pointed out, so can babies, children and adults if they bite or scratch you. I am a retired veterinary, and in all my experience I have never known anyone to be hurt by the scratch of a feline or a dog, not as a direct result of the scratch. Admittedly, infection can set in from any scratch as a result of unclean surroundings, dirt, etc., but the claw of a feline has nothing dangerous in it, no more than a nail, or the fingernail of a baby.

C. D. BRADFORD
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

No wonder cats give you cat scratch fever! I would too, if your picture [below] is any sample of the way some kids

hold their cats. What would *you* do if someone came along and picked *you* up like that?

LYN MCCOY
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

A more thorough treatment of the subject would have convinced the reading public that "Pets Are Dangerous!" . . . People have made pets of anything from fish to birds, but if we consider *only two* of the most common (dog and cat) and make an *incomplete* tabulation of the possible zoonoses in just North America we will arrive at *more* than "twenty-two known diseases" harbored by "harmless" animals. . . . The Allens can have their pets—I have none!

ARTHUR L. DUELL, M.D.
Fayetteville, Ark.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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The shells found quick favor with Victorian ladies as ornamentation, and the house of Marcus Samuel prospered. Soon it was importing shells from the East by the shipload.

Later, Marcus Samuel's sons broadened this trade with the Far East. In their ships... all bearing seashell names... the first bulk cargo of kerosene moved through the Suez Canal. And when a company was formed to engage in the oil business, a scallop shell was chosen as its trademark.

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In laboratories the world over Shell research people pursue the quest in their search for new and better products from petroleum—new chemicals to increase man's food supply, new plastics that can withstand tremendous heat, and, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

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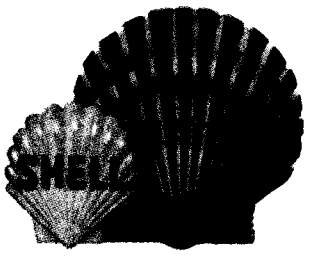

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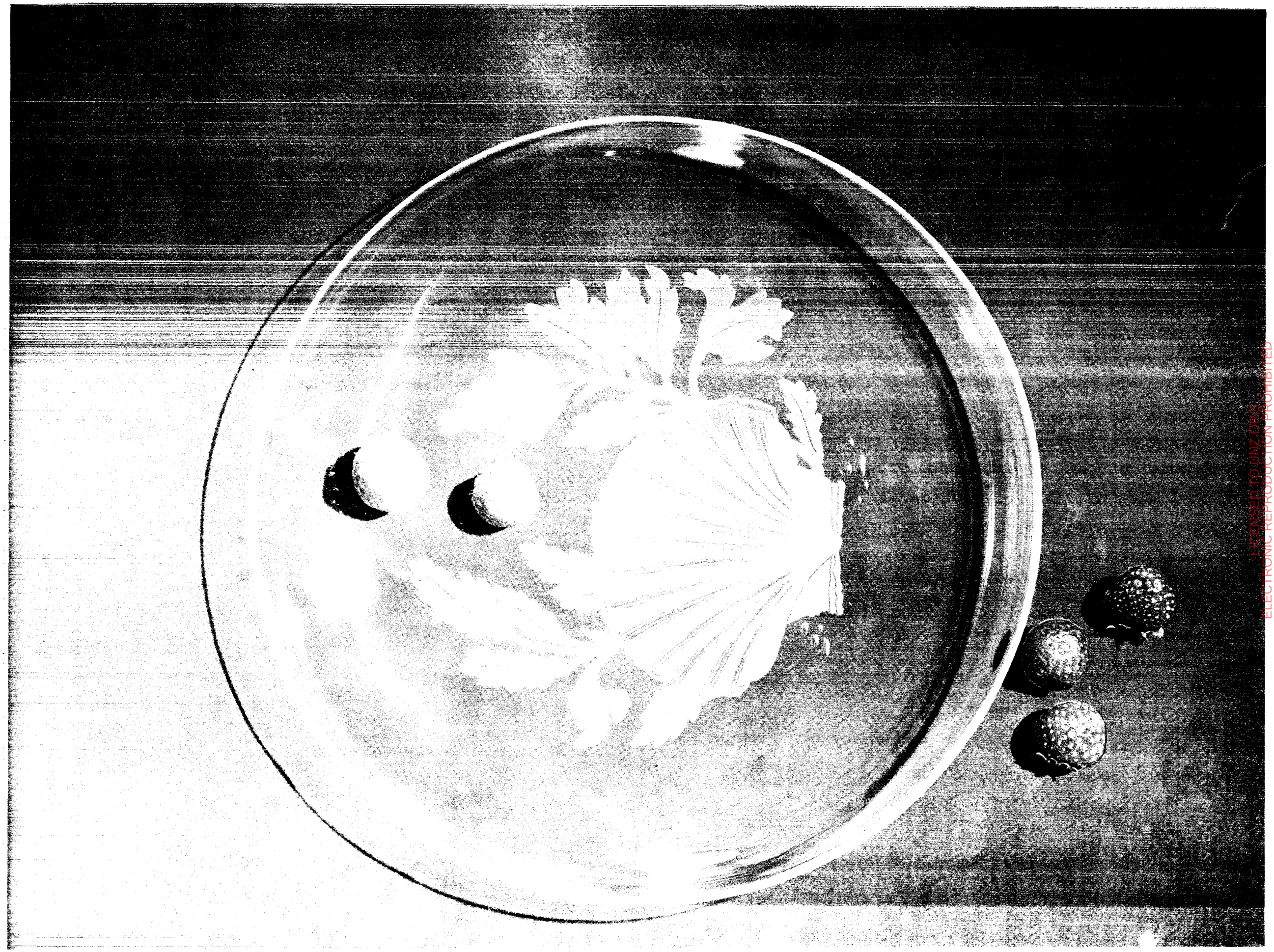

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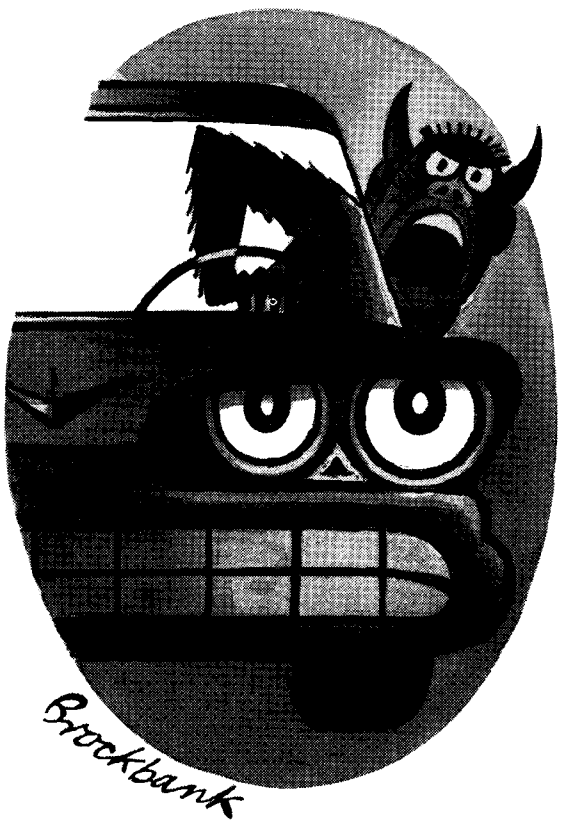
SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

A CATALOGUE OF BOORS

These public nuisances come in several varieties. You may have met some today.

BY COREY FORD



What happens to people's manners when they get out in public? I mean perfectly nice people who are the soul of politeness when you meet them in private. Meet the same people on a subway or bus at rush hour, though, and they shove and jostle and elbow you in the short ribs. Manners begin at home, and that's where they end today.

Maybe it's this high-pressure age we live in. Nobody has time for chivalry any more. Strangers used to doff their hats and murmur "Pardon me" when they collided on the street. Now they back off, glare at each other and collide again even harder. If I stand up to offer a lady my seat in a subway car, another man slips into it before she can sit down. If I step aside to let her through the door first, the incoming mob pins me back into the car, and I wind up two stops past my station, with my necktie yanked to one side and the top button missing from my coat.

Prolific humorist Corey Ford lives in usually unboorish Hanover, New Hampshire. He is the author of thirty books and more than fifty Post *articles and short stories.*

There's something about me that attracts boors, as a blue serge suit gathers lint. I run into them—or, rather, they run into me—whenever I walk down the street. Pedestrians link arms and stride along the sidewalk three abreast, forcing me into the gutter. Let me loiter a moment before a shop window, and they butt me in the rear with a handbag or an attaché case. On a rainy day they hold their open umbrellas like war shields and charge with heads lowered, impaling my hat.

Ladies may be models of etiquette in their own parlors, but turn them loose in a bargain basement and they display all the manners of wrestlers in a mass tag-team match. A supermarket on Saturday morning is a similarly open challenge. Well-bred matrons wheel their loaded carts like contestants in a stock-car race, sideswiping one another as they zigzag down the aisles, crowding a rival cart to the rail or cutting in front of a fellow shopper to beat her to the cashier's turnstile. I understand it's even worse in a ladies' rest room, but this is only hearsay.

Male manners aren't any better. Take a gentleman of impeccable courtesy, a cross between Lancelot and Lord Chesterfield, a *parfait gentil* knight. Seat him behind the wheel of a car, and he turns into a honking fiend, leaning on his horn when the traffic stops and again when it starts. Is the driver ahead a little slow getting away on the green light? Roll down the window and yell at him, or creep up and nudge his rear bumper. Does someone want to pass on the highway? Hog the center line so he can't get by. Someone else trying to work his way over to the right-hand lane for an exit? Speed up and box him in. A car approaching on a winding road at night? Leave the headlights on high beam to blind him. A lady with an armload of groceries making her way across the street? Slam on the brakes and screech to a halt an inch from her elbow, causing her to leap in the air and drop all her bundles.

Why? Probably one reason for such behavior is the anonymity of a crowd. People have to restrain themselves in polite society, but among strangers they can work off their daily frustrations without fear of being identified. Say a man has nicked himself while shaving, been sassed at breakfast by his teen-age offspring and received a notice in the mail that his income tax is being investigated. Not only that, but he discovers on the way to the station that his wife put a dent in the fender of his car, his train is forty minutes late, and he has to stand all the way into town. By the time he arrives he is seething with suppressed fury. Ahead of him on the terminal platform is a stout man whom he never saw before, stooping over to tie his shoelace. What is more natural than to lift a knee and boost him forward? Let him work off *his* frustration on the next man whose shoelace comes untied.

Boorishness is so widespread and assumes so many guises these days that I think it's time we tried to catalogue and classify the subject. Right now I'm working on a modern book of etiquette called *Ford's Guide to Ill Manners; or, a Glossary of Boors*. I don't mean professional boors, such as headwaiters or bus drivers or room clerks in swank hotels. Nor do I confuse Boors with Bores, though I admit they are difficult to distinguish at times. What I have in mind are the ordinary well-meaning cads and churls and louts who do not even realize they are rude.

There's the Theater Boor, for example. He arrives after the play or motion picture has started and makes his way to a vacant seat somewhere in the middle of my row. This means that I have to stand in a half crouch, clutching my belongings in my lap, while he forces his way past me, stumbling over my feet and kicking one of my overshoes a couple of rows away. Generally he carries an overcoat draped over his arm which he drags along the backs of the necks of the people in the next row forward, disarranging hairdos and knocking toupees askew. It turns out, when he reaches the seat, that it is already occupied by a small child, so he has to force his way back to the aisle again, kicking my other overshoe flying.

If he settles down behind me, a Theater Boor always crosses his legs so he can bump the back of my seat. This does not have to be a hard bump. A steady rhythmic drumming, accented by an occasional solid thud, will wear down the nerves of a Theater Boor's victim as effectively as Chinese water torture.

If he is located in front of me, on the other hand, he keeps tilting his head to the left or right. As a result I have to tilt my head simultaneously to the right or left, forcing the person behind me to shift in the opposite direction. A tall Theater Boor can start an entire audience swaying from side to side in an undulating movement which carries all the way to the rear of the theater.

Closely allied to the oaf I have been discussing is the Stadium Boor, who wears an enormous raccoon coat and leaps to his feet whenever the football is snapped by the center, waving both arms and effectively cutting off my view. If I stand up to see better, he promptly seats himself again, and everyone shouts at me, "Down in front!" Not only is the Stadium Boor a football expert, but he takes it for granted that I am not and helps me out by explaining before each play just what the quarterback will do, or explaining after the play just what he should have done

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Progress against...

"the world's toughest jigsaw puzzle"

CANCER, a disease of almost unbelievable complexity, has been called "the world's toughest jigsaw puzzle." Fortunately, more and more pieces of the puzzle are falling into place so that a clearer picture of cancer is emerging—optimism for its eventual conquest is increasing.

Many new discoveries have been made about the chemical differences between normal and cancer cells . . . about the role of viruses in some forms of cancer . . . about the influence of hormones in the development of the disease...about the body's innate ability to react or develop immunity against cancerous cells.

Moreover, encouraging gains have been made in the diagnosis and treatment of cancer. For example, there is a simple test by which one of the common forms of cancer in women can be detected in an early stage—or even before symptoms appear. If every adult woman would have the "Pap Smear Test" made every year, the form of cancer that it reveals could almost be eliminated as a cause of death.

In fact, early detection of most types of cancer in both men and women greatly increases the chances of cure. It is estimated, for example, that if all cancer patients received early and adequate treatment, one half could be saved.

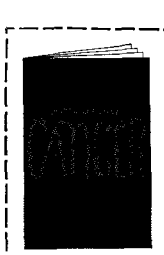
Today your physician knows more about the signs and symptoms of cancer. Often he can detect certain cancers while they are localized and can be treated successfully by surgery, X-ray and other forms of radiation. This points up the importance of going to your doctor for a complete health examination at least once a year—or more often if he suggests it.

Between your check-ups, it is also wise to watch for these seven signs which may warn of cancer:

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere
3. A sore that does not heal
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits
5. Hoarseness or cough
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing
7. Change in a wart or mole

None of these signs definitely indicates cancer. But if any one of them should occur and last longer than two weeks, you should go to your doctor promptly. Such prompt attention is one of the basic safeguards in the control of cancer.

For more information about cancer, write for Metropolitan's booklet, *Facts About Cancer.* Use the coupon below for a free copy.



Metropolitan Life (Dept. E-42)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me "*Facts About Cancer.*"

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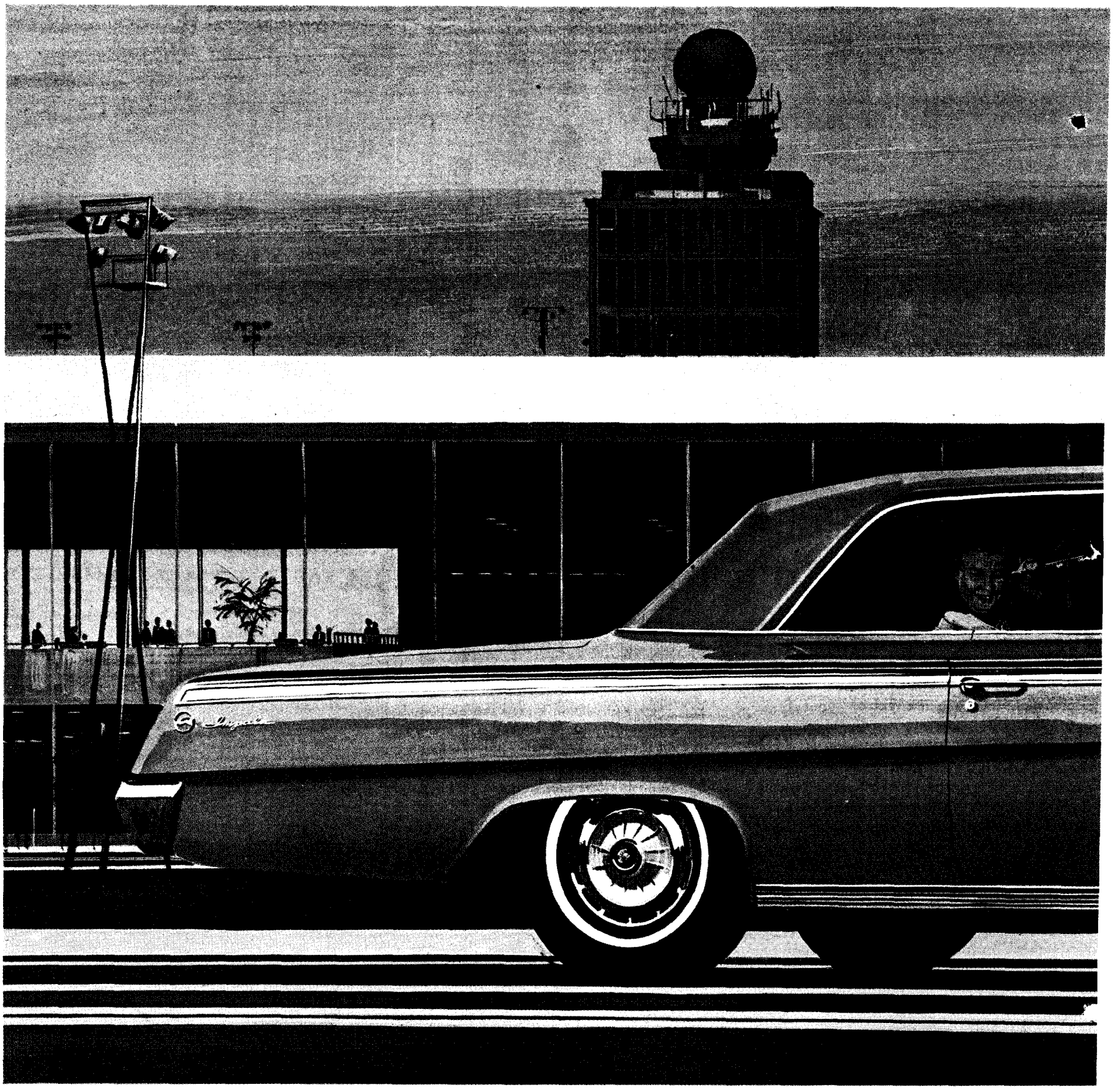
ROOM, ZOOM and a road softening ride! JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET



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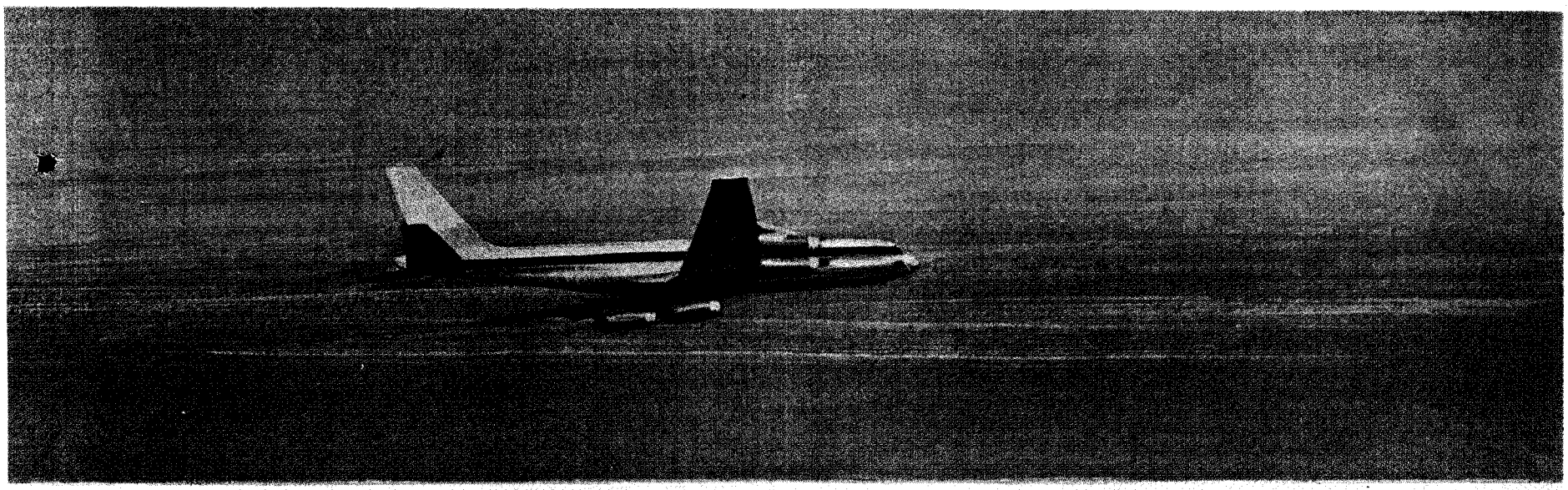
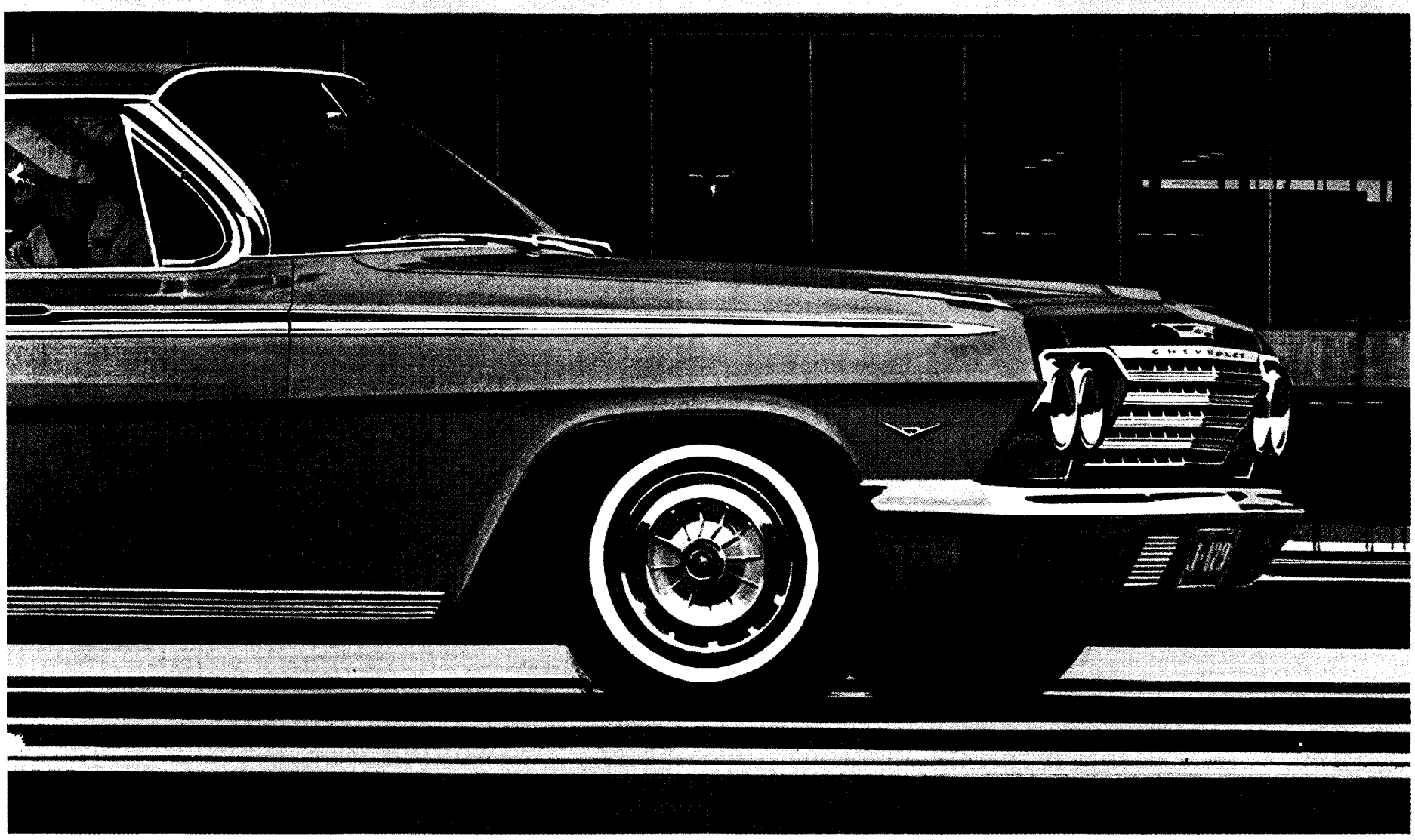
What we mean, this one's got it in every department. Just about everything you'd expect of a high-priced car—except, of course, a high price. The Jet-smooth Chevrolet's rich looks are a happy blend of quietly elegant design, Body by Fisher craftsmanship and tastefully appointed interiors. Its spaciousness shows up in lots of welcome ways—plenty of hip, hat, shoulder, elbow and leg room. And back aft—a mammoth trunk (just take a gander at that thing!). Its zoom springs from V8 power that's triggered to your kind of traveling (even the nickel-nursing 6 has its own brand of spunk).

But, of all this Chevrolet's charms, perhaps the most endearing is that gentle Jet-smooth ride. There's a big sinewy Full Coil spring at each wheel teamed with over 700 insulators and absorbers at work throughout the car. And that means you whiz around in peace and quiet with the feeling that maybe bumps have gone underground for good. Nor have we done anything short of our best in the Little-Things-That-Count Department. For instance, the Jet-smooth Chevrolet offers you crank-operated ventipanes (no hooked pull-handles to jam fingers or split fingernails on), parallel-action electric windshield wipers (no center blind spot) and a single-key locking system (exit the two-key nuisance). Want more? It's all there, as a sample ride in the car that's taken the expense out of feeling expensive will show you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET





Impala Sport Coupe—only thing that goes bumpity-bump about this one is your heart.

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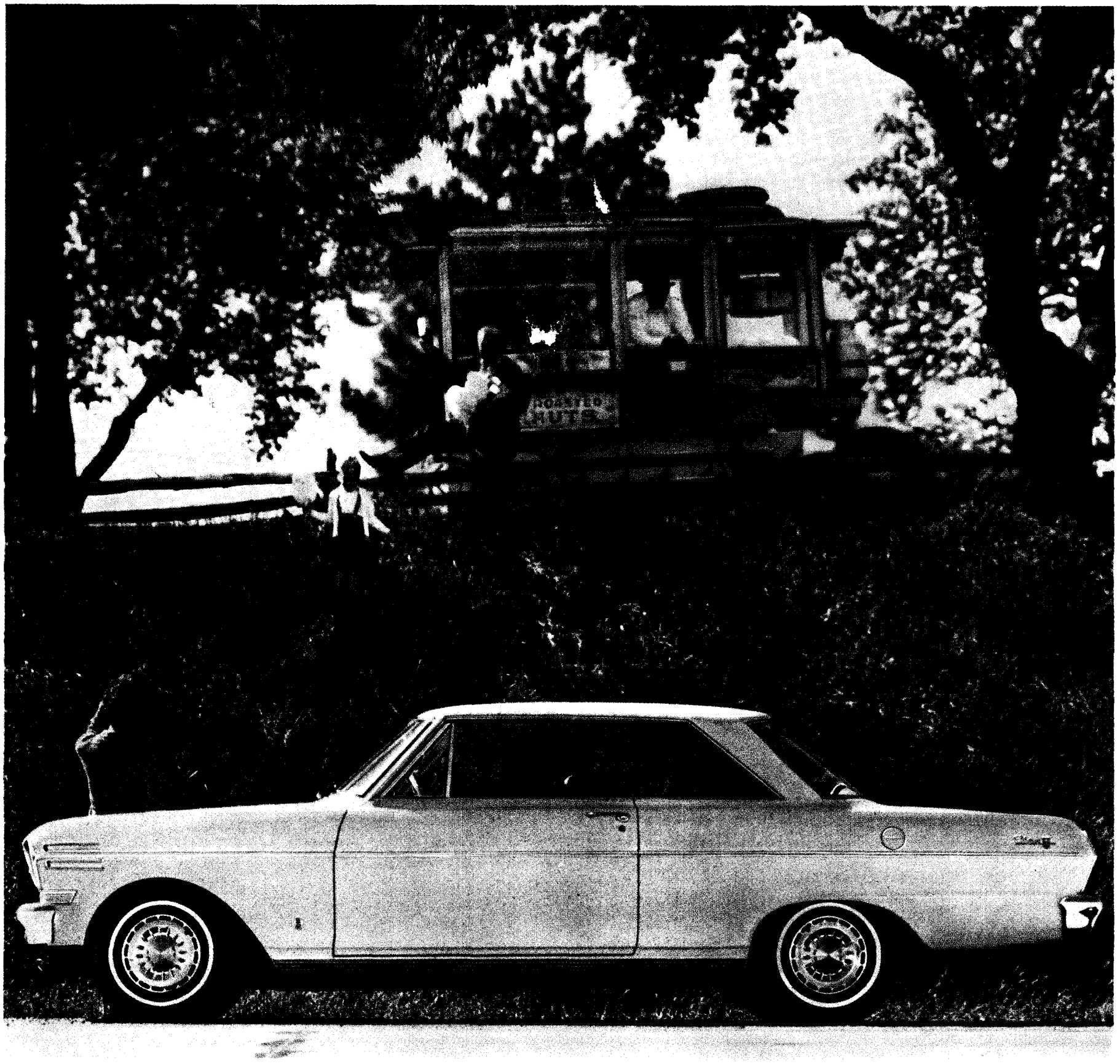

Nova 400 Sport Coupe—handsome hardtop with Body by Fisher.

Luxury and low price...beautifully blended

This is just one of 11 frisky, family-sized Chevy II models that have many a bigger car wondering how it's done. You may, too . . . when you see how much perky performance, pert good looks and relaxing roominess you get in one of America's lowest priced cars!

Like a car that fits big families and small parking places? A sassy, saving six with V8 scat? One-piece rear springs for a softer, quieter ride? Money-saving maintenance features like front-end components (including fenders) that bolt on for easy replacement? You'll find them all and then some in Chevy II—the same ingenious things that won *Car Life* magazine's coveted Engineering Excellence Award. The same day-in, day-out dependability that means any car is a sounder buy if Chevrolet builds it. See for yourself at your dealer's now! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Chevy II Nova

CHEVROLET

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SPEAKING OUT

instead. My recourse is to lean forward and accidentally drop a hot coal from my pipe down the collar of his coonskin coat, starting a small brush fire which keeps him occupied while I enjoy the game.

Then, of course, there's the Restaurant Boor. In a crowded dining room he sits alone at a table for four, dawdling over his coffee and gazing absently at the throng of hungry customers on the other side of the velvet restraining rope. Sometimes he raises their hopes by signaling for his check, and then settles back for another cup of coffee and a cigarette while he goes over the waiter's figures item by item. When he departs, he bangs his chair against mine, just as I am balancing a forkful of salad, and he never fails to leave his cigarette smoldering on a plate with butter on it.

Even more familiar is the entrance hog, or Door Boor. In an office elevator he stands at the very back of the car until it stops at his floor and then he struggles frantically through the crowd to get out. Once he has emerged, he halts right in front of the exit for a leisurely chat with a companion, blocking everyone else who is trying to get by. A Revolving Door Boor is in a class by himself. Either he stops the door so suddenly that I bump my forehead, or else he gives it an extra spin as he leaves, sending me galloping around my compartment at top speed and shooting me out like a marble in a roulette wheel, usually back into the street where I started.

Some of the deadliest boors are encountered in public conveyances. Take for instance the Airplane Boor. He locates himself by the window in a double seat, placing his hat and coat on the other half to discourage anyone else from sitting beside him. He's always too hot or too cold. If the cabin is sweltering, he asks the stewardess to turn up the heat a little more. If it's on the chilly side, he adjusts the air vent above him so that a frigid blast plays on my bald spot. His reclining chair is a constant source of amusement for him. Just as I'm sipping a drink in my seat behind him, he releases the lever and tilts it all the way back without warning, squashing the paper cup in my face and pinning me flat beneath him. There's no room for me to read my newspaper, so I spend the trip holding his chair in my lap and crooning muffled invectives.

An Airplane Boor is at his best on an overnight flight. Everyone else may be trying to sleep, but he is wide awake in the darkened cabin, his solitary light shining in my eyes. Now and then he stumbles down the aisle, lurching against me and dislodging the pillow tucked behind my neck. He engages the stewardess in an animated conversation, punctuated with hearty guffaws which echo through my fitful slumbering. At the first sign of dawn he seizes his shaving kit and locks himself in the men's washroom, where he remains until it's time to land.

A special group of public boors might be designated as Cadging Cads. Upright citizens who wouldn't dream of cheating at cards will resort to any snide trick to get ahead of other people waiting in line. A woman is particularly adept at this because she takes advantage of her sex, confiding to me that she is a little pregnant and would I mind letting her ask the ticket agent just one question? The question turns out to be a twenty-minute discussion of the best route to San Antonio by way of Omaha, while I shift from one foot to the other and miss my train. A female Telephone Booth Boor is equally adept at chicanery. When the number she's calling is busy, does she release the booth to someone else pacing up and down outside? Not a proficient cadger. She holds the silent earphone and pretends to be talking until it's time to try her number again.

There's no ruse to which a Taxicab Boor will not stoop. If I step to the curb to hail a cab on a snowy night, he takes a position a few feet up the avenue in order to grab it before it reaches me. I move up the avenue a few feet beyond him, whereupon he sidles around behind me and shows up again another few feet ahead. This keeps up until I'm so near home that it's easier to walk.

Not all boors are found in the city, of course. There's the Suburban Boor who practices scales on his piano late at night or operates his power lawnmower early in the morning. I have a friend in Connecticut whose next-door neighbor started a compost heap at the edge of her property, right under his bedroom window. He retaliated by building an outdoor barbecue at the edge of his property, so the smoke would blow into her living room. She was not to be outdone. While he was grilling steaks one evening, she started spraying her shade trees and drove all his guests indoors to escape the sulfurous fallout. The last time I heard from him he'd just sent away for a hand trap and a box of clay pigeons and was planning to set up a skeet course in line with her picture window.

Sometimes the temptation to be a Boor is irresistible, I'll admit. Not long ago I had to spend the night in one of those newly constructed hotels whose partitions are made of cobweb-thin material. Along about three in the morning the couple in the adjoining room came in, banging the door, rattling coat hangers in their closet and flushing the toilet at least six times. When I pulled the covers over my head, they turned on their radio full blast and engaged in what sounded like a game of volleyball against the wall behind my bed. By the time they finally dropped off to sleep, it was time for me to get up to catch an early train. Before I left, though, I removed the DO NOT DISTURB sign from their doorknob and substituted one reading: MAID: MAKE UP THIS ROOM IMMEDIATELY. Then I called room service and ordered a sizable breakfast to be sent up to them right away, I asked the valet to pick up a suit they wanted cleaned in a hurry, and I notified the repairman that there was a bad leak in their bathtub. On my way through the lobby I bought a newspaper and told the bellboy to deliver it to them at once. "If they don't answer the door," I said, "keep on knocking." When I got to the station, I phoned their room at the hotel and asked if they were still asleep. The reply was not very courteous, but what do you expect from a Boor?

There's only one solution to the Boor Problem, as I see it. Change the rules. Reverse the social dicta laid down by Emily Post and make it good manners to remain seated while a lady is standing, for instance, or to precede her through the door and let it slam in her face. Thus, under the new code, all the persons who are boors would automatically become models of proper behavior. On the other hand, all the people who are models of proper behavior would automatically become boors. But personally I think they deserve a little fun for a change.

THE END

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS

Beginning a four-part series on the life and work of the men who have devoted themselves to the fight for better understanding and effective treatment of the mentally ill.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

As you enter Topeka from the Kansas Turnpike, driving north on U.S. 75 into a city of wide, shaded streets and comfortable homes, you pass a small sign bearing the familiar sunflower emblem and this greeting:

WELCOME TO THE CAPITAL CITY OF KANSAS—WORLD PSYCHIATRIC CENTER.

This claim, by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, could be disputed on several grounds. There are more psychiatrists and psychoanalysts per acre, for example, in one particular sector of neurosis-ridden New York than in Topeka. And far greater numbers of mental patients are housed in the huge, crowded state hospitals of the more populous parts of the country than here in this city on the green fringe of the western plains. But in the community's sensitivity to the shattering wounds of the mentally ill and in its concentration of professional and lay efforts to heal them, Topeka deserves top honors.

Restoration of mental health has become this town's business. And those who have done most to make it so are the brothers Menninger, of the Menninger Clinic. Doctors Karl and Will Menninger are to present-day psychiatry what the late Doctors Charley and Will Mayo were to medicine as a whole—far-ranging Midwesterners whose names are almost as well known to the public as to the profession. As writers, teachers, speakers and practicing psychiatrists they have done much to create a better understanding of what psychiatry can offer to the emotionally disturbed inhabitants of an unstable globe.

Doctor Karl and Doctor Will are the chief of staff and president, respectively, of the Menninger Foundation, the nonprofit organization through which the energies of this remarkable family and its constellation of talented associates are channeled, in treatment, education and research.

Core of the operation is the C. F. Menninger Memorial Hospital, named after the late Dr. Charles F. Menninger, father of Karl and Will. Closely affiliated are the Menninger School of Psychiatry and the Topeka Institute for Psychoanalysis. The Menningers also have an influential voice in the conduct of the Topeka Veterans Administration Hospital and the Topeka State Hospital. Indeed, they were key figures in a reorganization that raised the state hospital from near the bottom to a top position among state mental institutions.

The Menninger treatment philosophy, blending Freud and friendliness in a carefully structured pattern, touches thousands of persons who come to Topeka's half dozen mental hospitals and clinics in "psychic pain" and emotional distress. A majority of the patients are successfully treated, many of them in a few months, and returned to happy, useful lives.

Most important, this is in part a community accomplishment. Thousands of plain citizens of Topeka have assisted in one way or another in the therapeutic process. Restaurant owners and storekeepers have helped rebuild the broken lives of convalescing patients by giving them jobs. A famous movie star once sold dresses in a Topeka women's clothing store during her treatment at the Menninger Clinic. Families have provided affectionate foster-parent care to teen-age patients. Hundreds of Topeka men and women have served as volunteers escorting patients to bowling alleys, museums, stores, and

Our personalities may be influenced by the way we see things: At the Menninger Foundation research laboratory, experimental psychologist Dr. John Santos conducts a test which shows that people can be induced to see an object distortedly.

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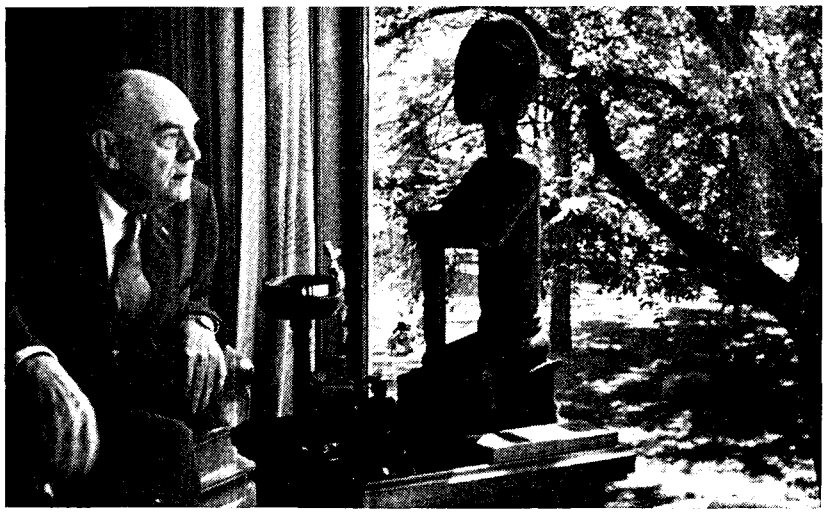

From an office in the old farmhouse which serves as administration building, "Doctor Will" surveys the grounds of the 70-acre Menninger Clinic. Now 62, Will is the younger of Topeka's two Menninger brothers, and president of the Menninger Foundation.

miniature golf courses and inviting them to their homes for parties and picnics.

Moral support has sometimes come from surprising quarters. Not long ago a wildly assaultive patient was being taken to the Topeka Veterans Hospital in a taxi. He was kicking up a terrible fuss, giving two strong attendants a rough time, when the cab driver turned and spoke to him. "I know just how you feel, bud," he said. "I was about in your shape myself when I was brought here to the VA hospital a couple of years ago. Today I'm fine." Startled by this unexpected picture of complete recovery, the disturbed passenger immediately calmed down.

The full picture of mental illness, which fills half the nation's hospital beds and brings 225,000 new patients to the public mental hospitals each year, is far deeper and darker, of course, than a ruckus in a taxicab. And to some degree it involves all of us, for no one of us is so perfectly adjusted to life's complexities as to escape occasional symptoms of mental illness. The Menningers often have pointed this out. We are attacked by nagging self-doubt, by periods of anxiety, depression and despair. We blame the state of the world, the state of business, our wives, our children or our own inadequacies. After a short time most of us emerge from these emotional shadows and carry on.

But extend those moments of depression to days, weeks and months, heighten the anxiety to panic, the self-doubt to continual self-condemnation for imagined sins, and you begin to see the shape of the tragic web that enmeshes the victim and his family. Typical was the cry of a young woman who came recently to the Menninger Clinic: "There is no joy in anything I do." Depression may lead to suicide. And there are the tortured souls who hear the voices of "enemies" plotting against them and who, if the delusions become strong enough, may be driven to acts of violence against the plotters. As a matter of fact, only a very small proportion of mental patients are really dangerous.

The number of troubled men, women and children appealing to the prairie clinic for help is formidable. The C. F. Menninger Hospital limits the number of inpatients to 120, cares for another seventy-five on a day-hospital basis, and sixty in its children's department. Yet the clinic receives more than 2500 inquiries a year.

During my visit to Topeka, Doctor Karl was roused at three A.M. by a former patient calling him from Mexico City. The man had become panic-stricken by the sudden return of severe anxiety symptoms. He had a strong urge to jump out the hotel window, but retained enough control to call the Kansas doctor who once had pulled him out of a similar situation.

"He began to feel better as soon as he heard a familiar voice," Doctor Karl said. "I talked to him for a half hour and gave him the name of a doctor there whom he could see."

On another occasion, just a week later, Doctor Karl came home one Sunday afternoon to find an unannounced visitor on his doorstep. This man had signed himself out of a hospital on the East Coast and flown to Kansas because he wanted a talk with Doctor Menninger. He felt he could get well faster in the Menninger Hospital. Doctor Karl had a long visit with him, talked by phone with the man's own doctors in the East and finally persuaded him to return. Considerably reassured, the man went back the next day.

Although most of the calls are received by the offices of the clinic, the Menningers have never made themselves inaccessibile to patients, or to the townspeople. The family has practiced medicine in Topeka for three generations, more than seventy years—Karl and Will each have sons on the clinic staff—and the last forty years have been devoted to psychiatry. Richly baited efforts have been made to lure the Menningers to Dallas and to Pittsburgh, but they chose to remain in their hometown. From their headquarters on the quiet, campuslike grounds of the Menninger Hospital on West Sixth Avenue, they continue a record of achievement well worth examining.

What kind of persons, then, are these mind menders of Kansas? What sort of problems are brought to the mental hospitals of Topeka for solution? How do the Menningers and their associates go about the difficult task of unwinding twisted thoughts, banishing daytime nightmares and helping anxiety- and guilt-ridden souls throw off their burdens and live fuller lives?

In the first place, the team is a large one. The Menningers' town looked with some suspicion upon its first psychiatrist, Doctor Karl, when he came home in 1919 from Harvard Medical School and graduate training in Boston Psycopathic Hospital. Today Topeka counts with equanimity a total of more than 200 psychiatrists among its 120,000 residents. "This community has been good to us," Doctor Karl remarked. "Not every town would want 200 psychiatrists watching over it." There are also scores of psychologists, psychiatric nurses and aides, social workers, plus dozens of occupational therapists and teachers. Many of them are here for instruction in the Menninger School of Psychiatry, which trains more psychiatrists than any other institution in the world. (This year's enrollment of 116 is more than twice the number at the second-largest school, the University of California.)

Doctors Karl and Will established the school at the Government's invitation in 1946, while organizing the Veterans Administration Hospital in Topeka. Doctor Will, with the rank of brigadier general, had been administering the Army's vast psychiatry program during World War II, and the Topeka VA Hospital became a key unit in the continued care of the war's psychiatric casualties. Doctor Karl was the hospital's manager for its first two years—he is now chairman of its medical advisory committee—and it has played an important part in the development of psychiatry in Topeka.

Basic in the Freudian concept of mental illness are the buried, subconscious causes, the almost-forgotten childhood trauma, an early but repressed sexual shock, a rejecting, overstrict or overindulgent parent, the Oedipus complex, and so on. The Menningers recognize these causes and search for them in psychotherapy sessions. But they also stress the importance of the immediate, conscious, precipitating cause.

Photographs by Inge Morath

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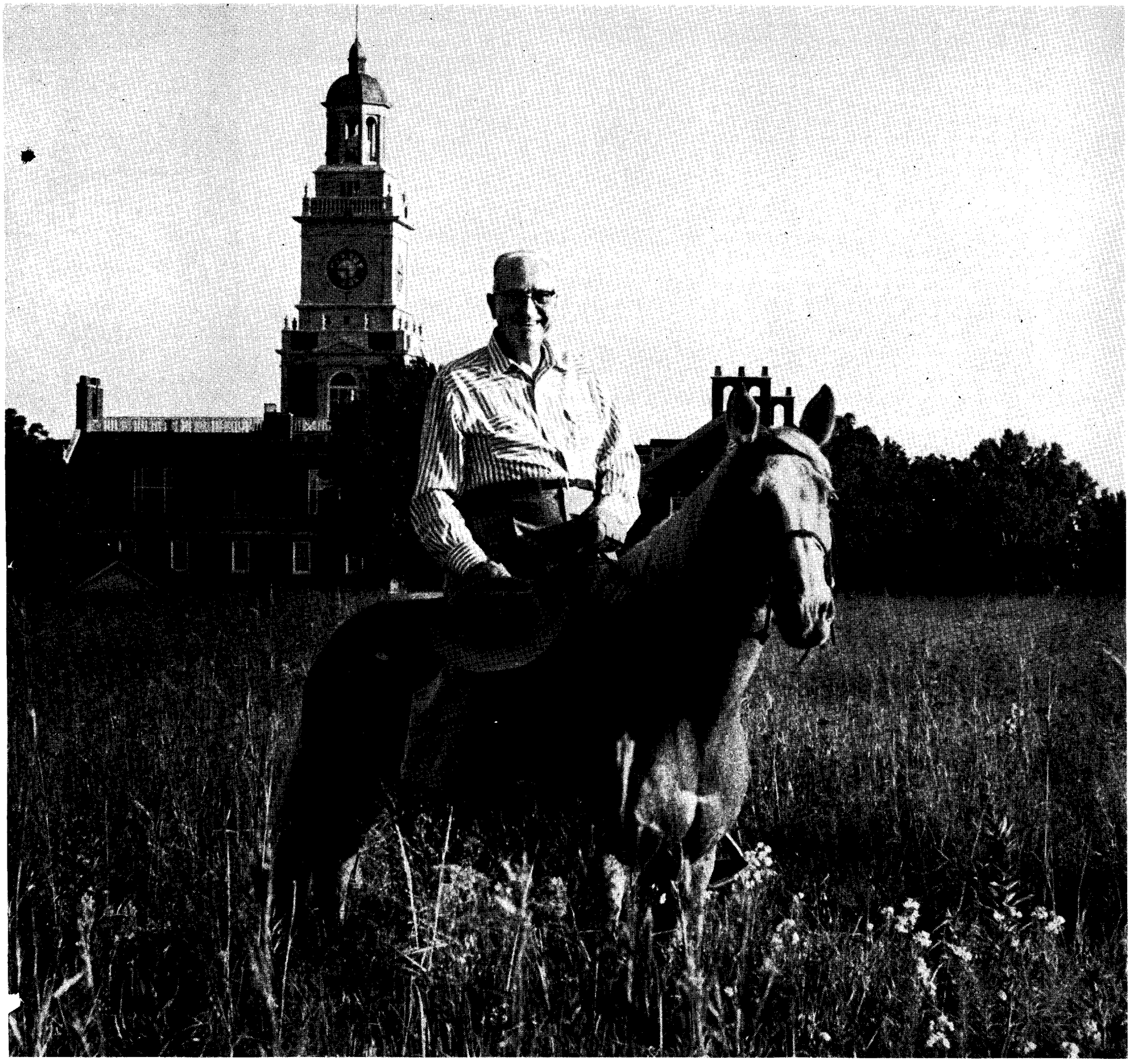
"The psychiatrist as a person is more important than the psychiatrist as a scientist. What he *is* affects the patient more than what he *does*."



"Doctor Karl," 68, the energetic chief of staff, likes to ride horseback after an arduous day of writing, lecturing and seeing patients. The building in the background, modeled after Independence Hall, is on the newly acquired "West Campus."

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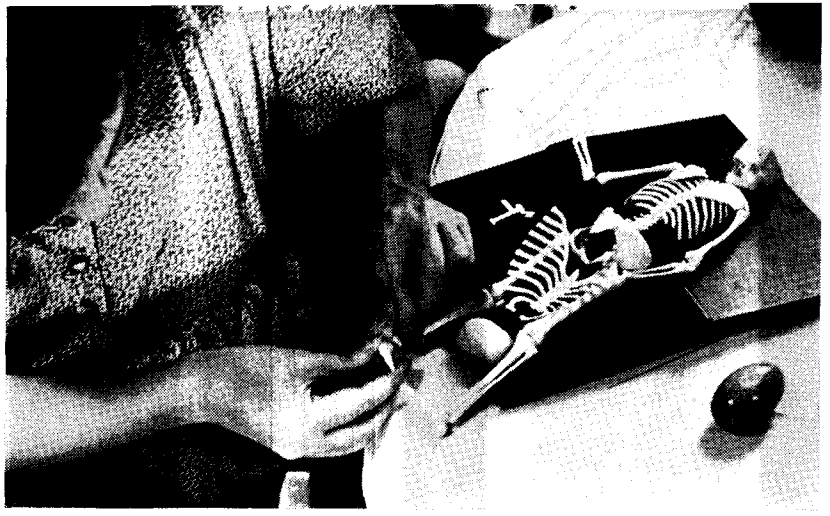


Struggling to regain normal coordination, a patient at the Topeka State Hospital pieces together a plastic skeleton. Before the Menningers were given a hand in running this hospital, its methods of treatment were among the most shameful in the country.

The submerged or conscious factors which throw lives out of kilter are endless in their variety. To obtain illustrative case histories from the Menningers is difficult, for they are unusually strict in preserving the confidential character of the doctor-patient relationship. Consequently, information about Menninger patients mentioned in these articles was given me only after the names and other identifying details had been altered. Here, then, with changes that disguise the individuals but retain the reality of the problems, are a few typical cases as admitted to the Menninger Clinic:

A college student whose grades were falling and whose girl was giving him a bad time. He consulted his parents and his college counselors, but was still depressed, was losing all interest in school, in a career, in life itself.

An Ohio farm boy who was tortured by remorse over the death of a friend, killed in a car that he, the farm boy, was driving.

A woman who lost her child in the third month of pregnancy and slipped into a profound depression.

Another woman who, for reasons not yet determined, threatened to kill her baby.

The well-to-do young woman who has become a compulsive shoplifter.

A minister who is terrified because he realizes he no longer believes in God.

Mental illness nearly always involves some breakdown in personal relationships, a loss of the ability to love and to get along with people. The other side of this coin is that "people get well because of and with the help of people," a principle that guides the entire "therapeutic community" of Topeka. Everyone who has official contact with the patient—the psychiatrist, nurse, aide, volunteer, bus driver and the businessman who employs convalescent patients in downtown jobs—is aware of the importance of his own attitude and behavior in the patient's recovery.

It is not easy to convey the unique character of the Menninger Clinic. There are other excellent private mental hospitals in the country, all practicing the highest type of psychiatry and achieving fine results. Perhaps it is the attitude and atmosphere which are different in Topeka, the emphasis on the team.

A former Menninger patient with whom I talked, a man who had come to the hospital as a severe alcoholic, warmly acknowledged the help he had received from the psychiatrists, but he was grateful also to several nonmedical members of the staff. "There was the barber, Cecil Corn," he recalled, "and Bill Roberts, one of the nurses, and Jim Pratt, an adjunctive therapist. They were wonderful, and yet people like them are often not fully appreciated in this therapeutic process. When they were with you there wasn't the implied authority. They weren't looking down your throat. Yet you knew they understood you pretty well and were sufficiently aware of the situation to report anything that might go wrong. I'll never forget them."

A large measure of supporting human contacts is provided hospitalized patients by "adjunctive therapy," or a "living and learning program," as the Menningers now prefer to call it. This is a carefully structured form of what in most places is known as "occupational therapy." But it is far more than a matter of keeping patients "occupied" with weaving baskets, or stitching belts, billfolds and beaded moccasins. The Menninger group conceives it as a "school in practice living" for those who have lost the knack of channeling their instinctual drives into healthy work, play and learning. At the C. F. Menninger Hospital the curriculum, prescribed by the doctor to fit each patient's specific needs, ranges from French and tennis lessons, ballet dancing, political-science lectures, art, photography and music, to scrubbing walls and spreading wet manure on the hospital lawn. (The soil there is so rich now, however, that fertilizing has had to be discontinued.)

Says Dr. Robert G. Menninger, Doctor Karl's son, who supervises the adjunctive-therapy program, "We don't understand completely why work is good. But we do know some of the reasons—the feeling of satisfaction with an accomplishment, the improved personality structure related to discipline and to working with other people. And we know that work must be beneficial because so many people feel better doing it."

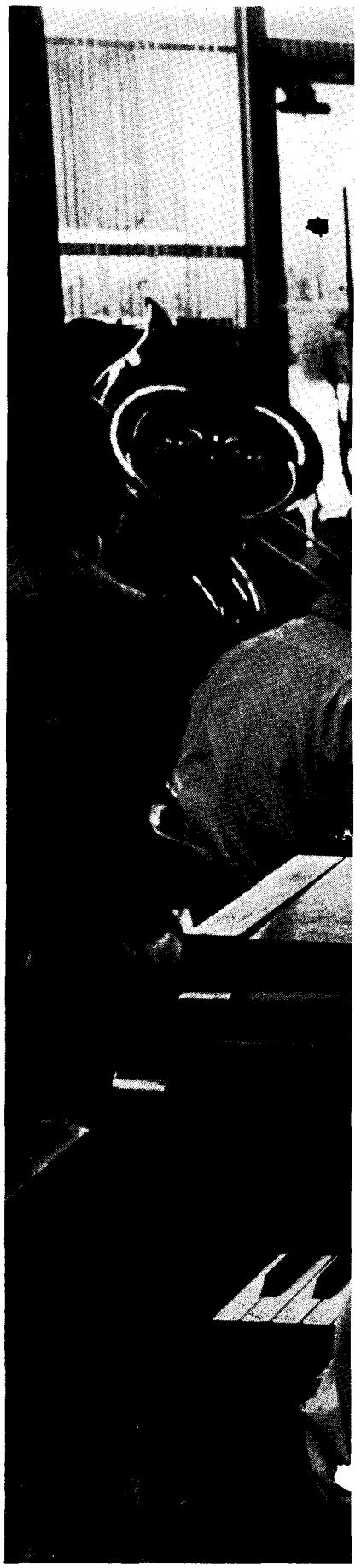
Nevertheless, patients often have to be coaxed into picking up a paintbrush or a pitchfork. Dr. Will Menninger explains that an effective maneuver is first to get the patient interested in the psychiatrist and then persuade him to do the things the doctor wants him to do. "When the patient becomes interested in the activity for its own sake, the doctor detaches himself, gets a divorce, so to speak," Doctor Will says.

There was, for example, the case of the wealthy manufacturer who began to pull out of his neurosis when Doctor Will got him interested in collecting rare pennies.

"He was a very compulsive fellow," Doctor Will recalls, "a man for whom a ten-o'clock appointment meant ten o'clock and not 10:01. Every pencil had to be in its place on his desk, every shirt in its proper dresser drawer. But when certain pressures in his life became too intense, business pressures mainly, his compulsiveness became what we call decompensated. He would come to his office later and later, eventually arriving around noon. What had been well-regulated social drinking became excessive drinking. He became deeply depressed."

When business failure finally brought this patient to the Menninger Clinic, the staff tried to reestablish his compulsiveness. The nurse insisted he keep his room neat and do things at precise hours—just as he himself had done before he became sick.

And Doctor Will, an enthusiastic stamp collector, suggested that the patient help him with a small collection of rare pennies he had started. "He soon became interested in it, and in keeping with his compulsive personality he took steel wool and polished the hell out of the coins, something no real collector would think of doing. I got him interested in the mint marks and other details, and he moved on from pennies to nickels, dimes, quarters and silver dollars, and finally to gold pieces. He eventually had one of the finest collections of gold coins in the country—and in the meantime he had recovered from his neurosis."



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"... the feeling of satisfaction with an accomplishment, the improved personality structure related to working with other people. ..."

Doctors and patients make music together at Topeka State. The man at right, psychiatrist Karl Targownik, is unusually sensitive to the agonized feelings of mental patients: He was a prisoner in Nazi Germany's Auschwitz concentration camp.

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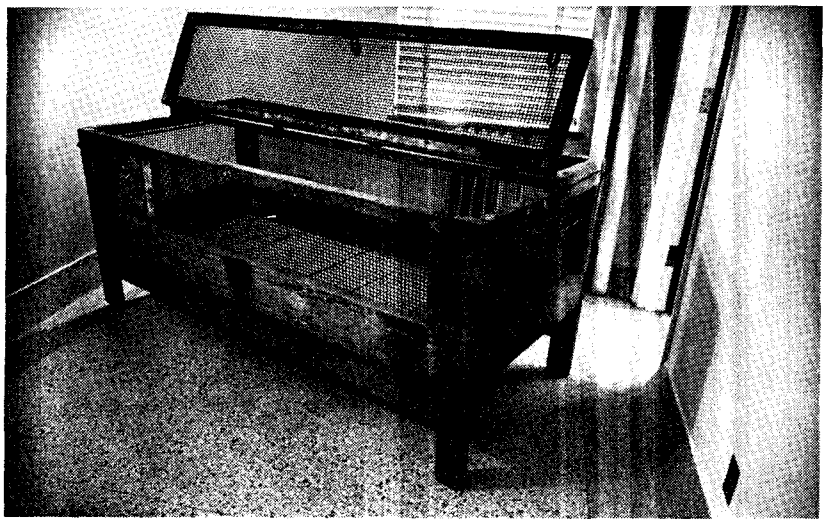


This "restraining cage," which will be displayed in the new Menninger Foundation Museum, was one of the snake-pit horrors reserved for unruly patients at a small Topeka hospital as recently as the 1920's. Other patients were chained to restraining boards.

The founding of the Menninger Clinic was the realization of a father's dream. Dr. Charles F. Menninger was a warm and understanding family doctor who started his practice in Topeka in 1890. He was a man with wide interests and a probing mind, which remained agile to the day of his death in 1953, at the age of ninety-one. From the time Karl and Will were youngsters, their father had thought of organizing with them a diagnostic clinic similar to the Mayo Clinic, which he had frequently visited. The dream took shape in 1920, but what began as a general diagnostic clinic soon became a psychiatric center.

Since 1945 the clinic has been part of the Menninger Foundation, but it is still highly flavored with Menninger names. In addition to Doctor Karl, now sixty-eight, and Doctor Will, sixty-two, three members of the third generation are on the roster: Doctor Robert (son of Doctor Karl), and two of Doctor Will's sons, Doctor Roy and Philip, who has an administrative position. Doctor Walter, a third son of Doctor Will, is expected to join the family organization upon completion of a two-year appointment as chief medical officer in the Federal Reformatory at El Reno, Oklahoma.

The Menninger Hospital staff numbers twenty-five full-time psychiatrists, several psychiatric residents in training and more than 100 other professional personnel. Including nonprofessional workers the total at the hospital comes to 250, or two to every patient. This high ratio of personnel to patients makes the 120-bed Menninger Hospital an expensive place—$1600 a month including physicians' fees, except for formal psychoanalysis, which is extra, but which only a fraction of the patients need. Day-hospital arrangements, in which the patient spends the day in treatment and activities but sleeps at home, are charged for at $400 a month. The children's department, recently moved into new buildings, charges $1000 to $1200. But the average stay of three months comes to no more than what many people pay for a car.

Topeka's elite corps of mental-health workers staff not only the Menninger Hospital but the 950-bed Topeka State Hospital and the 1000-bed Topeka Veterans Hospital. Menninger-trained psychiatrists are stationed at the Forbes Air Force Base Hospital, which serves the 9000 men here and at the nine nearby missile bases, plus their dependents. The hospital is also the psychiatric referral center for the entire Strategic Air Command and thus deals not only with ordinary emotional stresses but with the problems of reliability and stability in men guarding atomic missiles below ground and carrying them aloft in SAC bombers. Still others of the Menninger-coached team are consultants at the state Boys Industrial School and at a state institution for retarded children. In fact, the presence of so many skilled professionals has made possible the application of high-caliber psychiatric methods to the community's schools, its courts and its industries.

Although Topeka is their headquarters, it is by no means the boundary of the Menningers' pervasive influence. Many who seek help from the Menningers have read one or more of Doctor Karl's books—*The Human Mind*, *Man Against Himself*, *Love Against Hate* (in which his wife, Jeannette Lyle Menninger, collaborated)—or Doctor Will's *You and Psychiatry*, *Psychiatry in a Troubled World*, or any of the scores of articles they have turned out. In their voluminous writing, in their teaching and their lecturing—Will has addressed nineteen state legislatures, at their invitation, on the need for upgrading the care of the mentally ill—the Menningers have been among psychiatry's most articulate and effective spokesmen. What Karl has said about his younger brother's speech-making applies to the Menninger team. They are "trying to show perceptive men and women in business, industry, medicine and the home that psychiatry is *their* business—not the esoteric specialty of a few doctors."

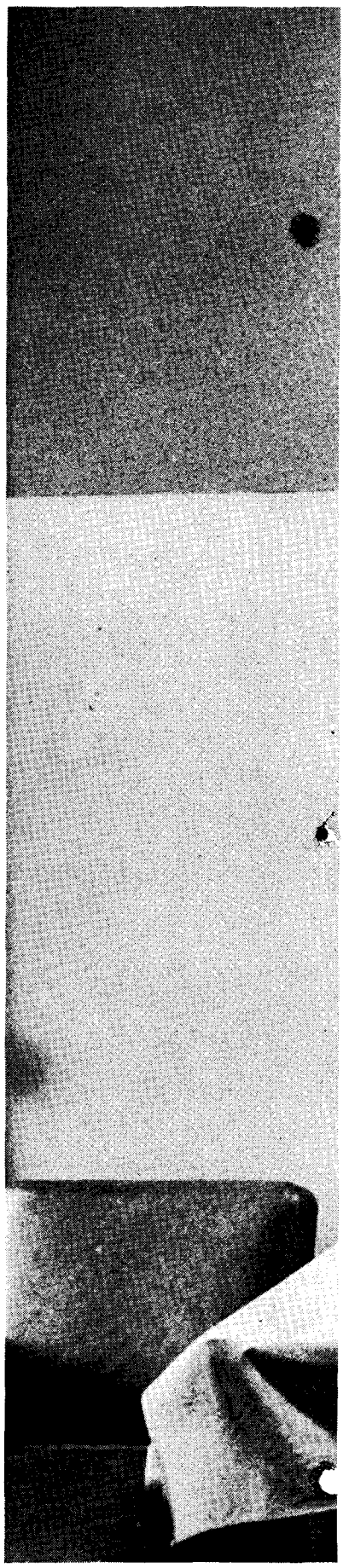
It is not always the Menningers' reputation or literary contributions that attracts prospective patients. Many people, in their letters or phone calls, refer instead "to something they have read of the brothers' personalities, their hobbies—that one was a scoutmaster, for instance." Doctor Will has been active in scouting since his boyhood. He organized a Sea Scout troop that won national "flagship rating" three times, with nothing broader to sail on than the Kaw River.

Karl and Will are, of course, powerful and engaging personalities, as was their father. The relationship between the father and sons was a warm one, and both sons are fond of quoting their father's opinions on various subjects. Their mother Flo was a practical, hard-working woman of tremendous drive. She put her husband through medical college by teaching school. Then she conducted a women's Bible class which grew to several thousand members and spread to sixteen cities.

The sons, born in Topeka, were reared in a family atmosphere that emphasized learning. Their father urged them to study science, history and poetry; their mother wanted them to become familiar with literature and with religion. "A great many people feel there is a conflict between psychiatry and religion," Doctor Karl has remarked, "and even some psychiatrists believe so. We do not. I believe religion is an interesting and important part of life. As a matter of fact, the Menninger Foundation is spending $500,000 on a program to help pastors improve the effectiveness of their work." Karl himself is an elder in the Presbyterian Church and teaches a Bible class for Menninger Hospital patients.

Both Karl and Will are six-footers, and the family resemblance is discernible in their generous, straight noses and firm chins. Though Karl's hair is whiter than Will's, the hairline is retreating at about the same rate. The most noticeable difference is in the eyebrows. Will's are usually straight and level; Karl's are continually arched, jumping up in astonishment or in skeptical reflection.

They are men with fresh ideas and strong convictions, which they express eloquently and vigorously. Their work is carried out in many places. Will spends much of his time on the road, making speeches, either to urge betterment of state hospitals or to raise funds for the education and research programs of the Menninger Foundation. Karl has a teaching office at the Topeka Veterans Hospital, and one at a rural location which he calls the "West Campus," a former



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"A psychiatrist must believe in the individual's inherent capacity for reconstruction . . . that even the sickest patient can be helped."

The 36 ladies of Topeka State's Ward H are encouraged to work off their aggressions on this punching bag. A very small proportion of mental patients are dangerous; the great majority are withdrawn and unable to get along with other people.

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The old cemetery at Topeka State. Most gravestones bear only numbers, or no inscriptions at all—sad vestiges of a day when the mentally ill were judged incurable, and death was their only hope of freedom. Now most Topeka patients go home in a few months.

insurance-company hospital to which some of the foundation's activities are being moved. But the brothers' main offices have been the modest-sized corner rooms in the old white farmhouse that served as the Menninger Sanitarium when the clinic first moved to the West Sixth Avenue site. From their windows they can see much of the informal psychotherapy taking place, as doctor-patient couples stroll along the curving walks deep in conversation.

Few buildings are visible from these windows because of the profusion of hedges and trees. Many were planted by the late Doctor C. F., whose passion for growing things has rubbed off on his sons. Some years ago a patient with a botanical background was assigned, as part of his therapy, the task of labeling all the pines, ash, hackberries, sycamores and oaks. He made the right labels, but because of a brain disease which caused him to mix up his words, he hung them on the wrong trees. The errors have been corrected, and every tree now is properly tagged.

"Trees seem very human to me," Doctor Karl once wrote in an article for *American Forests*, "not in some fanciful way but in a deeply emotional way. . . . The sight of the felling of great trees, which seems to thrill the average movie audience, arouses in me only the most unpleasant sensations, similar to those more conventionally experienced when the hero of a story finally loses his life."

An associate recalls the time Doctor Karl burst into a meeting and shouted, "Who's responsible for this rape?"

"We were all shocked, of course," the associate told me, "and I thought to myself, *Oh, oh! What now!* But it turned out that Doctor Karl was irate about the 'rape' of a sycamore tree. Someone had cut off several large limbs, and Doctor Karl was boiling mad. On further inquiry he found the limbs were diseased, and that his father had ordered the surgery. That made it all right. But we always cringe when we hear the whine of a power saw in the neighborhood."

Doctor Karl is a conservationist to the core and a humanitarian in the Schweitzer tradition. A bronze bust of the philosopher-physician, whom he once met at Aspen, Colorado, shares space in his walnut-paneled office with photographs of Freud, a fine African carving, two antique Chinese paintings on silk and a framed exhibit of Navaho dye plants. Karl's reverence for life springs partly from his own natural impulses, a psychiatrist's identification with the sufferer and from his knowledge of man's shameful behavior, through the centuries, toward mental patients, slaves, American Indians and animals.

"Millions of men still take a frank and vivid pleasure in murdering helpless creatures," he told me, "and in my own adolescence I slaughtered beasts and birds with the callous abandon of most hunters. I also did a lot of fishing. But now I am a reformed hunter and fisherman."

Doctor Karl is a voracious reader, and as he pores over books, journals, magazines and newspapers, he jots down pungent comments. These are circulated in mimeographed form among his associates or published in the *Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic* as "Doctor Karl's Reading Notes." They touch upon anything from Mediterranean archaeology to a highly critical review of the Kinsey sex studies. In speeches and letters to governors he campaigns against capital punishment. And he has suggested that "psychiatrists should come out more definitely, more frequently and more noisily in opposition to professional boxing . . . and say it is a mankiller, inhuman and uncivilized."

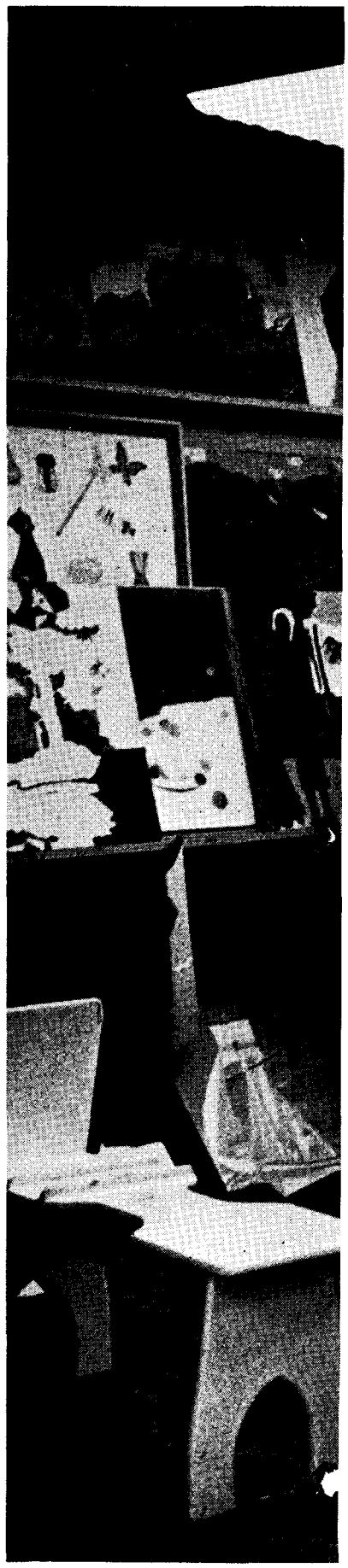
It would be a mistake to infer from any of the above that Karl Menninger is a bluenose who gets no joy out of life. On the contrary, he savors every minute of his busy day. This usually starts with an early-morning tour of his garden or a walk around the block. He then dashes off to one of three offices to tackle a mountain of correspondence, dictate some Reading Notes or get in some writing on an article or book. He lectures to psychiatry students, sees patients at the Menninger Hospital, the Topeka State Hospital and the VA Hospital, and confers with his associates or with state officials. Toward the end of the day, several times a week, he finds time to go horseback riding, often with his pretty teen-age daughter Rosemary. He and Rosemary occasionally go bowling, together or with patients or staff members. He plays a solid game of chess and bridge. And he and his wife enjoy classical music, have a hi-fi set built into a wall of their large, comfortable living room.

For Karl Menninger, as for most men, leisure is for pleasure. But he manages to spend much of his leisure in ways that also make him a better psychiatrist. He has remarked that his colleagues should do the same. The psychiatrist, he says, should be familiar "with the principal social, scientific, literary and artistic developments of his own time and of the past," and he "should listen at fairly frequent intervals to some of the world's best music and read some of the world's best poetry." He also says, "The psychiatrist as a person is more important than the psychiatrist as a technician or scientist. What he *is* has more effect upon a patient than anything he *does*." Doctor Karl feels that a man's standards and ideals are for the most part built-in features of his character, but that his acquired cultural background is also important.

In the making of a psychiatrist this cultural broadening fails of its purpose if it does not deepen the understanding of human aspirations and relationships. A psychiatrist, says Doctor Karl, must above all things be "alert to inner unexpressed feelings. He can and must identify himself with the sufferer. . . . He is no less interested in the peculiar antics of a two-year-old child than in the dramatic assaults upon the community of a psychopathic criminal.

"Furthermore, he must believe in the inherent capacity of even the sickest individual for reconstruction. Without such confidence he will not be able to sustain the discouragements of the short-term view which his day-to-day experience provides. He must believe that people can be understood and that they are thereby helped."

In the next installment we shall see how such varied measures as talking with a psychiatrist, painting a picture and smacking a golf ball help to restore patients to mental and emotional balance.



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"A 'school in practice living' for those who have lost the knack of channeling their instinctual drives into healthy work, play and learning."

The Menninger Clinic's "living and learning program" supplants conventional occupational therapy. (Scrubbing walls and studying French are other aspects of "living and learning.") Patients painted all the canvases on display here.

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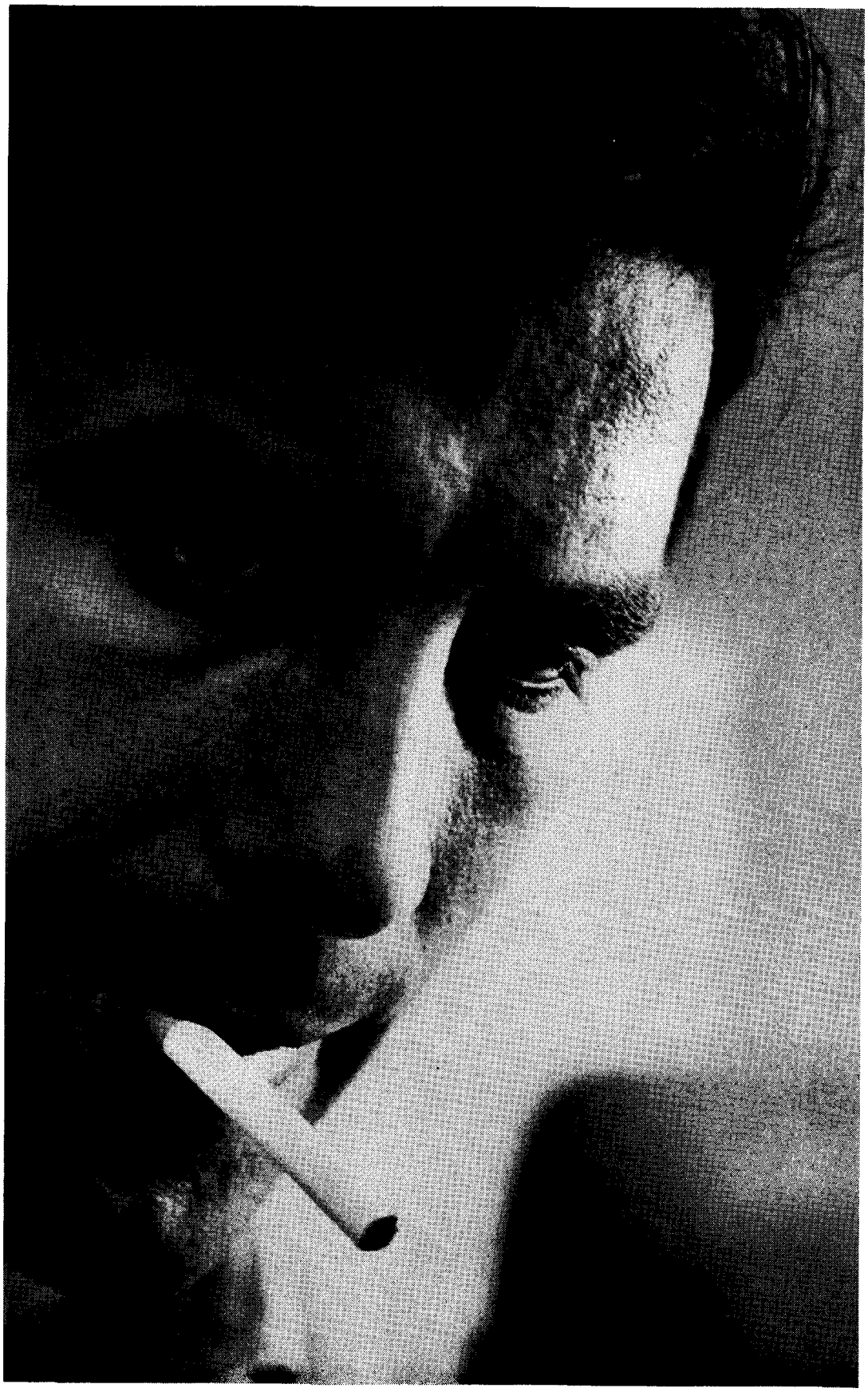
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Pattern-Designer: Charting the fashions for sew-it-yourselfers, Joan Lakow, 25, helps 15,000,000 women a year make their own clothes. Joan is the youngest pattern-design chief in the country but, says her boss, the president of Advance Pattern Company, "she's just as capable as any seasoned man." For Advance, fourth largest in its field, Joan turns out 35 patterns a month. She does not create new styles, but translates currently popular designs for home sewing. As a pattern designer she capitalizes on the fads, but as an aesthete she deplores them. "If American women would use more individuality in dressing themselves," she says, "instead of following such trends as 'the Jackie look' and 'the Brigitte look,' they would be much wiser." American women are better dressed than European women, she says. "But when I walk down a street in New York and see what some women choose for clothing, I wonder why I beat my brains against a drawing board." Born in Poland of a chemical engineer father and a doctor mother (her maiden name was Joanna Kiersnowski), she remained there with her grandparents when her parents fled to the United States before Hitler invaded Poland. In 1947 her parents managed to bring her to the U.S. Before entering Parsons School of Design, she took a vocational-aptitude test which indicated she should forsake one of her special interests—interior decorating—for the other—fashion. However, thanks to an ingenious arrangement, Joan dwells in both worlds: Three years ago she married Samuel Lakow, an interior architect. PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD DAVIS

Movie Nonconformist: "Head-on honesty," said *The New York Times* of *Too Late Blues*, the new film directed by John Cassavetes, 32. Others disagreed, as they have right along about Cassavetes, the most controversial young director in Hollywood. Ever since he produced *Shadows* (1961)—a low-budget, far-out film on racial discrimination—detractors have passed him off as a beatnik or a flash-in-the-pan. Fortunately for Cassavetes, his admirers include prominent movielanders like director Frank Capra ("Cassavetes is one of those enthusiastic screwballs with talent who should be encouraged") and producer Stanley Kramer. Kramer picked Cassavetes last fall to direct Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland in *A Child Is Waiting*. Using the impromptu style of the inexperienced Cassavetes for a big-budget, big-star film is a gamble for Kramer, but Kramer is confident. "Cassavetes lets things happen in front of the camera," he says, "instead of plotting everything out. I'm giving him all the freedom he wants." Freedom is Cassavetes's watchword; since boyhood he has been following his own lights. Reared in New York City, the son of a Greek-born Harvard graduate, he went to several colleges, stuck at none. "I had no ambition," he says. Eventually he decided on the theater, brazened his way into a job as assistant stage manager of a Broadway play. He won roles in television dramas (he has played in about 100), went on to parts in eight films. In 1956 the young actor met and married Gena Rowlands, an actress who has since starred in the hit play, *Middle of the Night*, and in two movies. The couple founded an acting school, now defunct, in New York; *Shadows* grew out of a class project there. Gena needles her husband about his total absorption in his work, and relates a telling anecdote which proves it. A few days after their son (who is now two years old) was born, Cassavetes had to go to New York on an important business matter. Gena said she'd catch up with him in a few weeks. When she arrived in New York, he was deeply preoccupied, but managed to tell her how glad he was to see her. They chatted for a few minutes, then Gena said impatiently, "Aren't you going to ask about the baby?" "What baby?" said Cassavetes. PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BRIDGES

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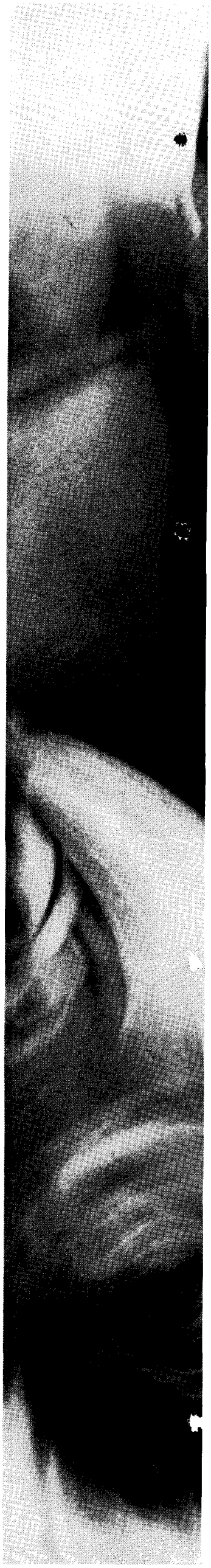
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Engineering Editor: With a slide rule and a diplomatic smile, LaBonnie Bianchi, 25, prepares to evaluate the brainwork of a fellow engineer. A rare girl in a rarefied atmosphere of male scientists, Bonnie is a project editor for the Aerospace Division of the Martin Marietta Corporation. Her division works for the Atomic Energy Commission, seeking ways to turn radioactive wastes into sources of power. Bonnie's task: Verifying and styling highly complex reports written by Martin engineers for AEC engineers. The first woman to win an electrical-engineering degree from Howard University in Washington, D.C.—*magna cum laude* in 1958—she later earned a master's degree in technical writing from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Now she craves advanced study in theoretical physics—"with no goal in mind other than just gaining knowledge," she says. Born in Winston-Salem, N.C., Bonnie once planned to become a concert pianist, sacrificed music for science. A low-to-middle-brow bookworm (she likes Will Durant, Stuart Chase, the Overstreets, *Mad* comics), she lives with her father (a registrar at Howard) and mother (a public-school teacher) in Washington, commutes 110 miles a day by car to the Martin plant at Middle River, Md. She confesses she is "a real night owl," has no marriage plans now. "I can't imagine," says engineer Bonnie, "just worrying about the cost of hamburger." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

Campus Dynamo: Standout student Willard Scott (Scotty) Thompson, 20, sees himself as a gadfly in the college whirl: "I've been stinging people into the need to think and prepare." An articulate spokesman for an aroused generation of collegians, Scotty is regarded by his faculty and fellows with respect, awe and some suspicion. Says one coed, "I'm sick and tired of listening to the bull sessions on 'Is there a God?' and 'What makes Scotty Thompson tick?'" Said Sen. John F. Kennedy after speaking at Stanford in 1960, at Scotty's invitation, "I'll see you in the White House in a few years, Scotty—if you haven't beaten me there." A blue-jowled, nervously intense third-year history major, Scotty is the son of a former Baptist minister who now is vice president of California's Redlands University. At prep school (Andover) all-round Scotty read the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* in the original Greek, dislocated a shoulder playing touch football. After graduation he hitchhiked to Europe on a tramp steamer, then entered Stanford on a scholarship. As a lowly freshman he laid siege to the listless campus Political Union, turned it into a dynamic forum of opinion by attracting name speakers (Nixon, Goldwater, Bowles, Humphrey, Dewey). He induced 35 fellow frosh to pledge trouble-dogged Sigma Nu fraternity with him, and in one year led the pledges in raising the house's scholarship rating from last to first. (Typical Thompson tactic in his war against indolence: converting the fraternity's game room into a library.) Later he organized the Stanford Senate—a campus version of the Washington model. To help with the administration of his many organizations, Scotty employs the part-time, volunteer services of two dozen coed secretaries. But he disavows all claims of being a big man with the ladies: "Society cannot afford the wastage represented by the sweet, blond All-American football captain and slayer of pretty girls. That man must be shaken from his cozy apathy in order to realize his potential." One Stanford political-science professor says Scotty's abilities put him head and shoulders above all of the professor's former students—including a governor, a Presidential aide and a UN delegate. Scotty is not one to deny his potential. "I want to lead, and hope I shall become qualified," he says. "However, I am convinced a person cannot plan his life; he can only be ready to seize opportunity." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS



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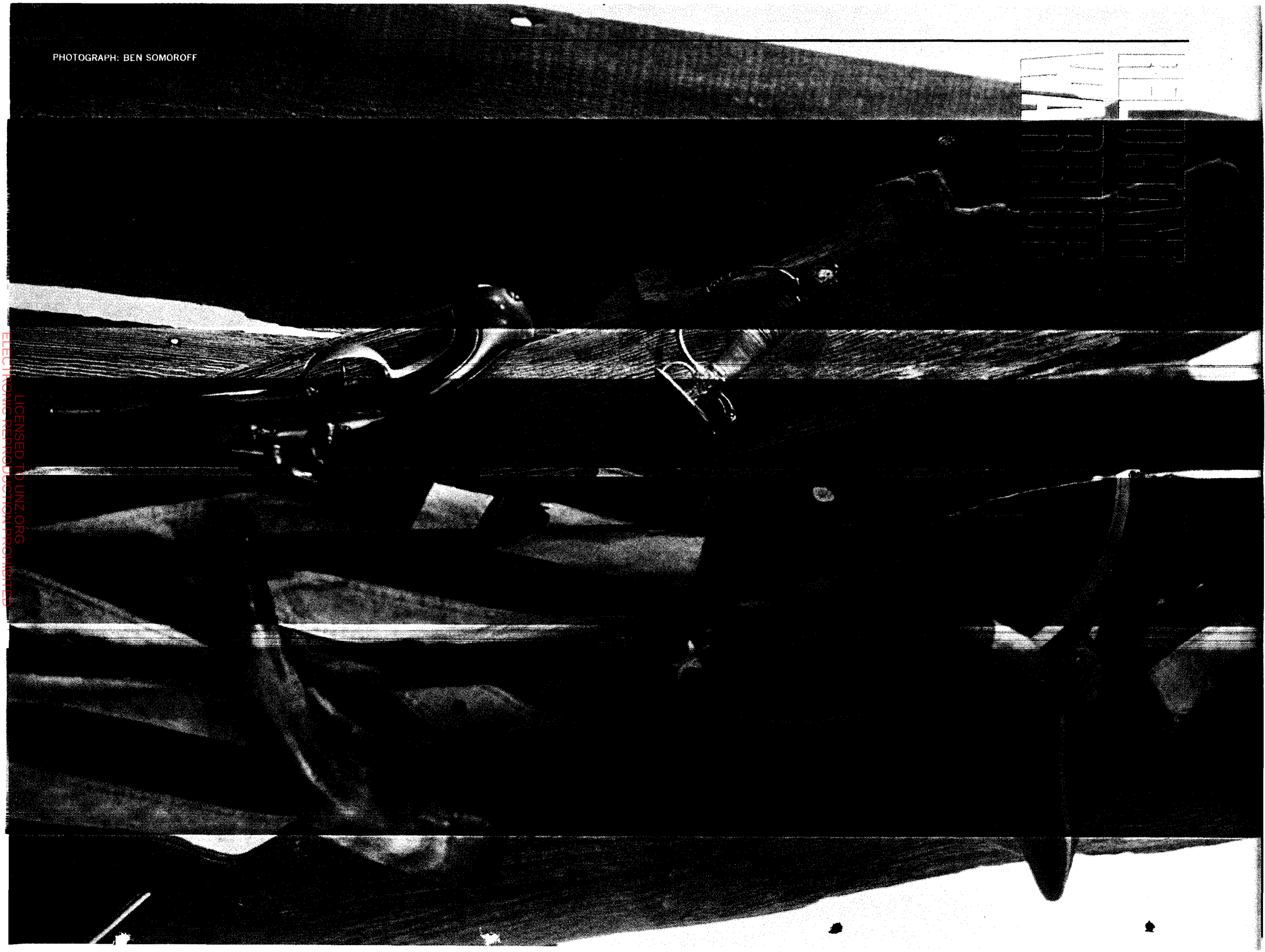

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BRAVERY WAS HIS FAMILY TRADITION, BUT HOW WOULD HE FACE THE BRITISH MUSKETS AT LEXINGTON? ○○○○

by HARLAN WARE

"Sam'l's ashakin' and ashiverin'," Charity, the second from the youngest, reported from the hall.

Paps was on the roadside firing off the musket, yelling him to hurry, not to be the last minuteman into Lexington, but Sam'l stood rooted to the cold floor in his nightshirt, trying to figure out who he was—and where. They'd rolled him from sleep, out of warm blankets; the wild shouting of the alarm rider from Boston was like the memory of a dream.

Many a petticoat rustled on the stairs. Ma and his sisters brought parts and pieces of uniforms inherited from fearless Pepperells, now dead.

"Sam'l's teeth are achatterin' too," Charity said. Ma, with tears held back, shooed them all away. 'Twas cleared up then: He was Pvt. Sam'l Pepperell, waking up.

Firing once again at the predawn sky, paps drew an answering signal from over the ridge and raced for the farmhouse in a limping run. The militia had rejected paps, and the lament was in his voice as he called up the stairs, "Movin' fast is part of it, Sam'l. Hurry, lad!"

Sam'l's hands trembled as he reached for the woolen breeches that he'd inherited from Lieutenant Amos Pepperell, who died so gloriously at Sudbury Falls.

Ma was speaking her mind as Sam'l came downstairs. Ma didn't hold with war. "Some lads are born to fight and some are born peaceful," she said, sadness in her voice. "If ye force our masons to be warriors, who's going to build our walls?"

"But the British have marched!" Paps could shake the roof sometimes. "They'll steal our military stores! They may strike this very farm!" All eight women with their corn-silk braids and linsey-woolsey petticoats were busy collecting gear and rations, paying paps no mind. "Now hear this! We either surrender our lives and property to the arbitrary will of rascals, or stand to our own defense. Which shall it be?"

Sam'l stumbled on the bottom step. He was caught by Thankful, the third from eldest, before he fell. Paps studied him and flushed with disappointment. 'Twas all too evident: His only male offspring resembled his wife's people. The Abbotts, formerly of Pennsylvania, were blond, serene and gentle-mannered, whereas the Pepperells were dark, belligerent and full of fire. Why, even bundled up in woolen handed down from heroes, Sam'l looked neither bellicose nor warm. "Get him a pistol!" paps ordered, giving Sam'l the musket. Prudence, the eldest, hurried to obey.

Ma reached for a kerchief. "He's too young to go!" she said, but managed not to cry. Yet tears held back are more affecting than tears aflowing, and all of them were trying hard not to weep.

"Stop pitying the lad!" paps shouted. "Ye'll confuse him, and he's the only fightin' Pepperell we've got." This was true. The Pepperell connections in paps's branch of the family were crippled, elderly, female or dead.

Prudence brought a horse pistol, which once had belonged to Maj. Roger Pepperell, who defended his honor in a New York duel—and lost. Paps buckled it to Sam'l's belt, as eight sighing women gazed sadly at the only son, the only brother.

"Listen," paps cried and banged open the door to the April night. Far off, carried on the east wind, came the roll of drums. British drums? "Would ye have us crawl like cowards?" he demanded, giving Sam'l a little shove. "Or shall we be defended by other people's sons?"

"Other people's," said Abigail, the youngest, promptly.

"Only bayonets will make my point!" Paps's long shadow limped ahead in a splendid example of eagerness and haste. "Here ye go, Sam'l," he called from the gate. "I'll see ye safely to the short cut, lad. Yer off."

Sam'l kissed his way from the eldest to the youngest, and the taste of salt was in each good-by. "I've loved ye, every one," he said. His knees lifted in a steady jog-trot, but he made slow progress until paps fell in step and paced him, stretching out.

"I expect ye'll do us proud, Sam'l," the old man said. No reply. Paps began to wheeze. He had many infirmities left over from ancient battles and once had taken a ball through the lungs while serving with Gen. Israel Putnam at Detroit. "When ye think o' the British taunts lately—that we're lily-livered and won't fight," he struggled for the extra breath, "why, it arouses the fightin' spirit in ye, don't it, lad?"

"Not too much."

They jog-trotted in silence.

"No Pepperell ever failed to do his duty," the old man said sternly. "Ye come from a long line o' fearless fightin' men."

"Now dead," Sam'l said. "Amen."

Paps stopped, staring in disbelief.

"I'm Abbott too," the boy said desperately. "I'm half and half!"

"Must ye *dwell* on it?"

The boy's voice broke. "I'll march and practice loading, but I don't have to like it, do I? I'm not even sure I can shoot to kill. I'd rather stay home and build walls. I'm no good in a fight."

Paps marched ahead, flaming with the anger that blamed God. Why, with a fraction of what he'd prayed for, he might've raised a company of fighting sons; instead, Providence gave him Sam'l—and seven girls. Furthermore, when Sam'l was a lusty, impressionable boy of nine, Francis Abbott, ma's father—poet, master mason and man of peace—had turned up penniless at the farm, with his level, rock hammer, clothes for his burial, and a fatal cough. Sam'l had displayed a gift for masonry. Could ye deny an ambitious youngster the instruction of a famous teacher? Of course not. Sam'l, a success at age fourteen, built walls of such perfection that noticing people would say at once, "That's a Sam'l Pepperell wall." Ah, yes, but naught comes free. An alien philosophy had done its work, and the lad refused to shoot at a wild turkey on Thanksgiving eve. Hell and damnation—what a complex world, blessing and curses coming side by side.

The short cut, which led past the family burying ground to a crow-flight lane, lay just ahead.

"If there *is* trouble, remember this: God help you—" paps beat his forehead, seeking forceful words—"a Pepperell stands his ground until ordered to retreat! Is that clear?"

Sam'l took to ashakin' and ashiverin' again. "I don't know what I may do," he said miserably.

Paps gentled him then. "Why, this is a lad's natural nervousness, that's all. One skirmish and ye'll learn the secret all brave men know."

"What's the secret?"

"Ye conquer fear."

"How?"

Paps chuckled. "Suppose Gran'pa Abbott had woke up one morning with British bayonets at his gullet? What would he 'a' done?"

Sam'l answered instantly: "Prayed for his enemies and calmly died. What's death to a true believer?"

Paps bent way over. "Ye did the devil's work, Gran'pa Abbott!" he roared, shaking a fist as if the fires of hell crackled beneath their feet. "Fry for eternity for all o' me."

His arm was knocked upward in a blow much harder than intended. "Shame on ye," Sam'l said reproachfully. "That's blasphemy, Paps!"

The old man rubbed his bruised wrist, grinned and gave Sam'l a friendly shove. "God love ye, that's a Pepperell response. Go along with ye to Lexington. I'm that proud!"

Sam'l cocked his hat for'ard, adjusted the horse pistol and strode away. *Well, well! I stood up to paps*, he marveled. What if he turned out to be a fightin' Pepperell, after all?

White headstones appeared in the blue darkness. Some forty graves—plus, of course, the waiting empty spaces—were contained behind a rock wall, a perfect wall which he himself had built. Sam'l hesitated where he might look down on a certain headstone in the Abbott section. What would Gran'pa Abbott say if he could see him now, armed to the teeth? "Wouldst kill, Sam'l, or build walls?" He moved until he could look down on Gran'pa Gen. Eleazar Pepperell, who would have offered robust approval. As a lad of five he had sparred with that famous old warrior, and the general, feeling Sam'l's skinny muscle, had said, "We've got another wiry little fighter here!" The general, too, had been a splendid grandfather. Ah, confusion! How was a man to know who he was or what doctrine to subscribe to, torn this way and that, his whole life long?

Perhaps the answer was in prayer. He rested his elbows on the wall, pressed the heels of his palm against his eyes and prayed earnestly for friend and enemy, for Abbotts and Pepperells until—oh, heaven defend us—back of his eyelids, too vivid to be imagination, he beheld a shining new headstone with freshly carved letters:

OUR BELOVED SON
SAM'L PEPPERELL
BORN JUNE 24, 1758
DIED APRIL 19, 1775
He volunteered to fight for freedom.

April nineteenth! Golden sparks faded from his vision. The night engulfed him. Already the first promises of dawn were in the east—April nineteenth was today! Was this a prophecy, such as the Bible was full of? Terror beset him. As if distance might erase such foreknowledge, he hurried on, running through field and farmyard, across orchard and meadow and on toward Lexington; a long day's wait would unsettle his reason, he told himself; 'twould be best to have it over with early.

He drew his second wind, and the ground skimmed beneath him; never had thoughts of love so crowded a man's last hours. Priscilla Whitaker's dark-eyed loveliness had bemused him since he was ten and she was seven. "My papa *admires* the Pepperells," she'd confided when she first learned his name. (*Continued on Page 74*)

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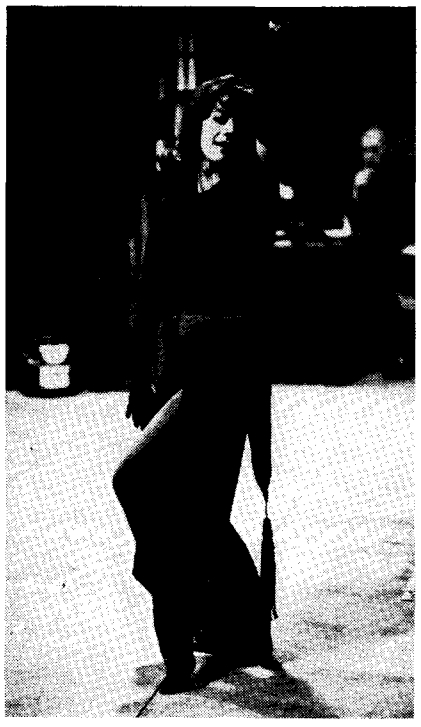
HOLLYWOOD THROWBACK.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Academy Award candidate Natalie Wood – a screen queen in the old flamboyant tradition.



In Gypsy, *film version of the musical about the life of burlesque queen Gypsy Rose Lee, Natalie stars in the title role.*

In November, 1960, when Natalie Wood reported for work in the film *West Side Story*, she walked into a hostile camp. Most of the cast had toiled together for years in various stage productions of the musical, the others had become integrated into the company by dint of three months' work prior to her arrival, and the general attitude was, "We're Broadway professionals and we'll give this little Hollywood amateur the freeze when she shows up."

The freeze, however, was on the other chilblain. The twenty-two-year-old Miss Wood strode onto the sound stage—fresh from her labors in another picture, *Splendor in the Grass*, which was shot in New York—approximately one hour late. Radiating hauteur and clad in a black monkey-fur hat and low-cut gown, she was a ninety-seven-pound, five-foot-one-inch throwback to the Gloria Swanson-Joan Crawford days of movie queendom. Behind her, in obsequious single file, trooped an old-time retinue of personal secretary, personal makeup man, personal wardrobe mistress, personal hairdresser and small gray poodle. She demanded, and received, a lavish dressing room that once had belonged to Bette Davis in the more golden days of the Warner Brothers studios. By the time she was ready to work, the Broadway actors in the cast were falling back like eighteenth-century French peasants making way for Marie Antoinette. In a matter of twenty minutes her flashing brown eyes and imperious mien had taught them who the star was and who the supporting players were, and that no one fools around with the kid who was on her way to winning an Academy Award nomination and the Hollywood Women's Press Club's Sour Apple Award as the Most Uncooperative Actress of 1961.

In this day of drab, earnest method actresses from the stage and from television, Miss Wood stands out like a flamingo among peahens. Nothing fazes her in her relentless campaign to be recognized as a movie star in the old flamboyant tradition. When she was voted the Sour Apple Award, she cooed happily, "It's an award of distinction. After all, the girls just mean it in fun." After she was listed among the Ten Worst Dressed Women in Hollywood, she continued to wear her outrageous turbans and frills and a pound of makeup on her face, and she continued, unabashed, to stage her old-fashioned regal entrances into restaurants and nightclubs. When she married Robert Wagner, the couple eloped to Scottsdale, Arizona, for maximum publicity impact, though the marriage could just as well have been held quietly at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church. When she and Wagner bought a home in Beverly Hills, she redesigned it into a copy of an ancient Greek temple, with His and Hers wading ponds. She has succeeded in convincing a Hollywood—wistfully and nostalgically longing for a return to the Good Old Days—that she is a sort of Pola Negri reincarnate. "It would not surprise any of us," a United Artists executive told me, "if she were to turn up on Sunset Boulevard walking a team of Russian wolfhounds."

This anachronistic appeal, coupled with a pair of top-caliber acting performances in *Splendor in the Grass* and *West Side Story*, has helped make her the morning-line favorite to walk off with the Oscar in the Best Actress category at the Academy Award presentations next week. If Miss Wood does win her Oscar, the occurrence undoubtedly will astonish most citizens, who are unaware of Hollywood's emotionalism about its own. Prior to 1961 she was known mainly for her exuberant personal life and for a movie career which exceeds in longevity, if not in quality, those of all other former child actresses, including Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Wood began emoting in films at the age of four. By the time she was twenty-one she had made so many bad movies that she seemed destined to remain at the level of, say, Dick Clark. In fact, most producers—if they thought of her at all—considered her a washed-up veteran before she was old enough to vote. The miracle of her rejuvenation in just one year—she is now considered by the movie industry to be second only to Elizabeth Taylor among the top female box-office attractions—is perhaps the key element in the Hollywood legend she is so industriously building.

There are two theories about the spectacular Natalie Wood resurgence—and both have aided the legend. The first is the Pygmalion Theory. Her Pygmalion is a modern, rather than an ancient Greek—the illustrious Broadway and Hollywood director, Elia Kazan. Kazan gets an almost fiendish pleasure in taking unlikely or unknown prospects and developing them into big stars. Among his previous creations have been Marlon Brando, Lee Remick and Eva Marie Saint. Sometimes, according to his associates, he even seems to be impelled to play a joke on the movie industry by proving that with a good script and good direction he could make big dramatic stars out of The Three Stooges or Tab Hunter.

Kazan told me that he first spotted Natalie Wood as potential Galatea material when she was sixteen years old and was costarred with the late James Dean—another of his discoveries—in a picture called *Rebel Without a Cause*. That role, as the bewildered girl friend of a juvenile delinquent, won her an Academy Award nomination, and she herself readily admits that it was her only good movie performance in a morass of dreadful ones since she appeared as an eight-year-old in *Miracle on 34th Street*.

Says Kazan, "I kept this kid in mind for five years. Then in 1960 William Inge wrote the script for *Splendor in the Grass*, which we decided to make together. I thought of Natalie then, because the leading female role again was that of a mixed-up teenager, but everybody warned me against her. They pointed out that she had made so many lousy pictures and that she was getting worse and worse.

"So I decided to use Lee Remick. But Lee was pregnant and couldn't work, so I found myself thinking of Natalie again. I saw her and I was impressed with her tremendous energy and ambition. I began to reason to myself that she was a natural, physically, for the part, and that if she worked hard and listened to me, I could probably free her from all the bad acting habits she had picked up in her many years in the business. She could cry on cue, for example, but only with her eyes. The rest of her face remained an impassive mask. In any event, I signed her, and she worked like a slave, and she turned in a magnificent performance on the screen."

Kazan did not stop his machinations with *Splendor in the Grass*. While he was making the picture in New York, he got a call from Jerome Robbins, the brilliant choreographer who was then working as codirector with Robert Wise of the film version of *West Side Story*. Robbins said, "Can you think of someone we can cast as Maria, the female lead in the picture?" Kazan, his Pygmalion instincts tantalized, said, "How about Natalie Wood?" Robbins replied, "Oh, no, we want an unknown. We've already tested about a hundred girls." Said Kazan, "How unknown can you get after being buried in pictures like *All the Fine Young Cannibals?* Let me show you some film from *Splendor in the Grass*, and you'll see how this kid has developed."

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"She's very intuitive," says director Elia Kazan. "An intellect, no. But she's bright as hell about things that count to her as an actress."

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"She has convinced Hollywood that she is a sort of Pola Negri reincarnate."

1959: Joan Collins, her beau Warren Beatty, and "Hollywood's model couple"—Robert Wagner and Natalie. Later, the lineup read: Beatty-Wood, Wagner-Collins.

"OK," said Robbins reluctantly. He and Wise and producer Harold Mirisch thereupon viewed Kazan's footage, and almost immediately they signed Natalie for the role. Partisans of the Pygmalion Theory point out that *West Side Story* led to Natalie's snaring the key role of Gypsy Rose Lee in Warner Brothers' forthcoming *Gypsy*. Kazan's only comment about this progression came when he watched Natalie make one of her typical grand entrances at a recent Hollywood premiere, wearing a kookie hat and heavy 1940-style makeup. He said, "Why does she have to look like that when she can look the way I have her on the screen?"

The second school of thought about Miss Wood's sudden rise to film eminence is based on the so-called Scandal Theory. Proponents of the Scandal Theory maintain that a little notoriety, like a little medical or psychiatric problem, can do an actor or actress more good than harm. They point out that movie box offices pulled in bonanza receipts for Errol Flynn after he was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and for Elizabeth Taylor after she helped separate Eddie Fisher from the loving arms of Debbie Reynolds. Says producer Jerry Wald, a man who knows a good cliché when he sees one: "People seem to like their idols to have feet of clay."

For Natalie Wood, a scandal came along at just the right moment. Shortly before the release of *Splendor in the Grass*, it was revealed to the public that she had succeeded in doing what Pythagoras, the great ancient mathematician, had never been able to accomplish: She had made a square out of the eternal triangle.

There were two steady visitors almost constantly on the set when she was making *Splendor in the Grass* in New York City. One of the visitors was her husband, Robert Wagner, known as R.J. to his friends, in whose ear she had whispered, "Darling, this is forever," when they were married some two and a half years before. (The whisper must have been of the stage variety, however, because it was heard by several observers and duly reported in the press.) During the filming of *Splendor in the Grass*, Wagner was otherwise unemployed and spent most of his time—as was his custom—waiting in attendance on his wife. (At one point, during a lull in the shooting, a publicist asked her, "Where's R.J.?" "Oh," she replied, yawning, "he's out shopping for a scarf for me.")

The second nearly permanent visitor on the set was waiting, but not in attendance. She was Joan Collins, the buxom, mercurial British actress who was then the inamorata of Natalie's costar, Warren Beatty. She spent most of her time determinedly keeping an eye on Beatty.

Neither the vigilance nor the waiting-in-attendance worked. Within a few months Miss Wood was suddenly and unexpectedly separated from Wagner and was seen everywhere in tender companionship with Beatty. To complete the bizarre roundelay, Wagner was then seen everywhere in tender companionship with Miss Collins. Suddenly Miss Wood, who had been studiously ignored by the press for some time, popped up on front pages and covers with such blaring headlines as NATALIE'S LOVE SWAP. In one month, January, 1962, each of the seven leading fan magazines ran a lead article on her, and her face adorned four of the seven covers. As a natural consequence, the movie fans, their faith revived in the vitality of their heroine, were flocking to the movie houses to see her perform.

Whether it is the Scandal Theory or the Pygmalion Theory—or both—that accounts for her rapid ascent into the big time, Miss Wood at last is able to play the part of The Star—a role to which she began to aspire at an age when most girls are concerned only with the flavor of the next lollipop. It is said that the star system began with the flamboyance of certain leading players in the Moscow Art Theater of pre-Communist Russia, so perhaps Natalie comes by it naturally. Her real name is Natalia Gurdin, and she is of Russian derivation on both sides of her family. Her father, a carpenter and master wood-carver, fled from Russia to Canada during the Communist Revolution. Natalie's press releases state that her mother was a ballerina in Czarist Russia before fleeing to Manchuria and eventually to San Francisco. This would have been a neat trick since Mrs. Gurdin could barely have been out of swaddling clothes when the family escaped the Bolsheviks.

Natalie's parents met and married in San Francisco, where the youngster was born in 1938. When she was four, the family moved to nearby Santa Rosa, California. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Gurdin was walking down a Santa Rosa street with Natalie toddling alongside, when she was spotted by director Irving Pichel, who was then on location in Santa Rosa making a film called *Happyland* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Pichel signed up mother and daughter to work as extras in the picture. Natalie's role was to drop an ice-cream cone and cry, and she executed the bit with rare precision. Pichel was enchanted with the dark-haired little girl with enormous brown eyes and he became friendly with the family, even making an unsuccessful attempt to adopt Natalie at one point.

In 1944, when Natalie was six years old, Pichel was making a picture for International—*Tomorrow is Forever*, with Orson Welles and Claudette Colbert—and he needed a little girl to play the part of a German waif. He sent for Natalie and her family, put the child under a contract, and changed her name to Wood—a spur-of-the-moment inspiration when director Sam Wood walked by as Pichel was discussing the matter with producer William Goetz. She drifted to Twentieth Century-Fox, and though she was earning $1000 a week when she was eight years old, she hardly attained the juvenile acting brilliance or acclaim of a Shirley Temple or a Mickey Rooney.

In the meantime, however, Mrs. Gurdin became one of the most dedicated of stage mothers, rivaled in protective ferocity only by Elizabeth Taylor's mother. She prowled the studios, supervised Natalie on the set, drove her to take ballet lessons. Natalie went to school at the studio when she was working in pictures; when she wasn't, she attended public schools in the San Fernando Valley, where the Gurdins lived. Whereas Elizabeth Taylor once went into revolt because she never really wanted the acting career her mother had chosen for her, Natalie's inevitable rebellion against *her* mother came for a completely different reason. She wanted her acting career so much that Mrs. Gurdin couldn't stop her from indulging in too many of the appurtenances thereto.

Actor Nick Adams told me, "I knew Natalie quite well in those days. I was twenty-one when I started dating her, and she was fourteen, but there were guys who were a lot older taking her out. When she was sixteen, the great love of her life was a director who was well into his forties. Every night she'd come home from a date, and there'd be screaming by her parents, and she'd run out of the house crying. I guess there wasn't much they could do about it, though. She was bringing most of the money into the house."

She was seen with such swains as Scott Marlowe, Nicky Hilton, Perry Lopez, Sal Mineo, Dennis Hopper, James Dean, Raymond Burr, Elvis Presley and a bewildering host of others. "Let me say," says Adams, "that all these guys she dated contributed to making her the Natalie Wood of today. She learned a little bit from each of them. From Nicky Hilton she learned about the playboy world and Mocambo; from Jimmy Dean she learned that acting was more than just reading lines; from Raymond Burr, who was fortyish and weighed 300 pounds, she told me she learned what *escargot* meant so she could order snails instead of spaghetti and meatballs in French restaurants. That was important to her. I guess the publicity involved in being seen with some of those guys was important too."

Unfortunately for Miss Wood, the quality of her performances on the screen did not keep up

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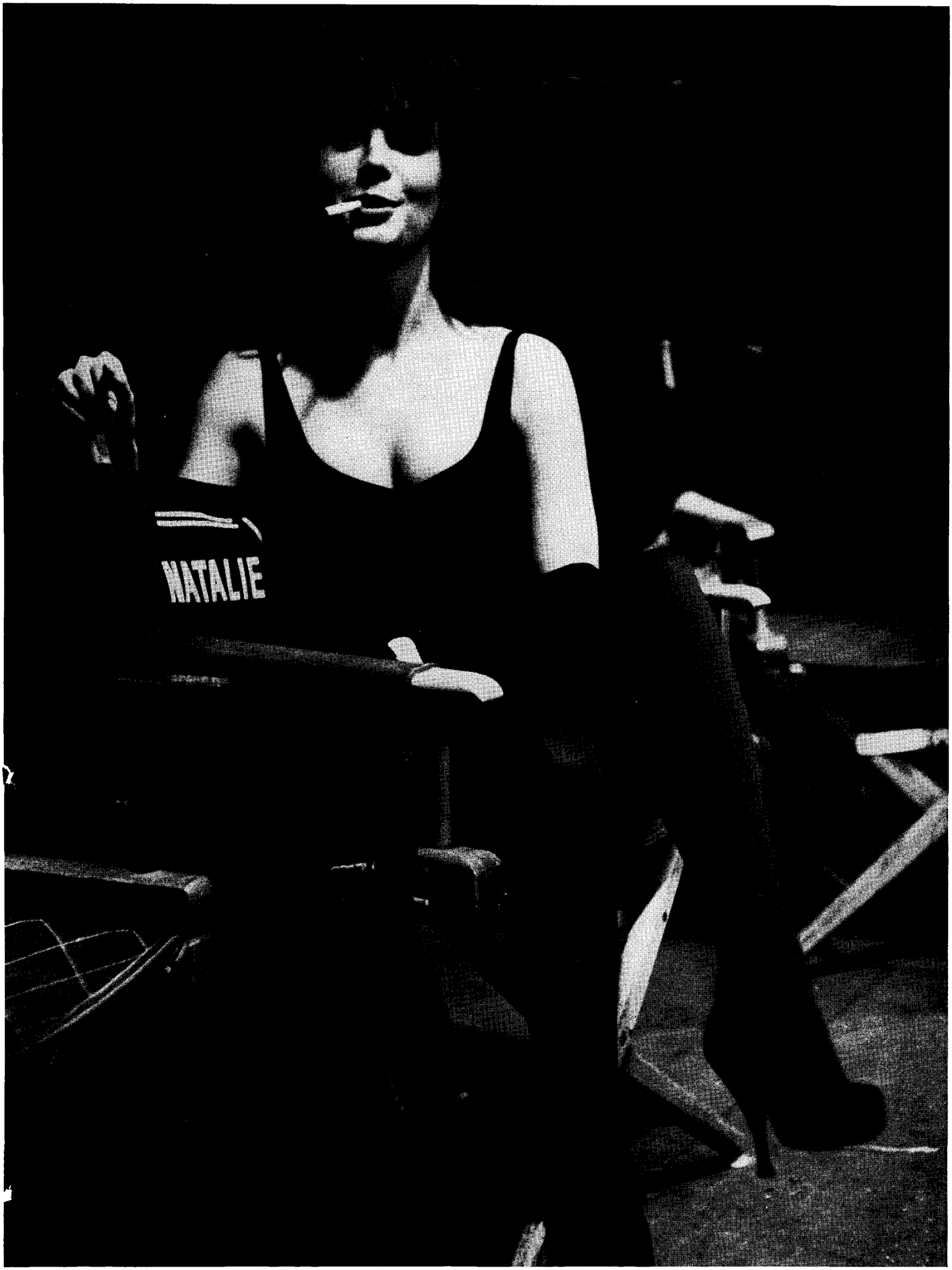

"Unless she chooses bad scripts, she'll be a big star for years to come," says director Robert Wise. "About her personal life—I don't know."

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"Aside from her overwhelming preoccupation with the movie industry and its mores, her life is empty."

"Gypsy" dashing for her dressing room through a California shower. At twenty-three she is second only to Liz Taylor as the top female box-office attraction.

with the quantity of her publicity. Except for her brief acclaim for *Rebel Without a Cause*, in which she basically played herself, she was lost in a progression of dreadful epics such as *Girl He Left Behind*, *No Sleep Till Dawn* and *Marjorie Morningstar*. Her acting in these hastily forgotten films was generally described by the critics as being of prodigiously wooden ineptitude.

In December, 1957, her marriage to Robert Wagner, coming on the heels of a turbulent romance with Nicky Hilton (Elizabeth Taylor's first husband), kept the publicity pot boiling for a while. The fan magazines had a field day with the nuptials and the subsequent home life of the handsome young couple. Wagner, a clean-cut, earnest youth, comes from a well-to-do family of good background. They had migrated from Detroit to La Jolla, California, where he was reared. He succeeded in changing Natalie's mode of life—but not completely, and not, as it turned out, for long. He moved her from the middle-class suburbs of the San Fernando Valley, where she had lived with her parents, to the stately magnificence of Beverly Hills.

They practiced a policy of total togetherness. When Natalie made a picture, Wagner was always with her on the set. When Wagner was before the cameras, Natalie could be counted upon to be there—depending on the tolerance of the director. One day director Frank Tashlin flew into a towering rage and banned her permanently from the set of *Say One for Me*, in which Wagner starred. "In *my* pictures," glowered Tashlin, "I don't allow wives to coach husbands from the sidelines." In the evenings Natalie and R. J. were constantly seen together in the best-publicized restaurants, thus enabling the fan magazines to continue their coverage of the young couple by reporting how they billed and cooed in public and were obviously so deeply in love.

The depth of her love notwithstanding—reports a friend—Natalie was restive, and the quietude was bothering her. Her career was going from bad to worse. She had rebelled against her studio, Warner Brothers, on the grounds that they were giving her such dreadful pictures. She had demanded the right to do outside films and was immediately suspended by the studio. She didn't work for eighteen months, but even after she won her battle, she went directly into another stinker, *Cash McCall*, in which she was panned mercilessly by the critics. Meanwhile, there were morale-shattering construction problems with her Beverly Hills Grecian palace, combined with a simultaneous slump in her husband's career. They needed money. In desperation, they consented to do their first picture together. This was M-G-M's *All the Fine Young Cannibals*, a critical and financial blooper, which Paul V. Beckley of the New York *Herald-Tribune* called "an oversimplified, overexcited picture which nobody could be expected to rescue from absurdity."

It was against such a background that Elia Kazan came into Natalie's life with *Splendor in the Grass*. The filming of the picture in New York seemed to open up a whole new world of experience for her—at a time when she apparently needed it the most. Where she had been prone to tardiness and sloppy preparation on her previous films, here she was punctiliously on time and knew her lines. Where she had always been prey to colds and other real or imagined illnesses, here she was bustlingy healthy throughout the entire production. Gone was her naturally high, squeaky voice which she had struggled desultorily to lower for years; and she no longer employed the easy short-cut tricks which all child actors learn and through which they can meet a director's demands with a minimum of work. Kazan's psychology was to treat her like a star—and she loved it. She told me, "Before I did a scene, he'd ask me how *I* thought it should be done. No one had ever flattered me like that before, and this was the greatest director in the world to me."

Kazan says, "She's very intuitive. An intellect, no. But how many actors are? Natalie couldn't analyze *Finnegan's Wake*, but she's bright as hell about the things that count to her as an actress."

Kazan's picture completed, Natalie, with bolstered confidence, returned to Hollywood and immediately assumed what she now considered to be her rightful place as a full-fledged star. She attacked her role in *West Side Story* with vigor, learning a Puerto Rican accent from Rita Moreno and a few rudimentary dance steps from Jerome Robbins. She battled to use her own singing voice, and her press agents even put out a press release after the premiere of the picture stating that "her pure lyric-soprano voice will surprise many." It apparently did not surprise her employers sufficiently, however, for they excised her pure lyric soprano from the sound track and substituted that of Marni Nixon, a trained singer. Despite that, director Robert Wise considers her acting performance, especially in her final scene over the body of her slain lover, to be a fine one. So did most of the critics.

During the filming of *West Side Story*, she reverted to her old habit of contracting colds when something went wrong, but no one, not even Wise, suspected that anything was amiss in her personal life. Wise told me, "Her husband was on the set all the time, and they were very lovey-dovey. When he left to work in a picture, she was always talking to him on the phone." Last June, when Wagner finished shooting Columbia's *Sail a Crooked Ship*, he held the customary Wagner-Wood farewell party for the crew, at which he and Natalie used to tend bar. Natalie showed up an hour and a half late—with Beatty. She and Beatty then departed to visit Jane Fonda on a neighboring set and did not return for another hour. By then the party was nearly over.

There were a few heated words, and the strange quadrangle—Joan Collins, by this time, had been summoned—repaired to its favorite Beverly Hills restaurant for dinner. Before the dinner was over, Wagner and Natalie stalked out of the restaurant. Both were in a fury. They went home, but later that night Natalie ended up in her parents' house. The next day her press agent issued the statement:

Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner today announced they have separated. Both Miss Wood and Mr. Wagner have stated it is a trial separation and there are no immediate plans for divorce. Both are hopeful the problems that exist between them can be worked out satisfactorily.

Today, at age twenty-three, what is Natalie's destiny? Robert Wise says, "In her career, there is no doubt that she can go far. Beginning with Kazan, she has learned a lot, and unless she is stupid about exercising her new power and chooses bad scripts, as Kim Novak did, she'll be a big star for many years to come. About her personal life, I don't know."

Neither, it is safe to say, does Natalie. Aside from her overwhelming preoccupation with the movie industry and its mores, her life is an empty one. She seems to have few interests beyond what goes on in Hollywood's studios and restaurants. During the period I was with her, while she was filming *Gypsy* for director Mervyn LeRoy at Warner Brothers, she was shy, polite, respectful, and sometimes a little frightened and bewildered. However, when she was discussing her craft, she spoke with the assurance of a forty-year-old. She was then living in a small apartment with a female acquaintance but spent little time there. When she was not working, she was out being seen—to perpetuate her off-screen image.

A friend says, "This is what Hollywood's system does to girls. How can they cope with fantasy when there is no one to prepare them for it—or even to identify it for them? Do you know what Natalie's most prized possession is? It's a huge oil portrait of herself in which she is dressed and posed like a movie siren of the 1920's. It shows her exhibiting self-confidence, sophistication, womanly wisdom, belligerence and a large bust—none of which she really has." THE END

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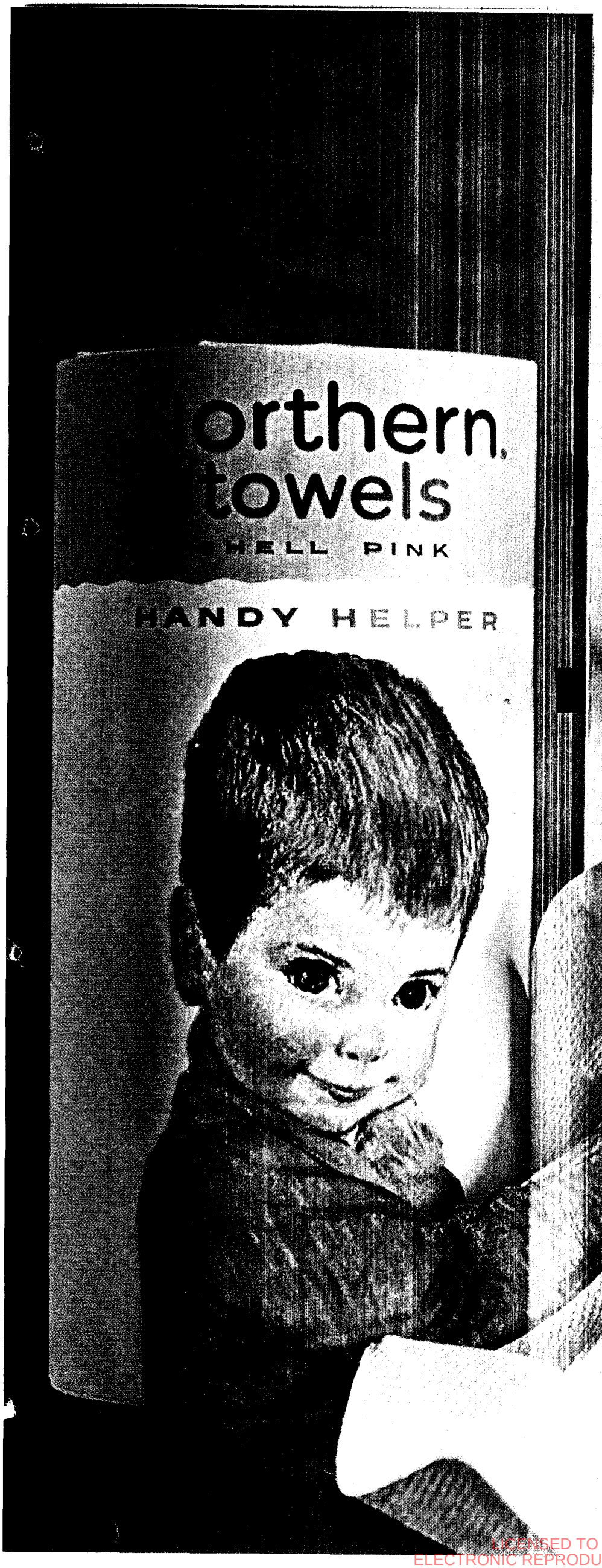

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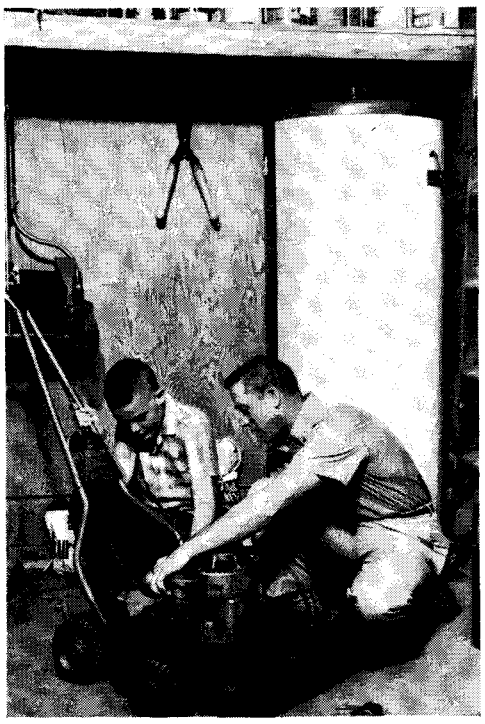

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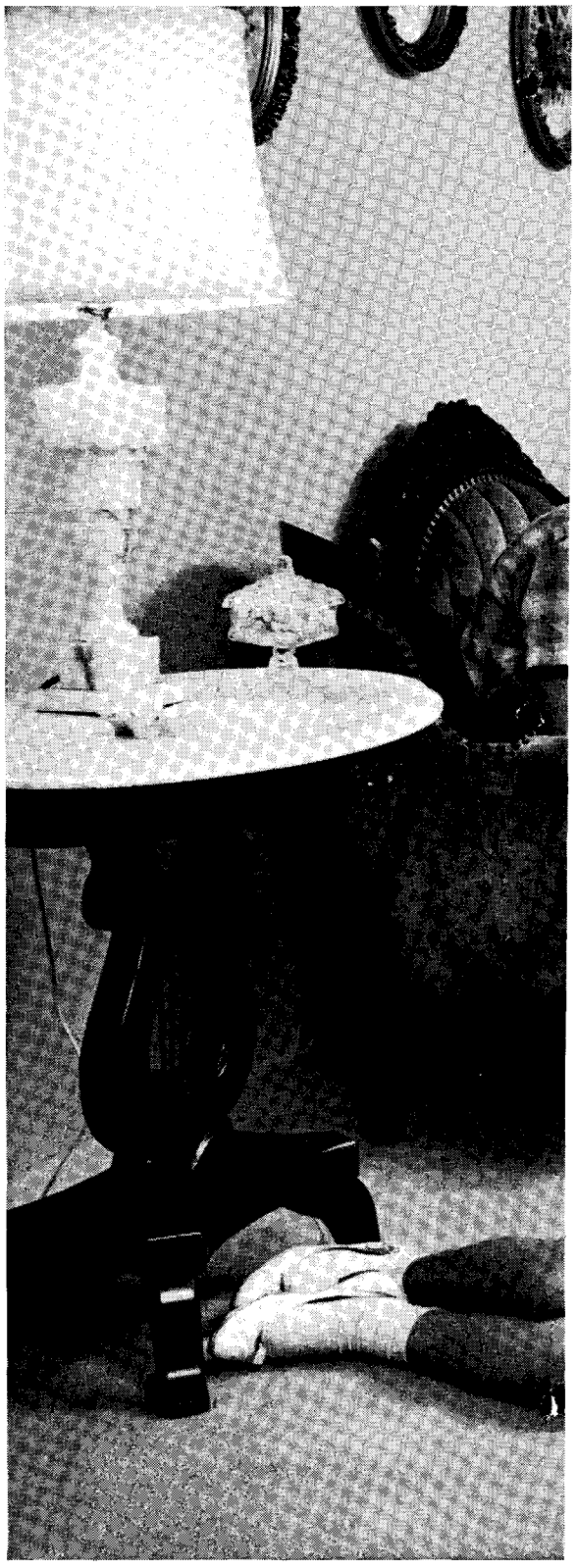

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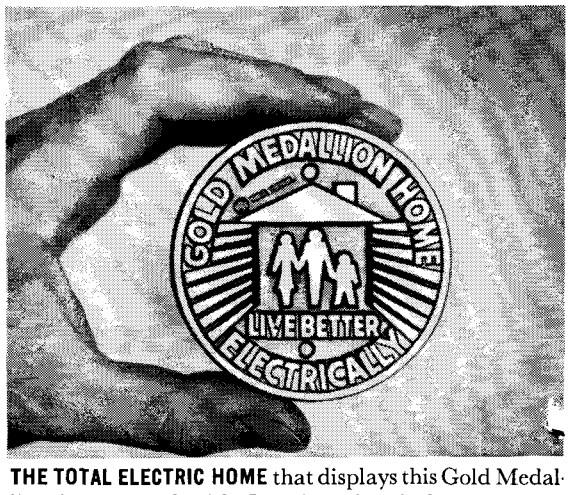

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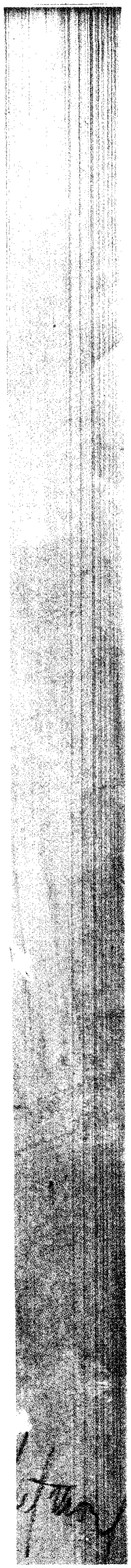

There is a strip of carpet, red as blood, that runs from the foyer of the Pearl City Club, across the middle of the square, dim cocktail lounge, to the dining room. Tiny spotlights, embedded in the low ceiling, shed light upon this crimson path. All around the walls, in near-darkness, people sit on padded benches, sipping—watching who comes and who goes. But the cocktail lounge of the Pearl City Club is not just another bar. Everyone who is anyone in town proves it by being a member, so that the eyes that watch here are connected with power, the ears that listen are wise in local lore, the voices that murmur are never boisterous. Nothing that could be called rowdy had ever happened in this room.

At a little after eight on a Saturday evening in May the lounge was filled, dim shapes and bent heads all around. Up the two steps from the brighter dining room came a party of three. These were Mr. and Mrs. John Martinelli and their only daughter, Teresa. The little spotlights had a pink tinge; the carpet threw up rosy reflections, flattering to faces. John Martinelli was not very tall, but he carried himself like a giant. His hair was white, rising to a crest. His face was fine-featured, with a small beaked nose. His father and his grandfather before him had been somebodies in Pearl City; he had done better than they. He walked proudly. Alicia, his wife, was an inch taller than he, a fair woman, with elegant bones. She had been someone all her life too. She walked with grace; the light was kind to the sweetness of her face.

But the watchers did not watch these two; they watched the girl, slim, dark, beautiful and mysterious. Teresa was wearing a dinner gown of brilliant blue. Moving above the red, the hem was enpurpled.

Now, on the other end of the carpet, two men came in from the foyer. And the fairest flower of Pearl City, watching, caught breath. The Hustons, at this moment! Mark and his brother, Charles (who did not count). But Mark Huston!

Breath caught because two months ago Teresa Huston had gone from the hospital to her father's house and was still living there. So the murmuring sounds suffered a failure in volume. It was not that the good people stopped talking, rudely, in order to look and listen. But voices lost emphasis; ears that had been listening lost interest.

Obviously the two parties of people must meet in the very center of the room. There might be some clue given, some emotion hinted, some attitude betrayed. Something might be revealed when the beautiful young woman in blue passed the tall young man in the dark suit. The two who had been joined together—at great expense, with champagne flowing—and who were now asunder.

The brothers broke step, just momentarily, but quickly recovered the rhythm of their pace. The Martinellis had not visibly faltered. As the groups drew together, John Martinelli nodded. Charles Huston said, "Good evening, ma'am. . . . Evening, sir." None stopped moving.

It seemed that nothing was going to be revealed, and Pearl City, although with the tiniest ruffle of nervous disappointment, approved. But then the taller and the thinner of the two young men stopped walking. "How have you been, Teresa?" he said to her gently.

The girl lifted her face. She was smiling. She said, "Splendid."

The thin young man grew suddenly taller. He lifted his right hand and slapped her hard across her pretty face. The sharp crack of flesh on flesh was like a gunshot in this place.

The father turned his head, the neck corded. The mother whimpered. A soft roar of shock and protest began to run around the four walls. The brother, Charles Huston, took Mark's arm in a rough hand and turned him, forced him, shoved him back along the way they had come, out into the foyer, out of the building, and away. Joseph Jasper popped like a jack-in-the-box from the manager's office, for he had extra senses to tell him when anything went wrong in the Pearl City Club. He took the mother's arm. The father took the daughter's. She was smiling. They were whisked away into the private offices, leaving the audience gasping at an empty stage.

The good people of Pearl City had been to the motion pictures, had read books. They knew that for a man to slap a woman was not unheard of in this century. But to have done such a thing here, out of the blue, for no cause, in public, and in *this* public! Well! Young Mark Huston had just committed social and economic suicide!

And some sighed for the pity of it, and some for the excitement, and all with the certain knowledge that young Mark Huston had done it now. Oh, he was through! There would be a divorce. And he would go elsewhere. Oh, he was finished! John Martinelli would see to that.

In half an hour Joseph Jasper came out of his office and left the door open as if to say, "See, nothing in the box." He had smuggled them out another way. The audience sighed. "No second act," said the judge's wife. The judge thought, *That was the second act, and the curtain.* The third act will be in Reno. I won't hear it.

Six weeks later the judge made his good mornings to the six people in his chambers. He was about to hear it, after all. Pearl City was a small city. The judge knew almost everyone in it, at least by reputation. But this never had prevented him from discharging his duty as he should. He said, "Mr. Fairlee, you are counsel for Mrs. Huston?"

"I am, your honor," said Fairlee, the lawyer.

"Mr. Mark Huston, you are your own counsel?"

"If your honor pleases."

The young husband was in cold control of his voice, his eyes, his body. The young wife sat between her father and her mother and did not look up. The judge thought, as he so often did, that there had been a divorce between these two long, long ago. They had gathered now only for him to decide upon what basis the law was going to confirm the existing fact. He tilted his great leather chair slightly. "In this preliminary hearing we must examine the grounds of Mrs. Huston's suit. . . . Mr. Fairlee?"

"Extreme cruelty."

John Martinelli said, "With your indulgence, I would like to describe a certain incident to which I was a witness, as was my wife and also Mr. Charles Huston."

The judge nodded indulgence. He had learned, long ago, how to listen with one ear. Besides, he had been there himself. He watched this man's face, the fierce pride in it; he recognized the arrogant manner that John Martinelli had worn even in his school days.

Let's see, mused the judge; John was two years behind me. He must be at least three years younger than Alicia. It's been a good match. Teresa is—let's see—twenty-five. Her wedding was in June four years ago. Not a good match perhaps. He mused upon the Hustons. Charles,

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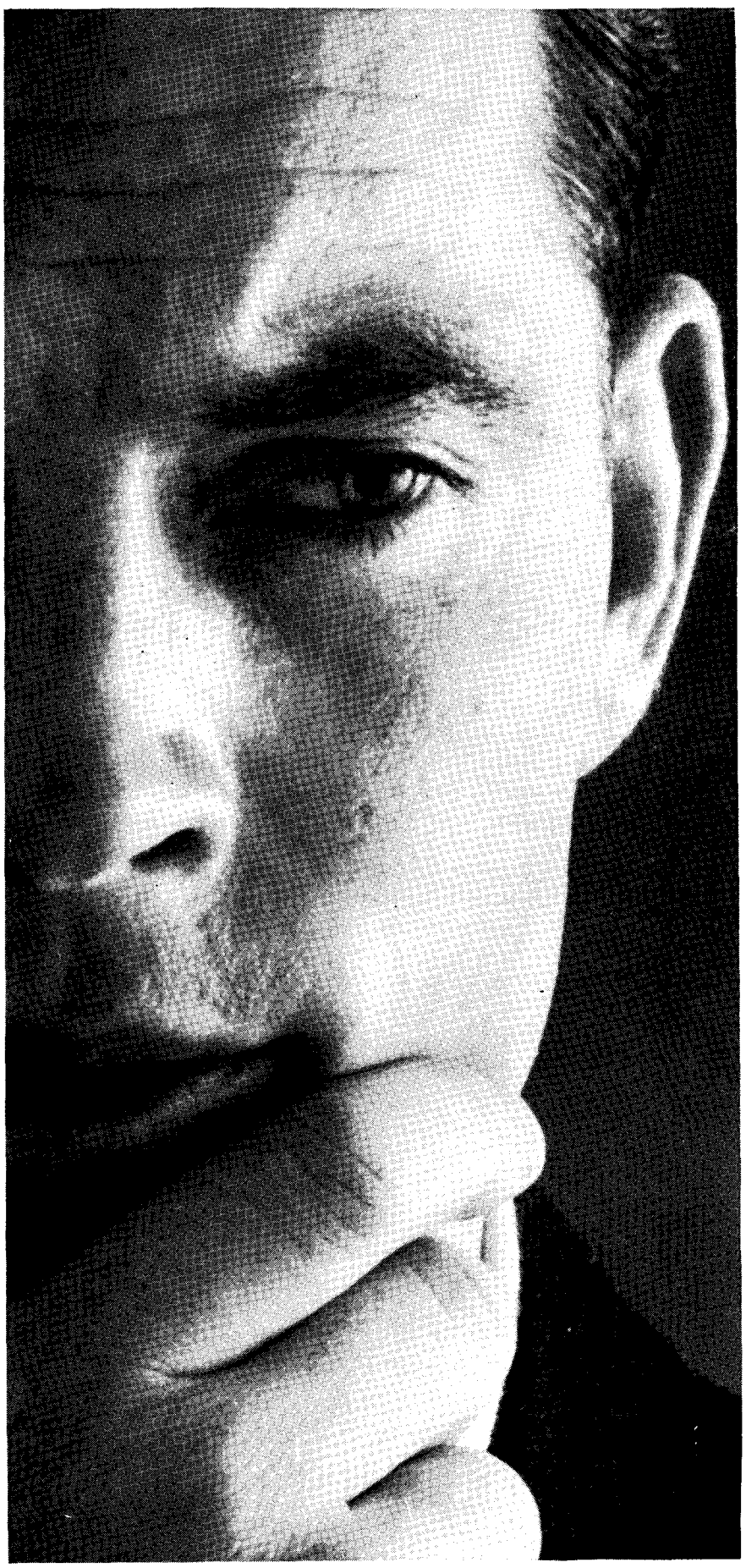

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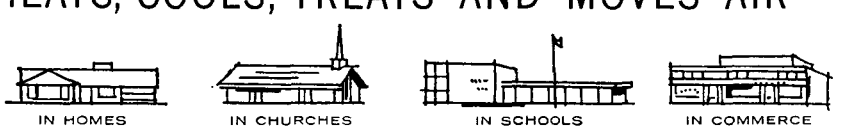

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WORD in his thirties, was "new" by Pearl City reckoning, but he had done very well in the bank. He was tactful, well mannered and accepted. His younger brother had been half accepted for his sake, when the lad had first come here, fresh from law school. Then, of course, having married Teresa Martinelli, Mark had become someone.

But the judge knew that Mark Huston had not proved to be the kind of young man who had married well and then climbed smoothly along an ascending path. His struggle to "get started" in the law had been punctuated by certain outbursts and commotions. He was a tense young man with startling cheekbones; it was said that he had a temper; it was said that he could be eloquent in a rather astonishing way. An interesting young man. But now, of course, finished.

It might be that he had kept Teresa too long in that first cheap little apartment, after what she had been used to in her father's house. There was, too, the tragic loss of their baby, last March. An incident not well understood. Whatever it was, the judge had very little hope for this marriage. He thought it was finished.

"—— spoke to Teresa. He asked her how she had been." John Martinelli had come to the climax of his story. "She gave him a civil answer. She said 'Just fine' or something of the sort. And then—" John Martinelli's voice began to shake "—then he slapped her in her face. And no man slaps my daughter."

The judge's hand had been making notes, without his particular attention. Now he said, with a calm flavor of reason covering human curiosity, "What happened after that?"

The two young men stared at the bookcase. The young wife kept her head down. The father bridled. The mother cocked her head. Fairlee cleared his throat. John Martinelli said, "Mr. Jasper very kindly allowed my wife to rest in his office. Then we went out to our car. Mark Huston was out there and he apologized in one sentence. Nothing more was said. He left. We left. My daughter was given pain and humiliation."

But had not gone to Reno, thought the judge. He glanced at Teresa. She was wearing black and white—a small hat with a little veil that fell over her eyes. She sat despondently between her father and her mother. The judge did not permit himself an audible sigh.

He turned his chair. "Mr. Huston?"

Mark Huston said, "I have no defense. I should not have slapped her. I apologized. I have nothing more to say."

The judge thought, Oh, yes, they bring these matters to court when they have already been settled, and not before. It was finished. Nevertheless he had his duty. He said, "Mr. Charles Huston? Have you anything to add?"

Charles Huston said, "I am here to be with my brother. Nothing to add."

Oh, tactful young man, thought the judge, here for the sake of his blood but very carefully so. The judge felt an impulse to push at this balanced position. "You were a witness to this incident?"

"Yes, your honor."

"You agree that Mr. Martinelli has stated exactly what happened?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know why your brother did what he did?"

"No, sir," said Charles stolidly. And I do not care, his manner said, because he was a fool and he is finished.

The judge gnawed on his lower lip. Oh, why prolong this dreary formality? Committed to justice based on truth, the judge knew—and none better—how elusive was the truth. But for a young man to commit social and economic suicide in the middle of the cocktail lounge of the Pearl City Club was a very strange action for an ambitious and intelligent young man to take. The judge knew how many doors had closed in Mark Huston's face since that evening. He knew the lad must have been suffering. But he asked sternly, as was his duty, "Why did you do it, Mr. Huston?"

"For no valid reason," said the young husband. "There is no excuse."

"I see that you've got a retrial of the Haskell Case," said the judge suddenly.

"Yes, your honor," Mark Huston replied. "As soon as that is concluded, I'll be leaving Pearl City."

"I see." Quixotic, thought the judge. Stubborn. Fighting. But not fighting this. Still, she could have gone to Reno. He could have left town. Why hadn't they? Not that he saw any hope. These two had been asunder long before the incident at the club which was nothing but a symptom. However, dutifully, the judge turned and said, "Mrs. Huston?"

The girl said, "There is nothing I can say."

To himself the judge humphed. Teresa Martinelli, who had had "everything" all her life—money, beauty, brains and personality—sat much too limp in that chair.

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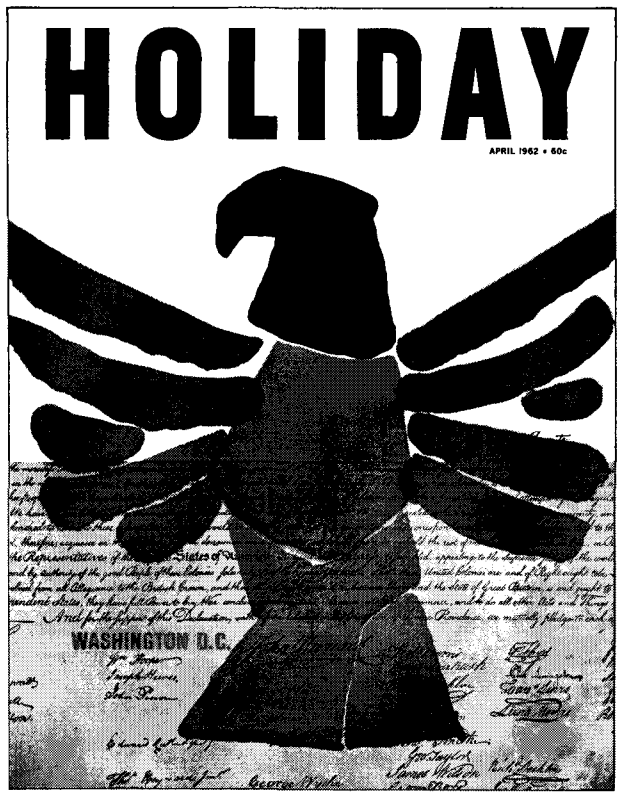

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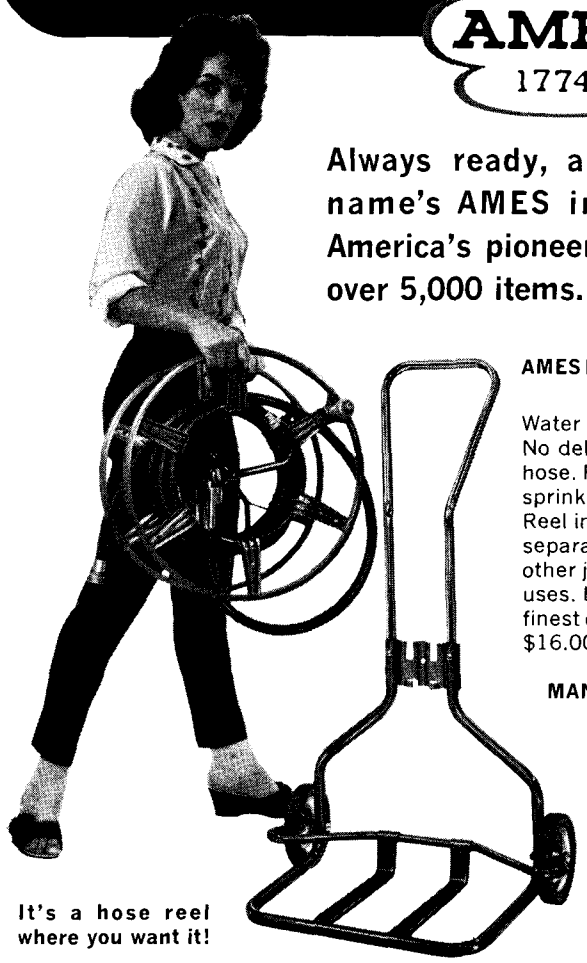

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WORD Then the mother said, "Your honor, I would like to correct one thing in my husband's statement."

"Yes, Mrs. Martinelli?"

"The word my daughter used."

"The word?" Ah, she was a charming lady, Alicia. The judge smiled at her.

"She did not say 'Just fine.' She said only one word. She said the word 'Splendid.'"

"I see. Mark Huston asked her how she had been. She answered with one word. Splendid." The judge scribbled.

"And I would like to point out to your honor," she went on, "that there was a weight on the word."

Teresa said, full of life and fire, "It's no use, mother. None of them will listen. They are men."

John Martinelli said, "Alicia, I don't know what you are trying to ——"

"Just a minute," said the judge, with quick authority. "Mrs. Martinelli, will you please ——"

"Speak with precision?" Alicia cut in. The judge felt his heart stop and resume with a thud. "Yes, your honor, I will," she said. "Teresa intended to wound and anger Mark as much as she could, and she did it with great precision."

The judge knew that his eyelids were fluttering. He calmed them and said to the girl, "Mrs. Huston, we are examining the grounds for your divorce. Is this pertinent?"

"If I thought you would understand," the girl said, "I would tell you how pertinent it is."

The judge leaned forward. "I think you had better tell me."

Mark Huston said loudly, "I hit her. That's that, isn't it?"

Teresa said, "You see, when Mark and I were married we were very much in love and we had a word ——"

Mark said, "This isn't necessary and it can do no good. I hit her. I admit it. I announce it. Isn't that enough?"

The judge said to him, with sweet authority, "I agree with you, Mr. Huston, that privacy would be desirable. . . . So, Mr. and Mrs. Martinelli, Mr. Fairlee and Mr. Charles Huston, will you all please step out into my anteroom?"

"Will you hear me?" said Teresa breathlessly. Now she was taut with life.

"It is my duty to hear you, Mrs. Huston," purred the judge. . . . "The rest of you, if you please . . .?"

Alicia rose and said "Come, John," with surprising authority. John rose. Fairlee was up. The Hustons both rose.

"Mr. Mark Huston, sit down," said the judge severely.

The others went through the door, and Fairlee closed it.

The judge settled into the leather. "Now then, Mrs. Huston, I will hear you."

The young man sat down and stared at the bookcase, controlled to endure.

Teresa said, "We were in love. There was a certain song. There was a certain sunset and—what happened afterward." Her voice was low. Mark Huston sat like stone. "And the word we had," she said, "was 'splendid.'"

The judge said gently, "So that it was a key word for both of you? A private word, sanctified?"

"Yes, sir." She reached up and pushed the veil out of her eyes. Her eyes were so beautiful that the judge was forced to swallow. "Sir, you know that Mark was what you would call struggling?"

"I know," said the judge kindly.

"We had a very small apartment and not very much —— But you see, sir, my father has a good deal of money and he has always spoiled me. He likes to do it. But Mark was embarrassed. He asked me not to take so many things from my father. I couldn't see why I shouldn't. I wouldn't even listen to him. We had a dreadful quarrel about it and that is when I spoiled the word. I said, 'Oh, you think it's splendid to live like this.' I said other mean and selfish things."

"All right Tessa," snapped the young man. "Don't wallow."

"You will hear me?" Teresa said to the judge.

"So that the sacred word was spoiled," the judge said. "Yes, that happens."

"And doesn't matter," the young man said.

"If you will be quiet," the judge said. . . . "Go on, Teresa."

"It mattered then," Teresa said, "but not too much. We got over that somehow. Then he took the Haskell Case. Well, you know that he lost it."

The judge nodded.

"Nothing would do," said Teresa, "but that he had to get a new trial for that miserable boy. We fought about that. I wanted him to drop the whole hopeless business. He said he was concerned. I said he ought to be concerned about his child. We were expecting a child at that time."

"Yes," the judge said gently. The young man put one hand over his eyes. The judge noted this with a glance and said to the girl, "I am listening."

"Mark said that he was concerned for his child because his child must have an honorable father. He said he had failed an innocent boy and he was going to redeem his failure. I said he was being ridiculous. We had a terrible fight. Well, your honor, sir, I have always been a brat. And Mark is not a placid soul either. So, in March ——"

The young man took his hand down and was stiff against the chair back.

"—— he was going to a meeting one night," the girl said, speaking very fast. "It had to do with the case. He was going to make a kind of speech. It might help that boy's prospects. My parents were out of town. I didn't want to be alone. I begged —— No!" she sat very straight, "I ordered him not to leave me. But he said that he would leave a phone number I

COMING NEXT WEEK

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could call. And he went. Well, of course, I was so furious. I had always had, you see, just about everything I wanted. I don't know whether anger like that can bring on labor. But I went into labor. I would not phone him. I was too angry to do that. I called my doctor, who told me to come to the hospital. I called a taxi. The driver was—well, he was very worried about my state. So there was a traffic accident. And—I lost the baby." Now her head went down, "Which was my fault."

Her husband said, "I had left her when she asked me not to go. So you see that there are grounds. And that is enough."

The judge thought, that was the First Act. Was it? He said aloud, "*Is* that enough, Teresa?"

Teresa straightened. "No," she said. "Not for me. When Mark got to me in the hospital, I was in pain. Everything was so awful—there wasn't any baby. He felt bad enough, but I said to him, 'Of course, you did make a splendid speech, darling.'"

The judge saw old pain on the young man's face. He saw pain—old and new—on the girl's face and in her eyes. He saw no hope for this marriage. Too much pain had been given and received. But he said, "Then, afterward?"

"Oh, my father," she said, "came rushing back and made a fuss, of course. Special nurses, everything under the sun. Nothing would do but that I come home and be petted. It sounded sensible. That wasn't why I went. My mother and I pretended that it was only temporary and only sensible, until I was strong again. The truth was, Mark didn't want me back. He said nothing at all. So there I stayed. How could I go back? I didn't know how I could," said Teresa. "I had never been taught—don't you see?"

If the judge saw, he said nothing. "So that night at the club," she went on, holding her head high in humility, "do you see how I, without cause, hit him with a word? A weapon so heavy—a word with such a terrible weight on it—that he had to slap me? He could no more help slapping me than he could help blinking his eye." Teresa's eyes filled with tears.

Mark said, "But I ought to have helped it. Since I, at least, knew better. She never has understood these things, your honor. She never had learned, that's true. Even now, she doesn't see that I ought to have helped it."

"Oh, yes, you ought to have helped it," the judge said, "I agree."

Mark said, "Thank you."

Teresa said, "But that Mark should lose his place here, and hurt his career and have the whole town talking—when it was *I* who hit *him*. What can I do?"

"Nothing," Mark said. "Let it go."

The judge said, "I take it that you would agree, Teresa, to this. If a divorce were to be granted in this case on the grounds of extreme cruelty—the cruelty was yours?"

"Yes, I would agree to that," she said. "I would think that very fair. I wish that everyone in town could know it."

"They won't," said Mark angrily. "You're getting this divorce."

Teresa said sadly, "That's the convention."

Mark said, "Well, is that all?"

The judge said mildly, "How should I know whether that is all or what else there may be between you?"

Mark turned his head. "What changed you? What could have changed you?"

"When I couldn't make my father listen to what I'd done," Teresa said. "When I see how he insists that I can do no wrong because I am his daughter. It isn't true. Don't you think I know what I said to you? If I hadn't known and if you hadn't known that I knew—then nothing ——" Her throat closed.

In a moment the young man said quietly, "What does this mood mean against your whole life? Don't you think I know how your mind works?"

The girl neither moved nor spoke. The judge said, "Have you thought of this, Mark? What if her heart is broken?"

"Oh, Tessa," Mark cried, "we can never ——"

"I know," she said quietly. "It's too late. Why do you think my heart is broken?" The room was very still.

The judge got out of his big chair. "I think this hearing stands recessed. Sine die." Neither of them paid him any attention as he left them.

In the anteroom he said, "This hearing is postponed indefinitely. No hurry, is there? Will you not," he said to all the faces, "agree that such destruction should not be lightly or ignorantly undertaken?"

Alicia Martinelli gave him one lightning look and dropped her eyelids. John Martinelli said, "How can she? How can they? I don't know ——"

"It is not for you to know," said the judge kindly, "or me. Or Pearl City. It is for them to know. Let them alone."

Charles Huston made flustered farewells. Fairlee, the lawyer, turned to go, and John Martinelli conferred with him.

So the judge looked down at Alicia. "Is it too late for them, David?" she asked.

"I do not know. I cannot tell. Young hearts do break."

Alicia smiled. "Young hearts do mend sometimes."

"I am glad if that is so," the judge said.

"That is so."

John Martinelli returned to them. "Come, darling." He looked at the judge. "I suppose I should thank you."

"Yes, I rather think you should," said the judge as if he were thinking of something else. "Good day."

Alone in the anteroom, the judge mused. He could see the terrace of the Pearl City Club before it had been remodeled. He could see the young girl with the moon on her face, and he could hear her crying, "Don't you care if you break my heart?"

And he could hear himself, a young man in a passion of ambition, saying, "Alicia, I have so much to do, so many years —— The only honest thing I can say to you is please don't wait." And that ignorant young man had added, "As for a broken heart, that's a silly sentimental phrase of no precision whatsoever."

And the young girl had raised her head and said to the moon, "Precision?" Putting a weight on a word that later—three years later—had fallen heavily between them forever. So they had married well, each of them, but not each other.

The judge sighed. He was wiser now. He remembered the suffering of the young. It was a part of his wisdom to remember. A word with a weight on it that only two could know. Which goes to show, he told himself wryly, that when you hear a word you mustn't be too sure you know its meaning—precisely.

He sneaked over to his chamber door and put his ear upon the wood. He had a little hope, not much, yet some. Life was full of maybes. One maybe after another.

Listening, he could hear, within, no words at all. THE END

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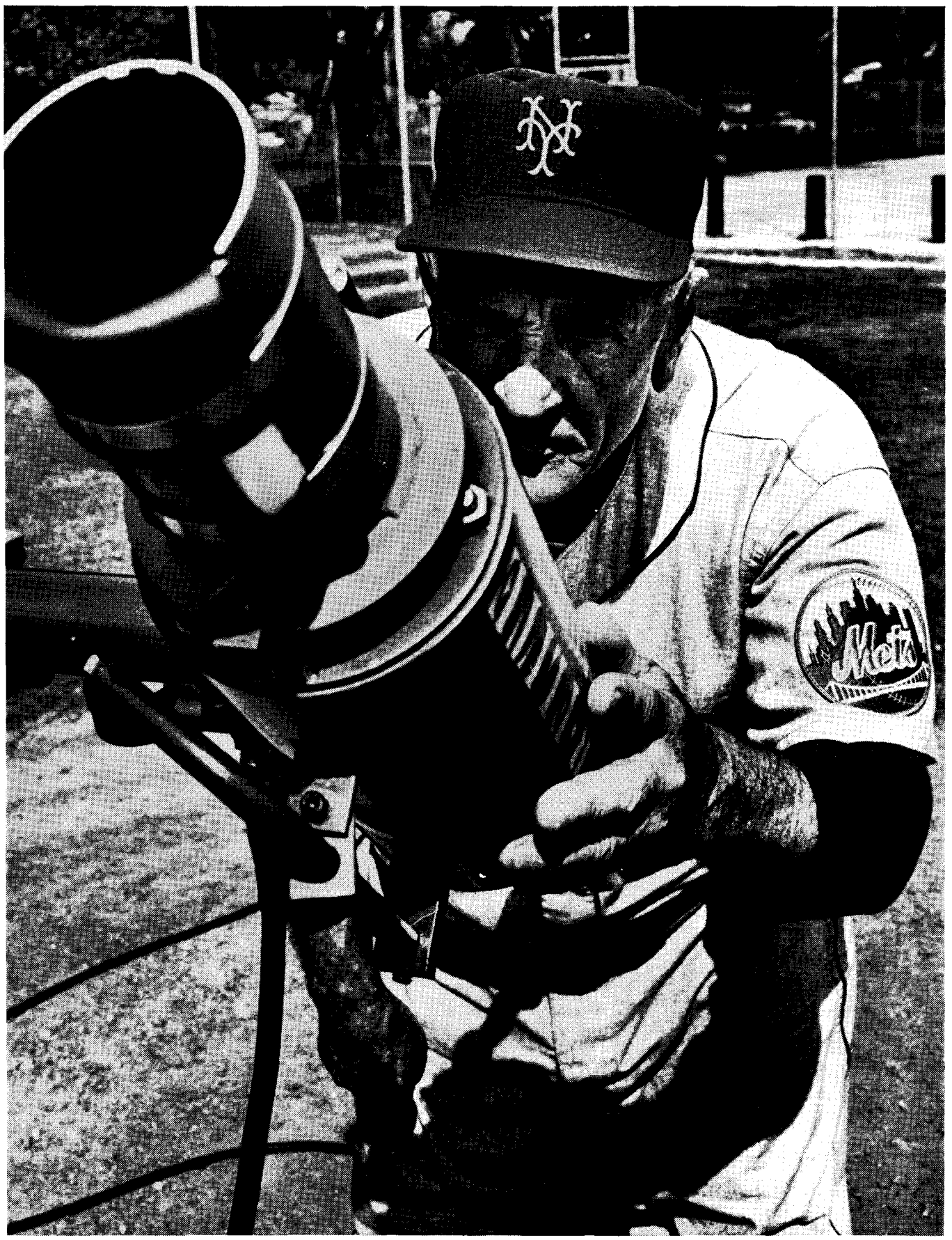
CASEY THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

After a year's layoff, the Ol' Perfesser, now manager of the New York Mets, begins his second half-century in baseball.

By HARRY T. PAXTON



Stengel draws a bead with a fly-lobbing gun—a newfangled supplement to fungo hitting—at the Mets' spring camp in St. Petersburg. Possible target: the National League's first division.

The curtain doesn't officially go up on the 1962 baseball season until next week, but already one featured performer has drawn more press notices than most of the cast will get all year. The old man is back on center stage. Casey Stengel, a unique symbol of the game to millions, with his unforgettable deep-furrowed face, his own special language and his inimitable mannerisms, is resuming one of the longest runs in history. After a layoff of a year, Casey has started his second half-century in professional baseball as manager of a club that is in its very first year—the New York Mets of the expanded ten-team National League.

Casey, who will be seventy-two in July, remains one of our most vigorous senior citizens. At the Mets' camp in St. Petersburg, Florida, this spring he seemed even more youthfully energetic than he had when I began working with him on his life story for *The Post* at his home in Glendale, California, early in 1961 [MY OWN STORY, Sept. 16–Oct. 14, 1961].

Then as now, his voice was strong, his mind alert, his reflexes amazingly fast. When he used gestures to illustrate a point, as in showing how a top infielder gets his throws away quickly, Casey's hands moved so rapidly that it seemed doubtful any infielder could operate faster.

During those sessions last year, though, Casey did show fatigue. He had hurt his back a short while before I went to Glendale, and he had to wear a brace much of the time. It tired him to stay on his feet very long, or even to sit up for a stretch of more than an hour or so.

Therefore our tape-recorded interviewing sessions, which ultimately produced 400,000 words of raw material, mostly took place with Casey reclining in his bedroom, a lapel microphone clipped to his pajama pocket. At first we kept at it for hours at a time, but this proved too wearying for Casey—the man who was doing the work—and we switched to a more moderate pace.

There were no signs of fatigue in the Casey Stengel who picked up the baseball life again this year in familiar surroundings in St. Petersburg. The Mets took over training facilities just vacated by the New York Yankees, who moved this year to Fort Lauderdale. That gave the Mets the same setup the Yanks had—Miller Huggins Field for practice and Al Lang Field for "home" exhibition games.

In the shade near the clubhouse at Huggins Field was a special bench bearing Casey's name, but I never saw him sit down on it except when a photographer asked him to pose there. A companion bench labeled GEORGE WEISS also was generally unoccupied.

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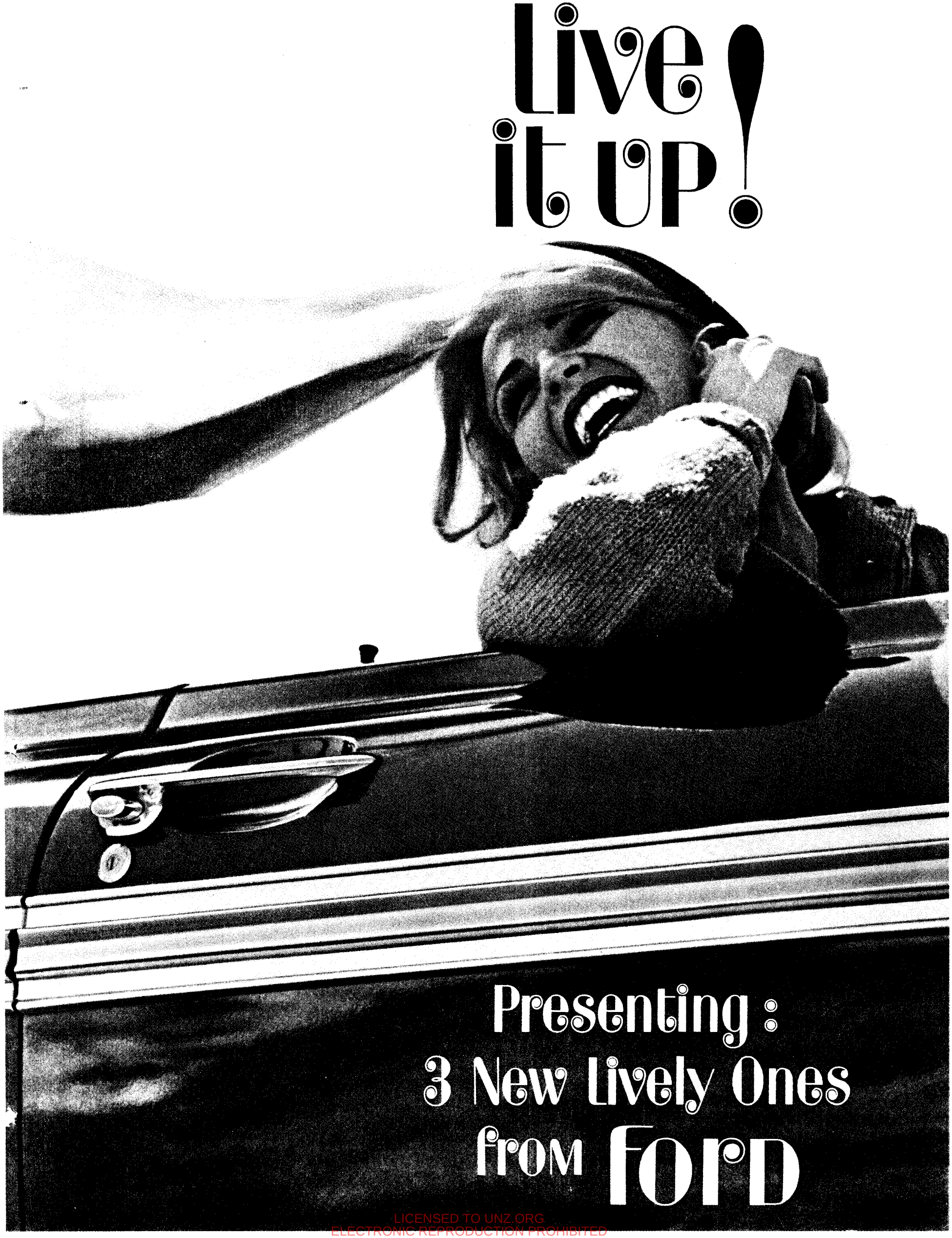

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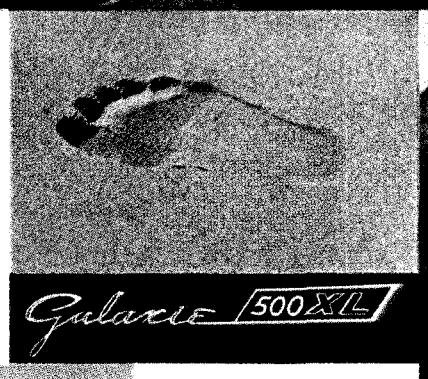

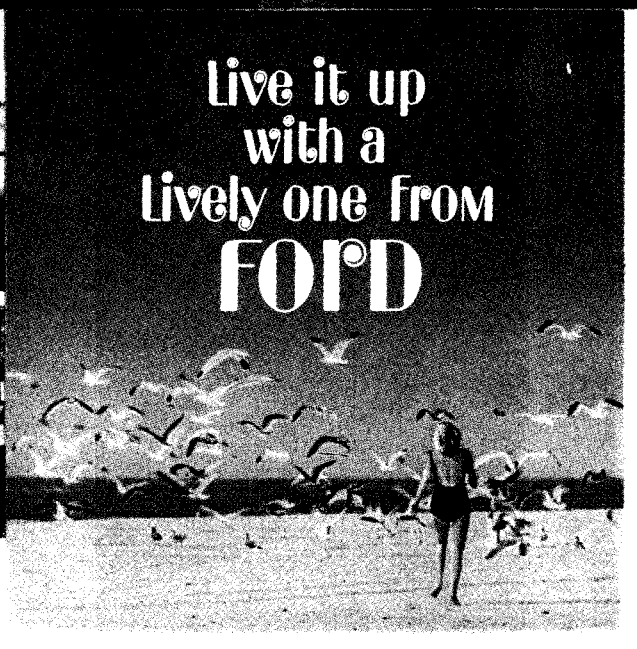

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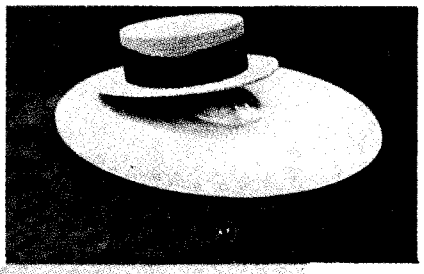

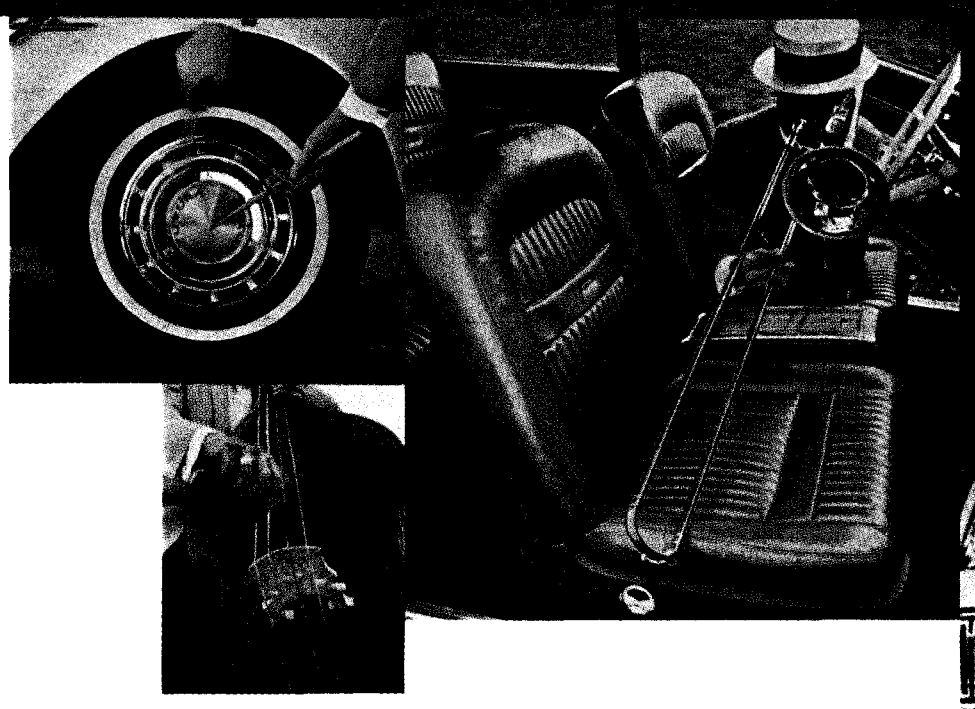

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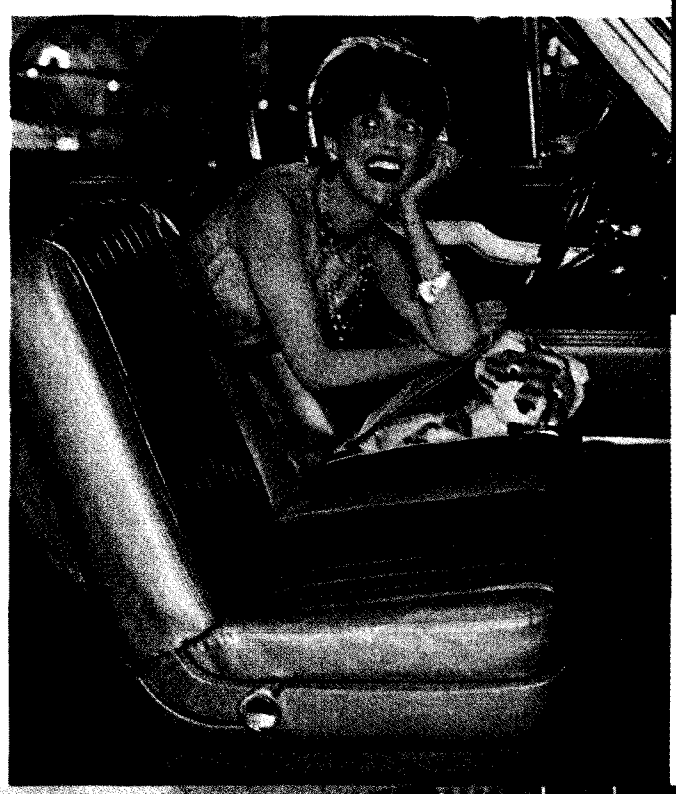

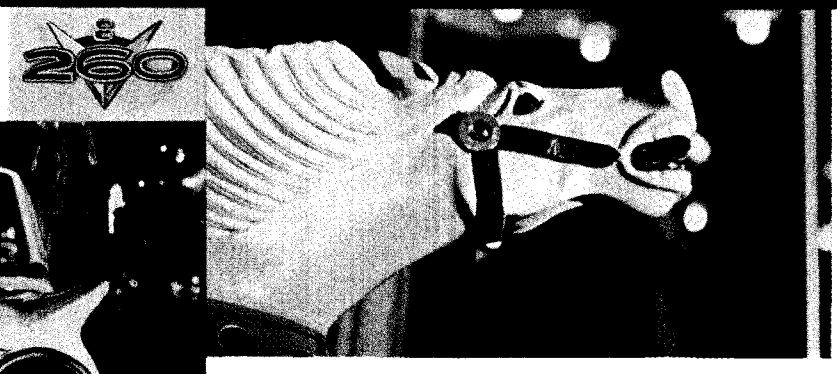

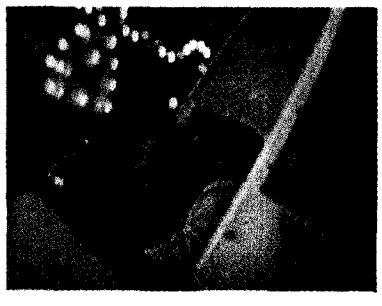

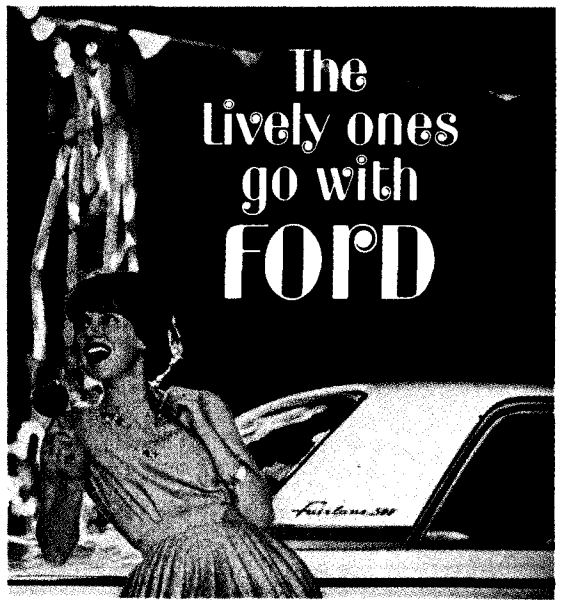

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STENGEL

Weiss, of course, was the Yankees' chief executive throughout Casey's dozen years there. Both were involuntarily retired by owners Dan Topping and Del Webb after the 1960 season. Now they have returned in similar roles with the new Mets.

One reason for Casey's energy and enthusiasm this spring—although he would never admit this, perhaps not even to himself—could be a desire to go back to New York and show his ex-employers that there's life in the old boy yet.

At any rate, when training got under way, Casey's coaches—most of whom have had little direct experience with him—marveled at his great activity. Equally astonished were New York baseball writers who had covered him in his Yankee days. They recalled that he usually supervised workouts from a seat in the dugout while surrounded by writers. In Florida this spring he still followed the basic system of delegating most of the direct work with individual players to his coaches. But with an entire ball club to be organized from scratch, Casey was here, there and everywhere.

One afternoon I decided to keep a timetable on his movements for an hour. If I turned to talk to somebody for a minute or two, he often would be gone by the time I looked back. Anyway, this is how my notes read:

2:00 Casey talking with group of writers.

2:04 Stands up and says, "Well, I've got to go watch this guy with the shotgun." Strides off to right-field corner, where coach Cookie Lavagetto is drilling some infielders with mortarlike device that shoots high pop flies over their heads.

2:15 Now standing behind portable screen back of first base watching combination hitting and baserunning drill.

2:20 Still there. Talking to current runner, who is infielder Rod Kanehl.

2:24 Has moved up first-base line halfway to home plate and is watching practice from there.

2:25 Now behind batting cage with hitting coach Rogers Hornsby.

2:27 Evidently at Casey's request, Hornsby calls in young Jim Hickman from outfield.

2:29 Hickman talks briefly with Stengel, trots back out.

2:32 Casey now standing halfway down to first again.

2:35 Moves back and talks a moment to pitcher Ray Daviault, warming up in front of dugout.

2:36 Proceeds to low wire fence around diamond, where spectators are beseeching him for autographs.

(This happened an average of at least twice daily at Miller Huggins Field. Veterans of the grapefruit circuit calculated that Casey was signing more autographs in Florida than anybody since Babe Ruth. "Probably more than the Babe," one man said, "because people didn't go in so much for autographs in those days.")

Casey banters with admirers like genial host at open-house party. Signs everything proffered, from slips of paper and baseballs to advance copy of his new book (*Casey at the Bat*, an expansion of his *Post* memoirs, which goes on general sale this month). In response to question by elderly gentleman, hops down short embankment from fence and demonstrates how to take lead off second base.

Group predominantly elderly—which is characteristic of Florida Gulf Coast—but all ages and both sexes represented. Rapt smiles on every face. A wise-guy type tries to take over as comedian. Is ignored by Casey and his public.

2:47 Casey moves off toward clubhouse near right field. Man calls out, "Hope you beat those Yankees in the fall, Casey!" Another yells, "He's the boy who can do it too!" Casey calls back over shoulder, "Well, we're going to try to beat somebody."

2:48 Casey sits on clubhouse steps and prepares to remove spiked baseball shoes—compulsory before setting foot on freshly painted and carpeted floor. (In his last Yankee years he didn't bother to wear regulation shoes with spikes.)

Turns head to watch kid pitcher in far corner getting tryout from George Weiss's assistant, Johnny Murphy, former head of the Red Sox farm system. (The Mets went in for more of this in Florida than any established club would.)

2:50 Turns head back in direction of main diamond, where regular practice starting to break up.

2:55 Now he's back behind first-base screen conferring with coach Red Kress.

3:00 Casey returns to clubhouse with rear guard.

And that was a pretty typical hour. There were other hours to be sure, when Casey was immobilized in his clubhouse office or the dugout by the press.

"I always gave a lot of time to the writers," he observed while in retirement last year. In Florida this spring he was as accessible as ever to the writers, photographers and broadcasters, who came along in as large numbers as when he was managing the Yankees. Casey felt a special obligation to help stimulate publicity for his new team, which needed all the advance fanfare it could get.

Anybody who has sat in on many of these Stengel press sessions, with Casey leaping in his free-association style from one topic to another, is bound to hear some familiar stuff. But always some fresh notes are struck.

So it was this spring. Casey would often enlarge on such cherished themes as the importance of "the RBI's," and how "it would be nice to be able to carry twelve pitchers, but you've got to leave room on your bench for some pinch hitters too."

However, much of his thinking was keyed to the distinctive factors in the Mets' situation, the most significant being that this was a brand-new team. Normally when a manager takes over a club he inherits a nucleus of veterans who are used to working with each other. Here it was different.

"This team is strangers with strangers," Casey said. "New owners, new coaches, new players. They've all played on different clubs, and had different sets of signs and different methods of running the bases. So you have to get some teamwork with players that haven't played together before. Everybody has to get to know each other."

Accordingly, he gave special orders to his coaches to get intimately acquainted with as many players as possible. Casey explained, "The coaches—I mean, by walking around and giving instruction to some of the players, and talking to them off the field, they become more familiar with them.

"Some men are quiet but ambitious. Some are quiet and don't talk. They won't tell you what their troubles are in playing ball. If you can get a man to talk to you, then you find out real quick what's wrong with him.

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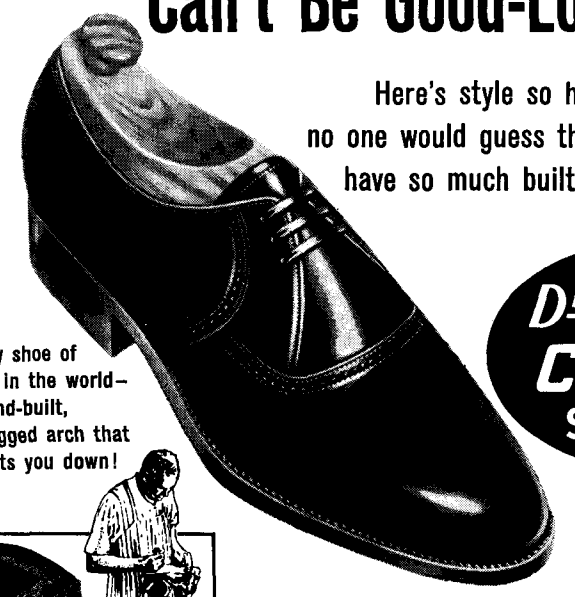

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In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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STENGEL

"We have many coaches that have gone around with players off the field, some of them four or five times, to see if we can find methods of giving them the proper instruction. I think the coaches should be doing it, and they've *been* doing it—I've been watching them."

For Casey himself, there was another striking difference between his start on this job and on his last one. When he came to the Yankees in 1949, he was noted chiefly for his uniquely entertaining personality. He had been a journeyman big-league outfielder with a flair for delivering dramatic blows; a manager of assorted winning and losing minor-league teams; a manager of second-division clubs in the majors. And now he was taking over the most illustrious team in baseball—a team with numerous established stars. As far as many of the Yankee veterans were concerned, they didn't have to prove anything to their new manager. The question was whether he could sell himself to them.

In contrast, when Casey returned to the same setting in St. Petersburg this year to assume command of the Mets, he was a living legend—the baseball sage who in twelve seasons had led the Yankees to an unprecedented ten pennants and seven world championships. The younger Mets looked at Casey with awe; the older ones with deep respect.

Back in 1949 Casey said that despite a third-place finish the year before, the Yankees had what it would take to get back on top. As events proved, this was a realistic appraisal, although injuries to Joe DiMaggio and other key men made it a near thing; the Yanks didn't win out until the very last day of the season.

This year Casey's approach was equally realistic. There was no rah-rah talk about winning the pennant. He simply said his men were professionals who played baseball to make money. Well, with the Mets they had an opportunity to make more money than they would with other clubs. They were going to the rich big city of New York, "and we have an ownership that can afford to pay you." Men who might be bench warmers elsewhere could hope to be regulars here; men who might be sent down to the minors by other clubs had a chance to stick with the Mets—"We have to carry twenty-five players." Furthermore, "If a man that's a player shows me enough teaching with the younger men on the field, he has a great opportunity of working somewhere in this organization even if he doesn't make the club."

Casey himself was paying the most attention to the younger players in camp. He already knew the capabilities of the veterans he started out with—men such as second baseman Charley Neal ("He was a tremendous player in the 1959 World Series"); first baseman Gil Hodges ("Hodges is more skilled on how to execute defensive plays at first base than any man on the twenty clubs"); outfielder Richie Ashburn ("Ashburn has been a winning player"); catcher Hobie Landrith ("You have to start with a fellow like Landrith to receive the ball with skill and experience"); and Gus Bell, Frank Thomas, Don Zimmer and others.

None of these men had distinguished seasons in 1961. Only time would show whether they still had some top baseball left in them. Meanwhile Casey and George Weiss had their ears open for possible advantageous trades.

With the youngsters Casey maintained enough direct contact to let them know he was interested and aware that they were around. There weren't enough advanced rookies to justify an instructional school of the sort Stengel used to run before the regular Yankee training camp. However, ten of the Mets' hopefuls were invited to start training at St. Petersburg along with those on the regular roster.

At the end of practice one day a photographer asked Casey to pose near home plate with two of the youngsters—infielders Bruce Fitzpatrick and Marsh Hamilt, both signed out of colleges last year. When the cameraman was through, Casey began talking to them about the niceties of bunting, and how on a squeeze play the hitter should bunt down the third-base line if the pitcher is left-handed, or down the first-base line if he is right-handed.

Casey finished and started walking off to the clubhouse. The young players fell in step behind him—but not for long. He told them that it was all right for the manager to walk in after practice, but that the athletes should always wind up by running a lap around the field.

The first-year men in camp were required to stay at the team's official quarters, the Colonial Inn on St. Petersburg Beach. The coaches lived there too, and so did Casey and his wife Edna. Experienced players had the option of living out with their families.

Casey takes a pragmatic approach to the whole business of training regulations. After all his years in baseball, he knows that if rules are too strict, they are going to be broken—that a group of grown men can't all be made to live like monks.

A writer asked him one day at Miller Huggins Field if he maintained a curfew during spring training. "I have one," Casey said, "but I'd rather have ballplayers."

He went on, "If you only manage one year and then get fired, you may never have anybody violate any rules on you. If you manage as long as I have, you have four or five things happen to you over the years.

"So what's the solution? What's good for you is what's good for everybody on the club, if you can solve it. Do you want to have eighty rules? Or would you rather have it, see if you can get interested in baseball? See if you can get to the park on time? See if you can keep in shape?

"I'm not down here to start a new race of men," Casey concluded. "I'm down here to get some ballplayers."

His new team is a by-product of the recent attempt to launch a third major baseball circuit, the Continental League. The impetus for this came from New York City, which both the Giants and the Dodgers had deserted for California after the 1957 season. The upshot was that the existing majors eventually agreed

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to add two new franchises apiece, including a National League one in New York.

The owners of the Mets all were previously identified with New York's proposed Continental League entry. The principal stockholder is Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, the former Joan Whitney. Mrs. Payson has been best known as the owner of racing's Greentree Stable, but for years she also held baseball stock in the New York Giants. Her leading associates on the Mets are M. Donald Grant, a broker who is her financial adviser, and G. Herbert Walker Jr., another broker whose father put up the Walker Cup in golf.

In March of 1961 they hired George M. Weiss, ex-boss of the Yankees, to take charge of their baseball operation. From then on it was widely assumed that Weiss would hire Casey Stengel to manage the Mets, just as he had previously picked Casey to manage the Yankees.

This was a logical assumption. George and Casey had liked and admired each other for many years. As I knew firsthand from my stay in Glendale, they were in frequent touch both before and after Weiss got his Mets' position.

In due time Weiss did formally offer Casey the managing job. Stengel put him off. All summer I checked regularly on the matter with Stengel, hoping that he would make up his mind in time for us to include the answer in the last installment of his *Post* series.

But Casey had decided, as he said in the story, "to sit out one full year" before considering any new baseball offers. Five days before the end of the 1961 season, however, Weiss told Casey he could wait no longer for a yes or no, because he had to have a manager to consult with on drafting talent from the other National League clubs at a special player-selection meeting following the World Series.

After some additional long-distance-telephone persuasion by Mrs. Payson and Donald Grant, Casey finally allowed his arm to be twisted. Salary had only a brief place in the conversation; Casey told me later that he hadn't even tried to top his earnings on the Yankees, where his base pay and extras generally came to more than $100,000 a year.

As it turned out, Casey had very little to do with the subsequent selection of players. He missed the meeting, in fact. "I made a mistake," he told me last month. "I didn't expect such a short World Series. When it moved to Cincinnati, I stayed in New York, because I thought the Series would come back. But when it ended up in Cincinnati, they held the meeting out there, and Mr. Weiss went ahead and did the picking for us. That was all right, because he knew the National League players better than I did. I saw a few games in Los Angeles, but he was studying the league all summer."

From the lists of presumably expendable players made available by the established teams to the Mets and the other new club, the Houston Colts, George Weiss chose sixteen men at $75,000 apiece, four at $125,000 and two at $50,000—an outlay of $1,800,000. Knowledgeable outsiders estimate the total initial cost of putting the Mets into operation—including the organization of a scouting staff and a four-club farm system—at a minimum of $5,000,000.

Don't bet that they'll never get it back. They've already sold the broadcasting rights to their games for five years at approximately $1,200,000 a year, and they have a bigger advance sale for box seats this season than the New York Giants ever had.

The Mets are playing this year in the Giants' old home, the Polo Grounds. In 1963 they are due to move into a new $19,000,000 city-financed stadium now under construction at Flushing Meadow, Long Island. It will seat 55,000. The Mets have a thirty-year lease on it. They will start off paying an annual minimum rental of $450,000, but this will come down in stages to a rate of $300,000 a year for the last twenty-two and a half years.

How they fare financially will depend mostly upon how soon they can build a good baseball team. Of the group Casey Stengel started out with in St. Petersburg last month, George Weiss was primarily responsible not only for the players but also for the coaches—Cookie Lavagetto, Solly Hemus, Rogers Hornsby, Red Kress and Red Ruffing. The question of which coaches would travel with the team during the regular season and which would be assigned other duties was not immediately decided.

Naturally the coaches all were appointed with Casey's approval. However, as he explained last month, "Lavagetto, Hemus and Hornsby all were employed by Mr. Weiss before I joined the club." (So was Red Ruffing, assigned to beat the bushes for kid prospects.) "Mr. Weiss had to get ready for the player selection from the other National League clubs, and he had these men and others looking over all the players in the National League.

"That gives it to where I could tend to my business, which is running the ball club on the field. Mr. Weiss's job is to build the office staff and the farm system. We don't either of us want to wait five or ten years to have a winning team. I didn't come here for a program like that."

In the early weeks of spring training Casey was avoiding any direct prediction as to where the club would wind up in the 1962 race. He smiled wryly at the stock response of Tom Meany, the well-known sports writer who is handling the Mets' public relations. When asked, "Where do you think the Mets will finish this season?" Meany would flourish a schedule and briskly declare, "The Mets will finish the season in Wrigley Field, Chicago, on September thirtieth."

Casey himself was more likely to go on in the vein of, "How do things look? I don't know. All I can say is a few things look pretty good here, just gradually looking at them. There are a few players in camp who have looked fairly good."

Is he glad he came back to baseball?

"I should be talking the other way. But the wonderful thing about this job is that I don't have to keep on if I don't feel well.

"If my health stays good, I'll stay running the club. If I can't handle the job, nobody will have to tell me to leave. But right now I would have to say that I expect to be the manager." THE END

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FIRE AT SEA

by Jacland Marmur

HE HAD ONLY MINUTES TO GET THE INJURED MAN OFF THE FLAMING SCHOONER.

Louie's Embarcadero place on the San Francisco water front was empty when this kid came in, dressed in dungarees and a working jumper, woolen watch cap on his tousled head. He threw a quick glance over his shoulder to where the girl still stood on the pavement outside, watching him, before he walked to a corner of Louie's bar. Louie Chavez could see her, too, through the glass of his door. She was angry.

"Bourbon and water," the kid was saying, trying to make it sound casual.

Louie didn't reach for any of the bottles on his back bar. He came sauntering over, murmuring, "You off the *Palawan?*" It wasn't a question, really. The minute the kid came in, Louie smelled the rank-sweet copra she was discharging, the sisal and Manila hemp, and he knew right away where it came from. Louie knew all the ships and all the cargoes that moor to the foreshore of the city of eleven hills on their voyages across the deep blue water. "You gonna sign on that tramp another trip?" he said.

"How'd you guess?" The kid had trouble. He didn't look up. "Make that bourbon double."

Louie sighed, reaching under his counter for the steam-beer tap. "Your girl out there, she pretty mad. She coming in right now." Louie slid the glass to him. "You'd better have a beer."

She was coming in, all right. And she was angry. She walked with a long-legged stride past Louie's white-top tables, past the empty leather armchairs over against the wall where only captains sat, a tumble of rust-brown hair to her shoulders, points of fire in her stone-gray eyes.

"Now you've decided to be a sailor," she snapped, "I guess you think you have to get drunk. I'm surprised you're drinking beer."

The kid looked quickly at Louie's bar glass, then up at Louie Chavez himself. Then his head turned slowly toward her. "Nellie," he said, "I was just so sure you'd understand. I been trying to tell you ——"

"You haven't told me anything! Except you want to go all the way across the world again in that dirty ship. What for? Once—for the things you'd see and learn—all right! Even father agreed. The job in his toy factory is still waiting after we're married. What do we tell him now?" Her curling voice began to tremble. She was on the edge of tears. "You just changed your mind! You don't know how he'll laugh when you tell him you think someday you'll be Captain Benjamin Randolph. He ——"

"Will he?" The kid didn't look at her. "I think it would be real fine."

"What sort of a life is that for me? You just a common sailor and ——"

"No, Nellie, no. The old man said if I shipped again, he'd sign me on for quartermaster. Seventy-five a month! Then ——"

"You can't! After all the letters you wrote me about the drunken, crazy sailors? Now all of a sudden you're different. What happened? What, Ben, what!"

"I been trying to tell you."

The kid had a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be listening to the rhythms of distant music that other people couldn't hear. It was holding him in thrall. Maybe it was just the northerly weather that comes that time of year to sweep the fog for a little while from the headlands and the city's hills, sharpening sight and sound. Maybe it was Louie's smoke-stained walls, saturated with generations of sailors' yarns, and the ghosts of all the captains who had ever sat in Louie's leather armchairs at the green-covered table against the wall. Maybe they were peering at him now, silent and curious, wondering what a towheaded youngster like this could add to the record of human folly and pain and glory on the waters. Hadn't they heard it all before?

"I suppose," the kid was murmuring gently, "I suppose it really happened out there in the middle of the Sulu Sea."

How could he tell her about it? Would she know how the ocean smelled at night in hot latitudes after a gale has passed? She had never heard the threshing of the deep-sea rain or listened to the things men speak of on a forehatch before first daylight grows to reveal again the battered, familiar faces of a tramp-ship's company. If that was the breath of the magic that had reached him, how could he capture it, pin it down with words?

The wail of a steamer's whistle filtered into Louie's place, mournful counterpoint to the muffled sounds of traffic hurrying to the foot of Market Street. Louie knew right away what ship it was, backing into the stream from her berth across the way. The kid didn't even hear it. Louie was sliding a new steam beer across the bar to him, a soda on ice for the girl at his elbow. The kid didn't know that either. He wasn't really there. He was half the earth away, far beyond the headlands of his home where it had happened in the middle of the Sulu Sea.

The tramp ship *Palawan* stood north and east in the darkness of the morning watch, bound toward Mindoro Strait and Manila. A heavy gale had passed that way before her, leaving the remnant of its scud aloft, the signs of its recent turbulence on the water. Its long swells were still rolling up from the south and west, leisurely lifting beneath her, running ahead with unhurried speed. The *Palawan* kept rocking on the dark flood, grateful for a following sea because she was old and worn and could always use what help there was. She made a great rushing noise of water overside, calling her people's attention to the eight knots she was logging, when Benny Randolph, the first-trip kid, coffee mug in hand, stepped over the weatl er coaming to the foredeck.

Benny stood quietly a moment in the sticky darkness, gulping a hot mouthful, grinning to himself. Benny's grin used to be pretty scornful in the early days of the voyage. He felt no kinship with these people then. He used to chuckle

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inwardly, as a grown man might at children, hearing the crazy yarns they spun, taking their early coffee on the forehatch whenever the weather was holding fine. He didn't intend to waste his life like that at sea—not a bright lad like Ben whose future held prearranged high fortune. He was only seeing the world before he married Nellie Blythe and settled snugly ashore in her father's factory. It seemed pretty far away though now, here in the middle of the Sulu Sea. Ben took another swallow of lye-strong fo'c'sle coffee. He grinned again.

After four long months in the *Palawan*, Ben's grin had a different quality. By now he knew the look of slate-gray ocean hills marching in foam-ribbed ranks across a wilderness of West Pacific storm. He had heard the dreadful keening of typhoon in China waters and had seen the open roadsteads and the crazy harbors of the Eastern islands. He could stand the foredeck now in the chief-mate's watch in easy balance to the vessel's roll and surge. He was a shadow by the bulwark in the darkness, close against the rushing of great waters. When the ship slid down into the hollow of a sea, a dark shape rose beside him, towered there a moment, monstrous and glinting. Then suddenly the curving flank of ocean swell raced on ahead, hurrying to the outer edge of darkness, to the place where daylight would soon grow, leaving behind its smell and its wetness.

There were other shadows on the ship's uneasy deck, clustered by the forehatch, murmuring. While the mystery of night still cloaked them they might easily appear to be the last remaining sages of a darkened earth, cast out from home and shelter, speaking in this barren place the ultimate profundities. Perhaps they were—guarded only by the glimmer of the running lights amidships and aloft and by that loneliest of watchers in the night, the lookout wandering in solitude the *Palawan*'s topgallant fo'c'sle. The kid moved closer.

'Manila ain't so bad," a low voice rumbled in the gloom. "Damn' hot is all."

'You better stay away from Santa Anna, Jensen. Them cabaret girls get your dough, you'll have to ship out again in Frisco. Won't be able to sit for that skipper's ticket this time either."

Ripples of laughter sounded. The carpenter gave his quick guffaw. "That's a pipe dream," Chips growled flatly. "Like his Petaluma chicken farm. Jensen will die in a fo'c'sle. They'll bury him over the starboard side."

'Chips, you shouldn't say a thing like that." Jensen's voice had a doleful tone, hearing his sole illusion shattered. "I sailed a whole year second mate on the western ocean in the war."

'Them lousy wartime tickets aren't worth a damn. Every fo'c'sle's full of 'em. Half a dozen in this crumby bucket now, I bet."

It was Kaiser Wilhelm's war they meant, the war that had ended only a few short years before. The kid was scornful of it, in the temper of his generation—that tragic blunder perpetrated by his elders. Only the young could put the world and its affairs to rights again, and they were sure they'd do it. How was Ben to know that such an evil poison in the human bloodstream lives forever, that for all his days man's sole concern and occupation would become the waging of more dreadful slaughter and destruction? Ben kept listening to how the voices murmured in the night, wind pouring past him, sea noise all around.

"You want to know about the war, ask Crazy Joe. He got his belly full of it in lime-juice buckets."

"Five ships shot from under him. Ten days on a life raft in the winter North Atlantic. Got the worms again—torpedo worms."

"How about it, Joe? You want to tell us?"

The shadowy heads all turned one way. Ben looked across the forehatch with the others. The huge shape looming over there all by itself sat without stirring. Joe was the third-assistant's oiler. On dark nights like this Joe knew torpedoes swam beneath the rushing water, and he never slept. He couldn't. He had to come out to the foredeck at such times. He never drank his coffee. He just sat there with the hot mug in his paws to warm them, needing to sit as close as he dared to his fellows, to feel their nearness. Maybe that warmed him too. He sat there, staring blankly out against the wind-filled night, where others waited for the daylight that would never reach him.

"What do you say, Joe?" Jensen urged. "How you figure it? You want to tell us now?"

The large shape stirred its shoulders, wanting to lift some dreadful burden. Maybe it was the burden common to them all that so oppressed him. Maybe that's why they all fell suddenly silent, waiting to hear again what Joe would have to say to the cloud-swept sky and the running swell.

"Not enough love," said Crazy Joe. "There's just not enough damn' love."

It was the saddest voice you ever heard. The familiar ripple of laughter started among the shadows at the lifeless growl. It fluttered a moment on the wet warm air. Did they know Joe bore his private agony for all of them? The laughter stumbled and expired.

"Why don't you let him be?"

That slow voice, deep and rasping, was the bosun's. It came rumbling from the big man's chest, and when it spoke, they listened. Willie Ringo's voice held a dignified authority. It was the first time they had heard it in that morning watch. Most times he only sat there, large and quiet on the forehatch, listening to all the blabber with a faint contempt until he turned his people to. Speech now from him was startling, and they waited, wondering what more he'd have to say. Benny Randolph waited, too, his young head tipped. The bosun of the *Palawan* was a wind-ship sailor. In his shellback's stern, unbending fashion he had instructed Benny well. But it was plain he'd say no more. When they were certain of it, Chips laughed thinly.

"Anyhow," he said, "Joe's got no ticket in his seabag and don't ever want one. That way, he's a whole lot better off than us."

"There's damn' good men in fo'c'sles, Chips." Jensen's plaintive wail went drifting on the wind past Willie Ringo. The bosun, huge beside him, didn't stir. "They never got the breaks is all."

"Like you, I guess."

The carpenter's scorn stung Jensen deeply.

"Yeah," he snapped, "like me!"

"Beats all!" Chips laughed. "Near twenty years I been to sea, an' every crumby hooker it's the same. Makes you wonder how the hell a ship gets anywhere. All us captains in the fo'c'sle—an' all them bums up on the bridge. Real funny when you think about it, Jensen, ain't it?"

"Trouble with you, Chips, you ——"

"Hogwash!"

The word cracked like a whiplash. All the shadows turned, astonished at such passion from the bosun. Willie should have only sat there, silently impassive, letting all the blather flow around him like advancing water past a tide rock. This time something stirred him.

"There's just one man in this ship who's fit for master. One! He's up there in the bridge wing now. The rest of you are punks. Just punks!" The whole thing poured from Willie Ringo, sounding bitter on his tongue. They were staring at him in a shocked surprise. "I can tell a man who's fit for captain without looking, from five hundred fathom off. There's something in him I can smell. Even Mr. Allison, the mate, don't have it. He's a fine chief officer. That's how he'll die. The rest of you?" The bosun snorted with a large disdain. "You're doing all you're fit for!" Willie's big head turned abruptly. He was staring straight at Benny with his cold blue eyes. "Not you!" he said. "You've got it. You're the only one aboard who has. Don't pay attention to these punks. They'll stagger up a packet's gangway someday after a drunk in Frisco, looking for the captain, cap in hand, to see if he'll sign them on. The captain will be you!"

The kid just grinned. That was funny. Why, he was only here to see the world, to carelessly examine the heritage his elders left him after the Kaiser's war, before he settled down ashore with Nellie. The goggle-eyed yarns he'd have to tell her then! The kid was about to blurt this to the bosun. Jensen's snarl prevented him.

"Lousy windbag crackers!" Jensen's voice dripped hate. "They're all the same. Make a passage round the Horn, they spit to windward. Think they're better than the rest of us. Nuts!" Jensen spewed it straight at Willie Ringo. "You think we haven't heard about your ticket? Master in sail and steam. Now there's a hot one! Nuts! Who believes it? You're just the crumby bosun of a crumby bucket. You ever had a wind-ship ticket, probably it's plastered with red ink. Probably you got drunk, got it canceled. Mine, anyhow, is ——"

The pouring tirade stopped abruptly. No one really saw the bosun move. Leisurely one arm

Painting by James Bama

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FIRE swept up, that's all, almost without intention, and the big paw waved at Jensen as if only meaning to brush away a troublesome thing. But the seaman sprawled over backward on the forehatch.

"There's no red ink on my ticket," said the bosun. "You think it matters to me what you punks believe?"

Willie Ringo wasn't telling this to them at all. He was muttering to other shadows, to the ones who were his personal intimates, the ones who now and then escaped through narrow chinks in his armor to torment him with their gleeful cackling, harrowing his guilt. Maybe the impending dawn, advancing silently from far beyond the dark horizon of the Sulu Sea, released them now. Maybe it was only Benny Randolph, the first-trip kid, as young and as hopeful as Willie had been himself not long ago. The bosun's monotone went on.

"She was the ship rigged skys'l-yarder *Chantecleer*. She was my first command. First Cape Horn voyage out of Boston for Whampoa and Swatow, she paid her cost. Next passage homeward we had case oil in the forehold for the Java ports. She damn' near flew from Hong Kong south with stuns'le set. Logging eighteen knots. And north of Gaspar Strait the oil exploded. It was in the morning watch. She burned. Dear God in heaven, how she burned! Couldn't stop her burning. Not with all the water in the China Sea. Couldn't even haul the yards to beach her. She was roaring like a furnace. Had to order her abandoned while we had the longboat left. I was the last to leave her. Like hell I was! Didn't count my people. Not till I sat in the stern sheets, pulling off. Two men were missing. Trapped in the midship house. Fine time for the master to remember. I was the one myself who sent them there! That's where they burned. I watched them burn."

The flowing monotone began to stumble. It was nothing but a murmur now. It said, "A master's ticket must be clean. Clean as a hound's back tooth! No one scrawled red ink on mine. I revoked the thing myself. I did it while I watched my people burn in the *Chantecleer*. I never sailed on it again."

The murmuring of Willie Ringo's voice trailed off to silence. While the bosun was speaking, pale dawn had stolen silently above the rim of earth. It showed the running peaks of ocean now, the hollows all still black with night.

That way new day advanced to meet them in the middle of the Sulu Sea. The kid's eyes glowed each time he saw this miracle renewed. And yet, no matter how he watched for it, it always took him by surprise. They stirred. It was time the bosun turned them to. Just then a long cry called alarm above their heads, and three sharp strokes rang on the fo'c'sle bell.

"Ship—dead ahead, sir!" The lookout's voice rose shrilly. "Looks like she's afire!"

"Very well."

The mate's response came calmly from the bridge wing. Captain Bentley was at his side up there with raised binoculars, head and shoulders above the windbreak. They had seen it already. The helm was over, and the ship's head swung. The people on the foredeck clustered to the bulwark. There she was! Far away across the darkling running swells she showed herself, caught in the narrow band of crimson where the dawn was prying apart the ocean and the sky. She was afire, all right. She was gushing showers of sparks to the towering pillars and battlements of cloud aloft. Was it her burning or the sunrise that suddenly burst the heavens into flame?

"Copra and pearl-shell schooner," Chips was growling. "See her burn!"

"Half-foundered too. Lost her foremast in the gale last night. Look at that wreckage for'ard!"

The kid was staring at her with the others, fascinated. How was Ben to know ships burned like this, helpless and alone? Beside him Willie Ringo stared across the narrowing space of ocean. Willie's eyes were wide with horror. First light washed across his granite cheek each time the ship rolled down.

"Like that!" he muttered. "She burned like that."

Only Benny heard him. All the others whirled at Mr. Allison's shrill whistle from the boat deck. They were wanted up there. When the kid himself spun round, he saw the third-assistant's oiler on the forehatch. Joe was not a shadow any longer. He was real enough now, frozen where he sat, his broken face against the light, watching the schooner burn. And he was shuddering. His whole frame shook with terror. Crazy Joe knew why ships burned at dawn. There were torpedoes out there. That's when it always happened. When the miracle of day began to glow in heaven, men revealed abomination on the earth. No one even looked at Crazy Joe. They all rushed past him, and the kid went racing with them. How could he miss a thing like this? Fire and shipwreck on the ocean

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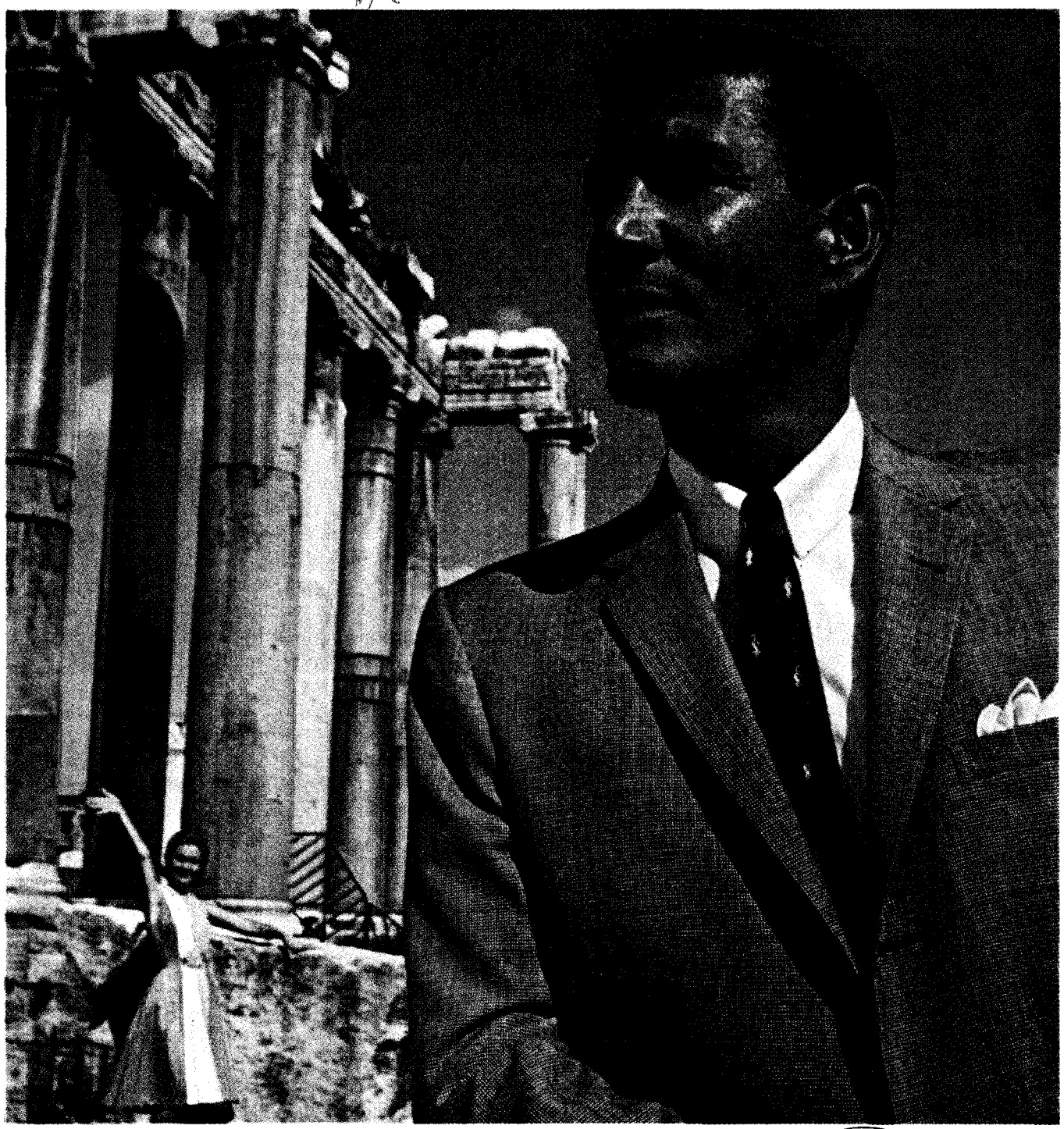

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and himself, first trip to sea, a part of it. When he was home again, he'd have it all to tell to Nellie! He knew he had to be in the boat that went across. He was.

The mate was in command. The seaboat slid down smartly past the *Palawan*'s steep, rust-streaked side, taking the water with a clean hard smack. The painter cast off, and Mr. Allison stood wide-braced in the stern sheets, steering sweep in his fists. Willie Ringo pulled the stroke. The kid sat the thwart forward, pulling the long oar, with his glowing eyes on the rhythm of the bosun's back.

This was the first time Benny really understood the deep. Down in a hollow of it here, he smelled its cold, saw its curved flank closely towering above him, green and glinting with menace. The seaboat soared to the crest of a running sea hill, poised there and plunged down, spray spattering. Only Mr. Allison could see the burning schooner; his people faced the other way. But they believed he'd bring them there.

When the mate let the boat run skillfully around the hulk, he saw her clearly. Half awash, she wallowed in the swell, a tangle of wreckage forward, trailing overside. When she lifted suddenly, it raised with her, smashed her bows when she fell away, torrents of boiling water washing clean across her. Smoke curled from her alow and aloft, tainting the wind. She sent an expiring gush of it from her upper works. She was near burned out. And she was foundering. Her charred counter bore her name. When the swell rolled under her, the kid could read it, just before the ocean washed it under once again--it was the schooner *Taganak*, Manila. And he heard the mate's loud call, hailing her across the water. Mr. Allison cried out three times. There was no answer and no sign. Surely long ago they had abandoned her. The mate was sure of it. He meant to haul away to safety, and he gave the order. Benny heard it. And at once he heard the bosun's voice.

"No!" Willie Ringo cried it fiercely from the stroke thwart. "We can't leave her. No! Maybe some of her ——"

"Nonsense!" Mr. Allison snapped. He had the seaboat and these people in his charge. Who could blame him for his caution in the face of how the sinking schooner looked? He put his weight against the steering oar. "Way all!"

"No!" Willie's voice was not the same. "Lay me alongside, Mr. Allison!" It rang in that wind-filled place like the voice of the quarterdeck. "I mean to board her! Alone, if I have to."

Frowning down on Willie Ringo, something happened in the chief mate's eyes. Looking upward, Benny saw it, and he saw the ash sweep bend the other way. The seaboat ghosted down against the schooner's sinking hulk. The minute it slid close enough, the bosun leaped. The kid never knew what happened to him then. Maybe he also recognized the voice of authority recaptured, or maybe it was something in himself alone that made him follow. He was certain only that he found himself on board, standing with Willie Ringo on a charred deck full of broken wreckage and foul water. He would long remember how the bosun looked, a giant once more in a place and circumstance familiar to him, burning eyes in a granite face searching a triumph he had missed before.

"Watch smartly aloft!" he warned the kid. He didn't seem surprised to find the youngster with him. "That burned-out hamper up there won't last long."

He went swaying aft. He seemed to know his way. He reached the broken cabin scuttle, tore smoking wreckage loose and disappeared below. He understood that if there were men trapped anywhere, they'd be down there. The kid began to clamber after him.

A throaty cry reached from that sodden place. Benny found the bosun on his knees beside a sprawled-out shape. Willie's blue eyes weren't cold now. They were blazing. And the shape stirred, tried to raise a bearded face.

"Van Doorn," the man gasped. "I am master. My Sulu boys, they took the longboat and abandoned in the gale. I am injured. I could not prevent it. They thought because we had a little fire —— we could have saved the ship. We could!" He moaned again. "Now drowned, all drowned. No boat could live in such a sea. I am alone now. I ——"

He meant to lift himself. He couldn't and collapsed, unconscious. Willie Ringo and the kid between them carried him to daylight. Willie roared across the water to the seaboat, waving Mr. Allison to stand in close aboard. He had a rope's end fast around the captain of the *Taganak*. It wasn't difficult to lower him. The schooner hadn't too much freeboard left. Benny understood its meaning. It was time they left themselves. The deck beneath his feet lurched suddenly. He heard a loud crack sound aloft. An instant later he went sprawling in a heap against the bulwark and he felt a moment's fury. When he looked up, he could see why the bosun had thrust at

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FIRE him with savagery. The charred spar, broken overhead, had aimed at him. Only the shove had thrown him clear. The bosun took the brutal blow himself.

The kid went over to him where he lay. The big man still had strength enough to move his head. His face did not seem stony, and his eyes were calm. Benny heard Mr. Allison, close aboard in the seaboat, crying to them urgently. He heard the moaning wind, the wash of water—and Willie Ringo, muttering. The kid dropped to his knee to listen.

"Got him off." The voice came in panting gasps. "Left no one. No one! Clear out now, boy, or you ——"

"Sure." The kid was securing a rope's end round the bosun of the *Palawan*. "Sure, Willie, sure," he said.

"You listen to me! I can tell a man who's fit for master from five hundred fathom off. You are. Master's ticket must be clean, though. Clean as a hound's back tooth! When you get yours, you keep it that way. Now shove off!"

The kid worked swiftly. How could you leave a man like that? It was unthinkable. Willie Ringo made sure no one was left this time, no one to burn or drown. He had won his own redemption, the way one time or another each man must. It was his victory. There was blood on his lips, but he looked serene. Benny lowered him into the seaboat. Then he jumped himself. Mr. Allison shoved clear at once. The master of the *Taganak* was moaning on the bottom boards. Willie Ringo was dead.

They buried him from the tramp ship *Palawan* that evening under a cloud-swept sky. It was Chips, the carpenter, who sewed him in the canvas, put the grate bars at his feet. They sent him over the starboard side in nineteen hundred fathoms in the middle of the Sulu Sea. The kid would remember it forever. How the ship rolled deeply on a dead-slow bell and broken sunlight struck the ocean swell. How the men stood on the foredeck in that ranging light and shadow, all except Jensen touched with awe, caps in their hands while the master spoke the sonorous words. How the geyser spouted and fell back when Willie Ringo took the water. How the dull, lifeless voice rose up all by itself with singular clarity in the moment of silence afterward.

"Not enough love." It was Crazy Joe. "There's just not enough damn' love."

All of a sudden Benny Randolph was surprised to find he wasn't in the *Palawan* any more. He looked up quickly, startled to discover he was seated on a bar stool in Louie's Embarcadero place and Nellie sitting beside him. Louie Chavez wasn't far away, solemnly polishing glasses. What had he told them? He wasn't sure at all. Nellie wasn't looking at him. She was frowning off at space. Something squirmed inside the kid. He felt drained. Was it possible to communicate to others how the breath of magic felt when it brushed your cheek? He wanted Nellie to understand why learning to be a millionaire in her father's factory didn't make any sense to him any more. The place where his brethren lived was elsewhere, out where deep blue water rolled and great gales blew. A man with a granite face called Willie Ringo in a rust-hulled tramp called *Palawan* had passed a torch to him, and he couldn't let it fall. What would she say? When would her anger break?

"Do you suppose he told the truth?" Her low voice, slow and in her throat, went whispering off toward Louie's smoke-stained walls as if the answer were surely there, captive with all the other sailor yarns they had for so many years absorbed. "I mean about this Ringo. Was he ever really master of a sailing ship? I always heard they tell such lies."

"Was no lie." Louie Chavez said it flatly. They looked up at him at once. "Captain William Nelson Ringo." Louie blinked his coal-black eyes. "I was cabin boy in the *Chantecleer* with him when she burned in Gaspar Strait. I remember. Was maybe fourteen, seventeen year ago. I remember good."

He was looking straight at Benny. Louie had known a lot of youngsters who had gone to sea for just one trip that had wound up lasting a lifetime. Maybe Louie saw in him the same thing Willie Ringo had. Even now the kid's face wore the forecast of its later gravity behind its shield of youth. It would grow in the years ahead, the settled look of stern authority. No mortal accurately can divine tomorrow, no matter how plain its shadow lies today. But the kid would look like that twenty years and more away, facing the tragic disaster of his own time. He would be standing master of his own bridge then, the way a bosun said he would. When the bombs rained down from heaven, when man again hurled death and devastation at his brothers, he would understand how often men can be like beasts, yet sometimes, in a moment of rare glory, act like gods. And he would remember his shipmates in the *Palawan*. Jensen and Chips and Willie Ringo and the mournful judgment of Crazy Joe.

The muffled sounds of Market Street traffic filtered into Louie's place, and the hoot of shipping from beyond the docks across the way. Nellie Blythe was silent for long moments while the kid just sat there, holding his breath to hear what she would say. Maybe Louie Chavez was waiting, too, blinking his coal-black eyes.

"Well, Ben," she murmured at last, "we'd better go tell father you're signing on in the ship again." A chuckle sounded in her throat, low and almost gay. "It will be funny to hear people calling you Captain Benjamin Randolph. I'll have to get used to it, I guess." THE END

WATCH FOR

THE UNSAFE DEPOSIT BOX a story by

GERALD KERSH in the next POST

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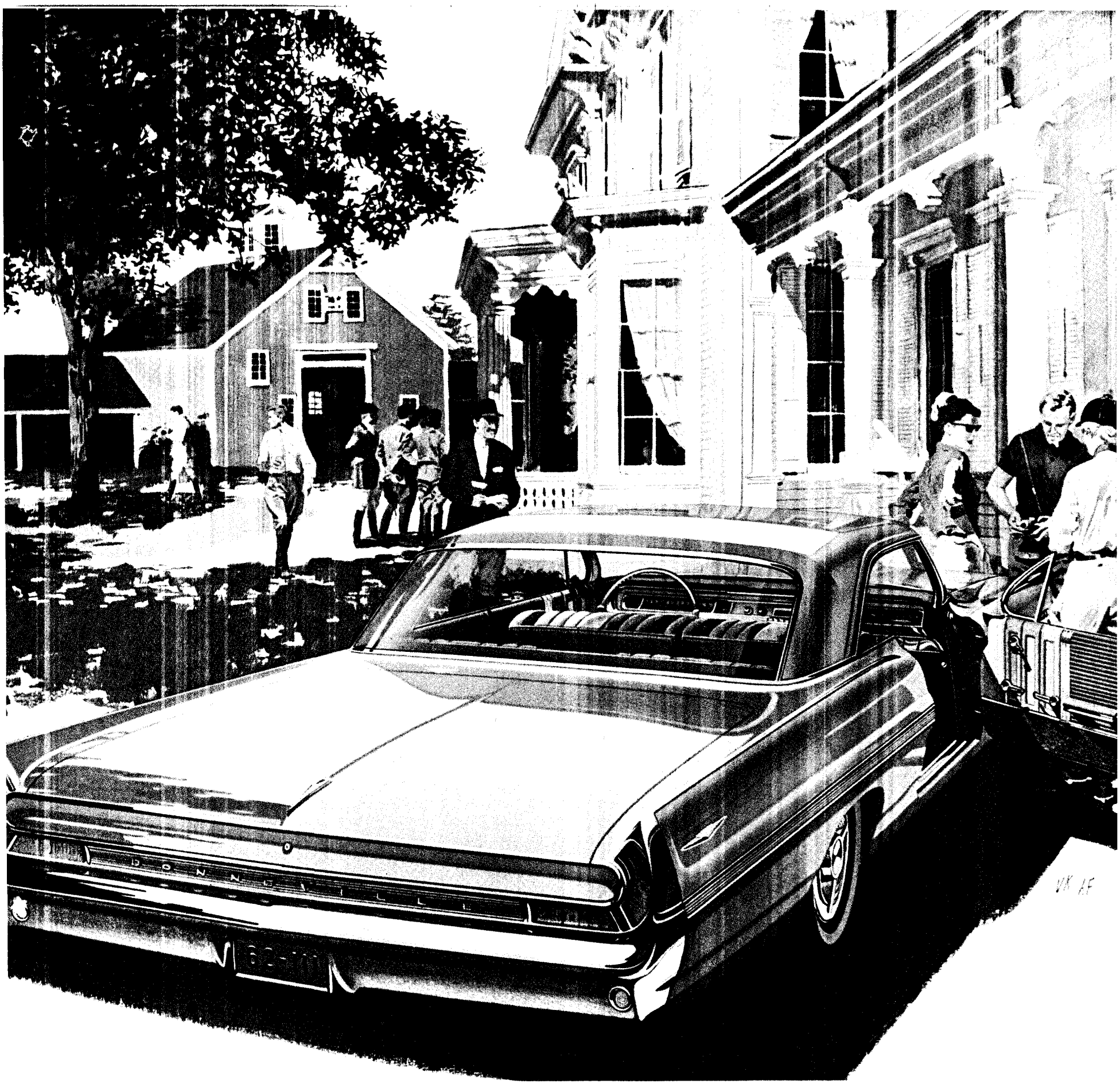

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NOAH WOULD

By JOHN PERRY

Roland Lindemann with a baby wallaby: His Catskill Game Farm gives dwindling species room and safety to breed.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

Early last year the National Zoological Park at Washington, D.C., prepared for a rare event. Moka, the lowland gorilla, was pregnant. The problem was that no one, including Moka, had had any experience with gorilla births.

Neither Moka nor her huge, shaggy mate, Nikumba, had ever seen an infant of their own species. The zoo director, Dr. Theodore H. Reed, was frankly worried. "Gorillas live in families and learn about birth and infant care as they grow up," Doctor Reed explained. "But these two were captured when just a few months old, and they grew up without families. We don't know how they'll react to the baby. Moka may nurse it, ignore it or be afraid of it. Either parent may hurt it. We want to be prepared for anything."

If Moka refused to nurse her baby, the wife of supervisory keeper Bernard F. Gallagher was ready to act as foster mother with bottles and incubator. In fact, the incubator in the Gallagher home already had one occupant. Just the day before, Maggie, the chimpanzee, had given birth and rejected her baby. But how would they take the baby away if Moka rejected or menaced it? The gorilla's immense strength makes even a playful gesture dangerous.

"She might just give it to me," said keeper Gallagher, who had worked hard to win the apes' confidence. "Food might lure them away."

At 6:55 A.M. on September 9, 1961, the keeper on duty rushed to the telephone. Reed, Gallagher, obstetrician James Sites, M.D., and others were soon there. The baby, a five-pound-five-ounce male, had arrived. Head keeper Ralph Norris lured both parents into the next cage, while Gallagher gently snatched the baby from the main cage.

Tomoka, now a vigorous youngster, is only the fourth gorilla to be born in captivity and survive. Because gorillas are a vanishing species, Moka and the Washington zoo made a signal contribution to the survival of the great apes.

Public interest in zoos has soared since World War II, prompting new exhibits and improvements in Berlin, New Delhi, Dublin, Tel Aviv, Tokyo, Manila and a hundred other cities. But a grim threat hangs over all of them. In the past century, about 100 animal species have disappeared. Now, according to the International Union for the Conservation of Nature—IUCN—many more species face extinction within five, ten or twenty years. An IUCN pamphlet on them is sadly titled *Les Fossiles de Demain*—the fossils of tomorrow.

Word reached the western world last March that the last herd of Arabian oryxes, handsome desert antelopes, had been machine-gunned by a hunting party in Arabia. Never before has man been so menacing to the creatures with whom he shares the earth. Their number has been cut down by unrestricted hunting and poaching, by drought and consequent starvation, and by increased conversion of their land to human uses. In Africa, game protection collapsed with the end of colonialism. (See TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT BEASTS, by Smith Hempstone, *The Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 19, 1960.)

Yet zoos need hundreds of animals each year to replace those that die of old age and disease. Zoo breeding, especially of hoofed animals, has had limited success. With the supply of wild animals diminishing and captive births failing to offset deaths, what are zoos to do?

Most zoo men agree that there is only one practical answer: raising animals in special areas designed for breeding rather than exhibition. Such a center would be more like a livestock farm than a city zoo.

Most of the endangered species are hoofed animals: rhinoceroses, gnus, zebras, antelopes and the like. The principal reason they don't reproduce in captivity, Doctor Reed told me, is lack of space. As he explained it: "Every city zoo emphasizes variety. We keep more than 700 species here. That means small enclosures. We can do pretty well with cats and bears and most small mammals, but hoofed animals are like cattle: To breed them, you need herds. And what zoo can keep thirty giraffes or elands?"

At the National Zoo, for example, sixteen gaur, or Asiatic wild oxen, were born during a twenty-year period. If all had been kept and bred, the herd would now number over thirty. But with room for only two, the zoo had to sell or trade the young. When one of the pair died, breeding stopped.

Scientific breeding of hoofed animals requires ample space, room for herds of thirty to fifty of each species, the herds divided into several groups to permit breeding for desirable qualities and to limit the risk of disease.

Only one zoo in the entire United States has been designed for breeding of hoofed animals—the privately owned Catskill Game Farm, covering 1060 acres thirty miles south of Albany, New York. At its colorful entrance gate is a sign proving that in this setting wild animals do reproduce. The sign lists births of the previous week—the total often exceeds fifty, including some of the world's rarest species.

Directors of public zoos admire and envy Catskill's owner, Roland Lindemann. He is able to do the things they dream of. As a boy in Germany, Lindemann kept his own private zoo. Arriving in this country at seventeen, he studied finance at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School and made a fortune as an investment banker while still in his thirties. He acquired his farm in 1932, fenced it, and stocked it with twenty-eight species of deer, the largest variety in the country. By 1941 his animal collection had grown, costs had soared, and he decided to charge visitors an admission fee: now fifty cents for children, $1.25 for adults. Even so, more than 400,000 persons visited the farm during its 1961 season, from spring to the middle of fall.

For visitors, the greatest surprise is to step through a wooden paddock gate and be surrounded by hundreds of animals, nearly all willing to be petted, hugged or pushed. There are antlered deer of several species, llamas, black sheep and other hoofed creatures. What they want, the visitors discover, is a handout of feed biscuit from handy vending machines.

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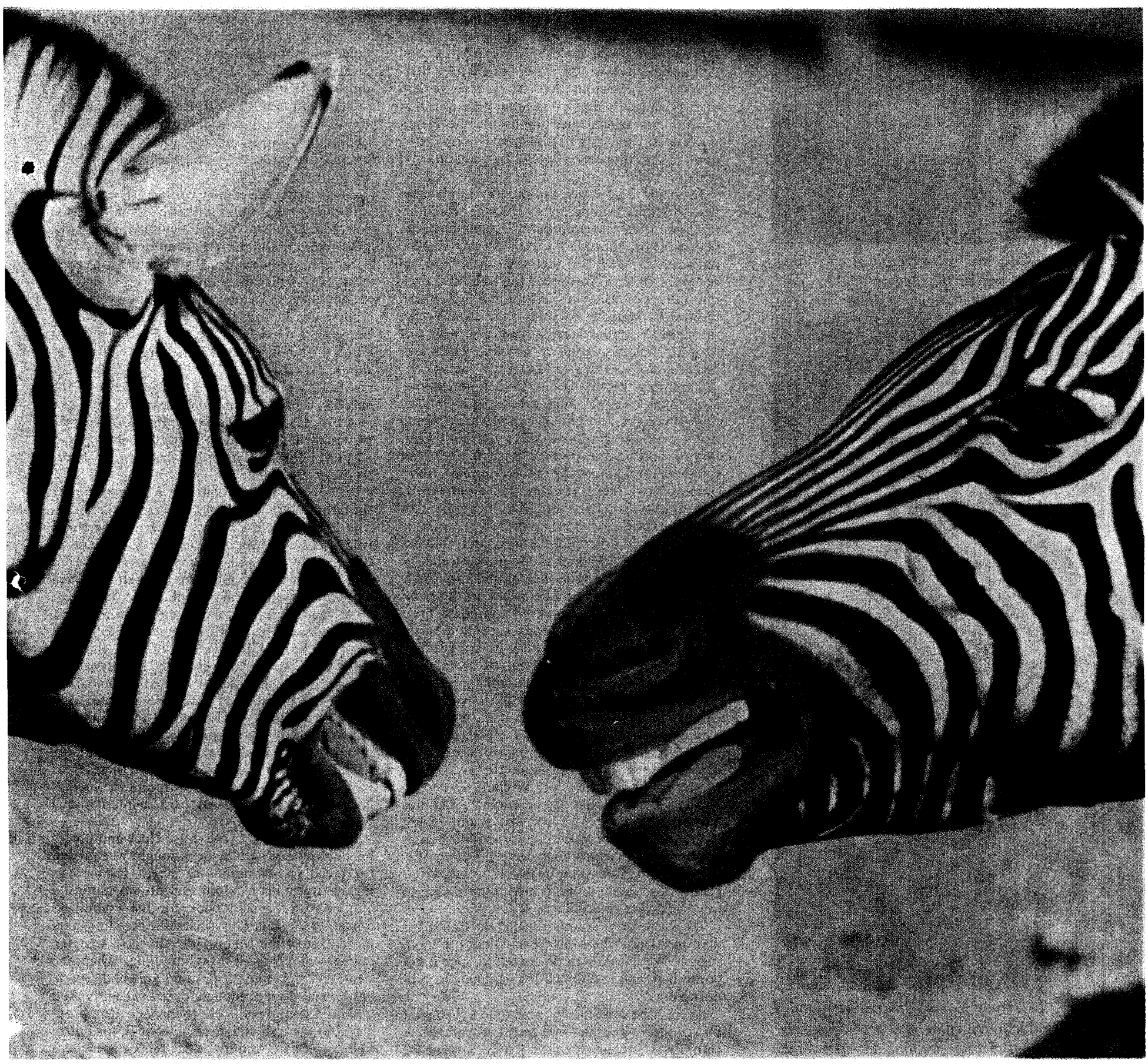
APPROVE

Although "man has never before been so menacing to earth's creatures," some are working to save the vanishing beasts.



Lack of space to keep herds makes most zoos inadequate for the reproduction of hoofed animals. But the Catskill Farm's 1060 acres provide the necessary terrain for breeding such rarities as these Damara zebras.

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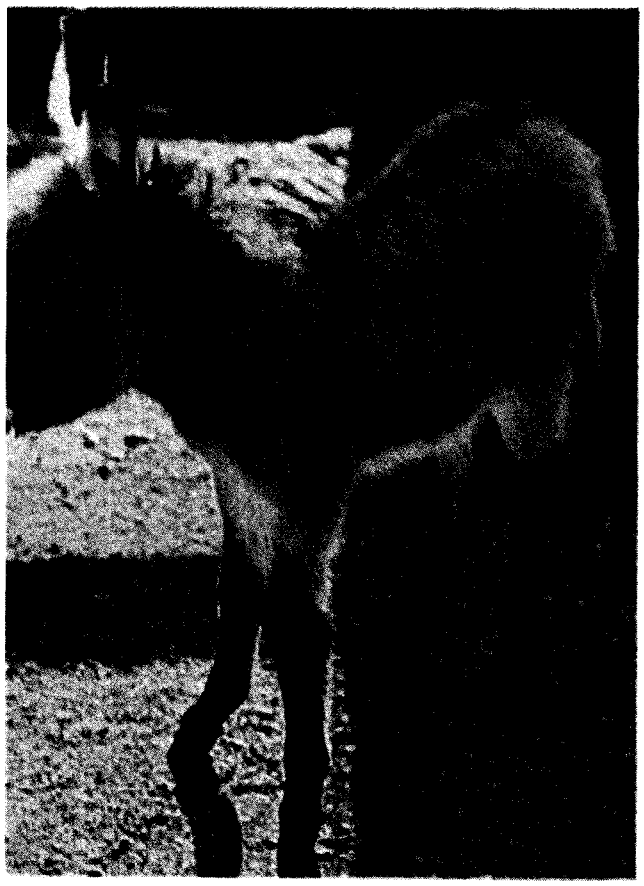

The Catskill Farm's assortment of uncommon characters, such as this pygmy donkey, drew more than 400,000 paying visitors last year.

A nearly extinct South African white-tailed gnu: Protective breeding may permit the reintroduction of such species to their native lands.

It is startling, at first, to see children barely old enough to walk toddling through herds of animals that tower over them. Llamas have protruding teeth and are expert at snatching biscuits from tiny fists or even from open pockets. Yet, despite human provocations such as occasional tail-pulling or ear-twisting, accidents seldom happen.

This casualness is possible because Lindemann and his staff have learned how to achieve it. Baby carriages and strollers, for example, are forbidden in open paddocks because deer love to toss them with their antlers. During visiting hours the animals are kept hungry enough to be active and interesting, but not so hungry that they stampede for food. Where many zoos have been forced to erect expensive double fencing to protect visitors from animals, and animals from visitors, Catskill Game Farm manages with a simple wire barrier through which a person can thrust an entire arm. A few pens display small warning signs: WE BITE.

While it is obvious that the farm is an animated financial success, it is equally obvious that Lindemann spends much of its income in improving and stocking it. Nowhere is more being done to save threatened species by gathering and breeding them in herds.

In 1960, almost heart-in-mouth, Lindemann flew to Africa, wondering whether he would arrive in time to rescue probably the rarest species of zebra, Mrs. Hartmann's. He was told that 1000 remained in 1957, but 900 skins had been exported in 1959. As he cruised through the mountain valleys of Southwest Africa in a light plane, the largest herd he saw numbered five. Yet he managed to capture enough to establish a herd of Mrs. Hartmann's zebras at Catskill, which also boasts Grant's, Grevy's and Damara zebras.

Capturing zebras is literally cloud-chasing, Lindemann told me. "You drive after a cloud of dust. If you get close enough to see what's raising it, it's probably gemsbok—which you don't want. So you chase another cloud. If it is zebra, you can run them for no more than twelve minutes. More running, and they probably won't survive. If you're lucky, you cut a straggler out of the herd and drive close enough to rope it."

On another expedition, Lindemann and cohorts collected 235 kangaroos in Australia by methods even more bone-shaking and hazardous. "The catcher rides a saddle lashed to the front fender," Lindemann related. "You chase them over open country—no roads—at about forty-five miles an hour, until you can drop a net over one or grab his tail. As kangaroos are abroad only after dark, all this cross-country speeding is done at night. I was a bit careful. I scouted the country first by day and put up sticks with white danger flags to mark the rocks and gullies."

Lindemann's most unusual expedition, his first major move to expand his collection, was made in the United States, on William Randolph Hearst's fabulous San Simeon ranch. On this mountainous tract of some 400 square miles, Hearst through the years had turned loose camels, llamas, zebras, sambar deer and other species—nobody knew how many or where. After Hearst lost interest, he invited Lindemann to catch whatever he could.

"In some ways it was tougher in California than in Africa," he said. "The country is more rugged. We didn't even try for zebra. One other group had, and they killed four animals in capturing one."

At least the San Simeon catch didn't encounter the stringent rules the Department of Agriculture enforces to protect domestic livestock from the dread foot-and-mouth disease. All hoofed animals must pass a period in quarantine before they can be admitted to the United States. Domesticated animals, such as sheep and cattle, are barred altogether unless born in a land known to be free of the disease. Lindemann once bought some rare Cameron dwarf goats in central Africa, knowing they couldn't come in. He shipped them first to a quarantine station at Hamburg, Germany. Approved there, they had to spend six more months in Denmark before Sweden would admit them. Settled on a Swedish farm, the dapper little goats thrived. A year later, their offspring, born in the right country, were admitted to the United States—after thirty days in quarantine at Clifton, New Jersey. Lindemann's similar plan to breed Watusi cattle, the kind used by the towering African tribesmen to buy brides, failed when foot-and-mouth disease broke out in Sweden. When we last talked, he was trying to move his Watusi herd to Norway.

Although the Catskill Game Farm harbors bears, birds, reptiles, rodents and even a family of Alaska huskies, hoofed animals are Lindemann's first love. His farm is a haven for some truly rare ones.

Lindemann's chief aide, zoologist Heinz Heck, an athletic ruddy man in his early thirties, the son and grandson of distinguished zoologists, guided me around the farm in an electric car.

Stopping beside a pen, Heck pointed to a group of donkeys taller than any I had ever seen, with shaggy coats and a look of comical mournfulness. "These are Poitou donkeys," he explained. "A domestic animal from France, but now almost extinct. They are the jackass parents of the famous Missouri mules."

At every turn we encountered evidence of the success of breeding in the countryside. In a few city zoos I had seen single specimens of the rare white-tailed gnu, almost extinct in its habitat. The farm displayed a herd of fourteen, probably the largest herd left.

At last Heck and I halted at what is probably the farm's most prized exhibit: Przewalski horses. The Przewalski is the only surviving species of wild horse. (Those in our West are descendants of domesticated horses.) These horses, native to the Gobi Desert in Mongolia, are pictured in ancient Oriental art—uniform in color and markings, large head, short and stocky neck, no forelock, erect mane. After a fearful epidemic killed off most horses in Central Asia in 1785, the wild breed was believed to be extinct. The Russian explorer Nikolai Przewalski located a small herd almost a century later. A few were captured in 1902. And from a total of seven, the number of known wild horses rose slowly to fifty, at which point, in 1956, Heck brought eight of the horses to Catskill, as the nucleus of the herd there. Four were foaled at the farm in 1961, and the breed's latest stud book is expected to list an international total of about eighty.

Curiosity prompted me to ask Heck and Lindemann how much space they thought was needed for breeding—thousands of acres? Ranches as big as San Simeon? Both said no emphatically.

"Look at the stud book for the Przewalski horse," Heck said. This is scientific breeding. You must control the time of breeding, so that the young will come in May or June, when the weather is right and the pastures are good. Space, yes, you need space enough for several herds. And you need several paddocks to manage them properly. But these should be small enough to control and keep clean. And if you are raising specimens

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for zoos, the animals need daily contact with people, so they can be handled."

Catskill, furthermore, has demonstrated that climate is seldom a problem for a breeding farm located in the temperate zone. Most animals from warmer or colder places adapt readily. At Catskill, barns are provided for winter shelter, but even the giraffes are happy to go outdoors on winter days when the sun shines. Some tropical animals grow winter coats when cold weather approaches.

Heck repeated what other zoo men had told me—that there are many cases where captive pairs of hoofed animals won't even mate. A proper herd, he said, consists of a top male and a "crown prince" plus a group of females. The crown prince may have a small bevy of his own or he may have to wait until the older male is retired. Remembering films of wild horse herds in which the senior males defended their status with flying hoofs, I asked, "Is competition between males necessary to breeding?"

"We won't leave them together to fight it out, if that is what you mean," Heck replied. "The old male probably knows the crown prince is nearby. But you must have a crown prince to be sure you can continue breeding."

Two other farm exhibits, the wisents, or European bison, and Père David's deer, whose ancestors lived in China, are among the species now extinct in the wild, surviving only in captivity. Both share with the Przewalski horse the distinction of having international stud books recording their births and deaths. All three species came within a finger count of total extinction, but now seem safe. But for every species thus far saved, twenty other species near extinction.

In many instances, breeding herds could be built by pooling specimens now shown by ones and twos in city zoos, where they are not reproducing. But where could zoos do this?

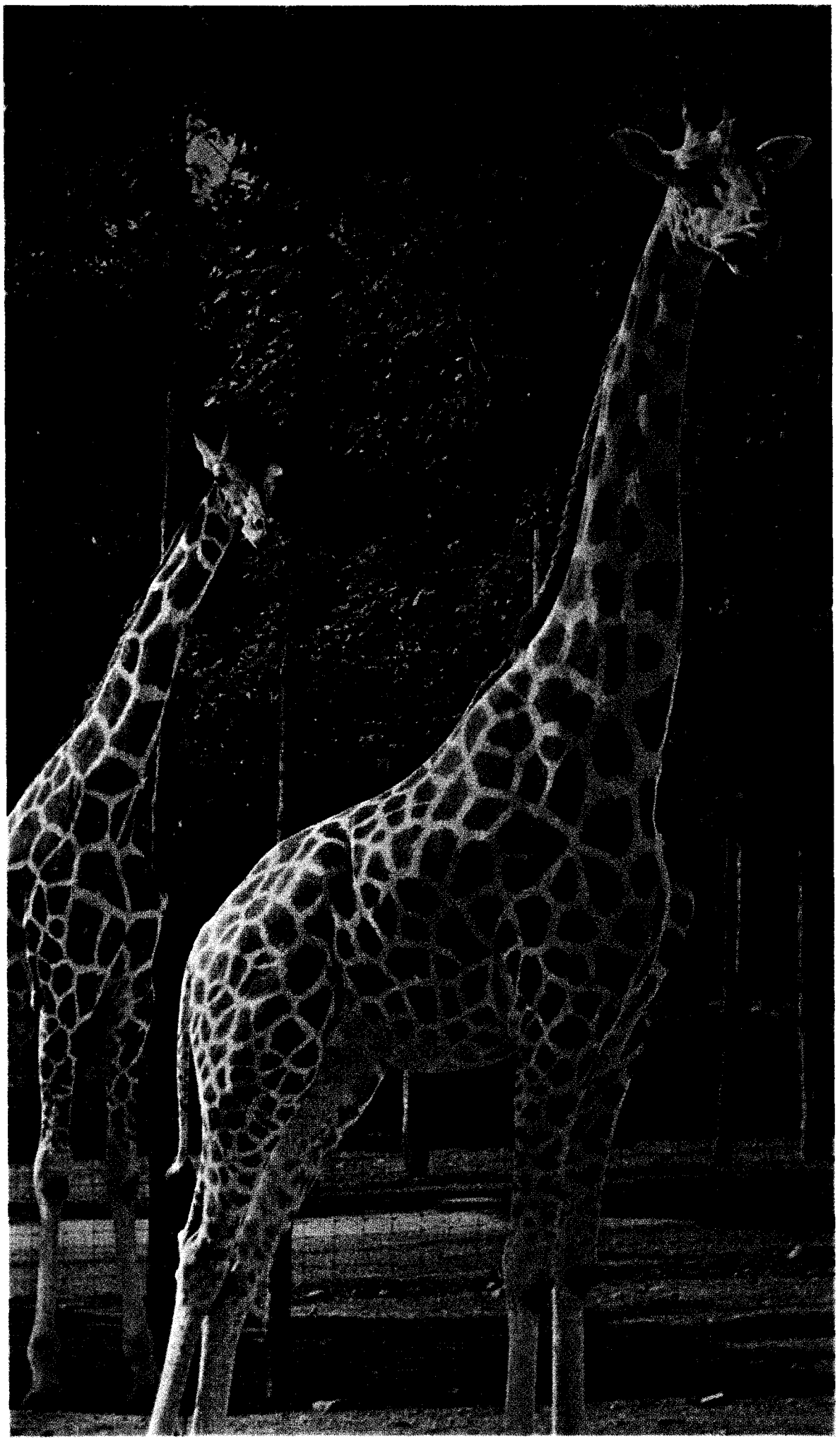
The Friends of the National Zoo, a private organization in Washington, proposes that the Federal Government, cooperating with city zoos, establish a national breeding center for exotic animals as an "Operation Rescue" for the species most in danger.

Doctor Reed, director of the National Zoo, is one of those who believe such a project is vital to the future of zoo collections. "Get all the zoo directors together," he says. "Work out agreements on priorities, on pooling breeding stock and on distribution. Then begin collecting overseas. There isn't much time left for some of the species."

Last summer Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall ordered study and planning of a Federal animal farm. With Secretary Udall's special assistant, Graham Hollister, I revisited Catskill Game Farm. Owner Roland Lindemann was strongly for the Federal project. "It's needed," he said. "Here we can breed only a few critical species." Legislation authorizing such a project may be introduced in the current session of Congress.

Could "Operation Rescue" save the endangered species, so that future generations may see them? Lindemann's achievements, other work in certain foreign zoos, and the conservation of native North American wildlife are evidence that it can be done.

If it is done, the future holds another possibility: reintroduction of species to their native lands, when the flood of economic and social changes subsides, when new game preserves and refuges can be built. Then, from breeding zoos and farms, a new migration of animals will begin. From far across the seas the lost species of Asia and Africa will make the long journey home. THE END



The world's tallest vegetarians roam one of the Lindemann farm's large paddocks. Birds, bears, reptiles and rodents are sheltered along with nature's fast-vanishing community, the hoofed creatures.

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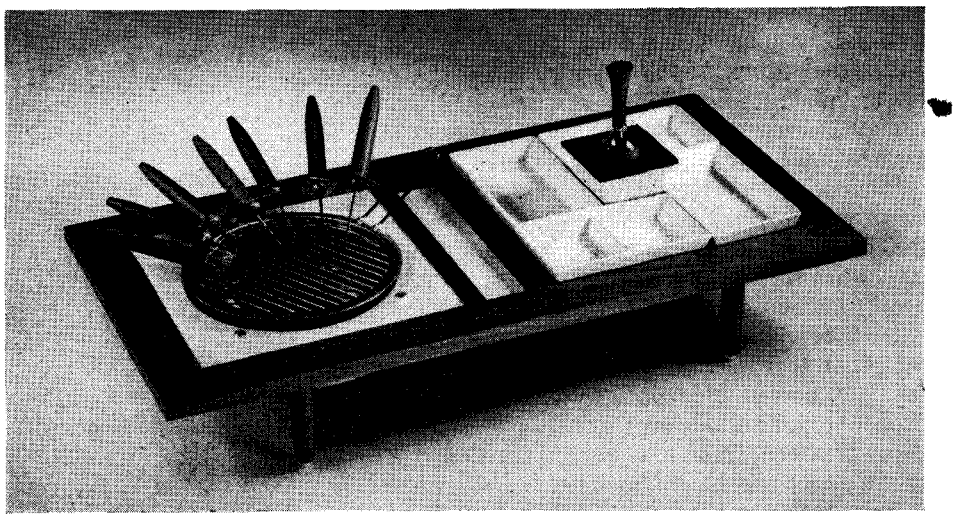
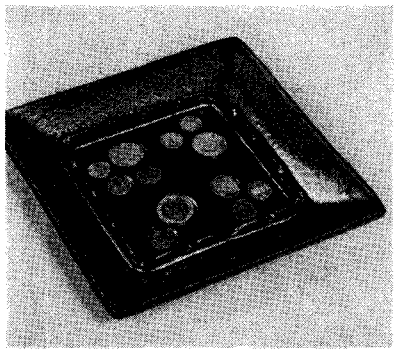
Shop at your ease by mail! Gift Ideas for all Spring Gift Occasions!



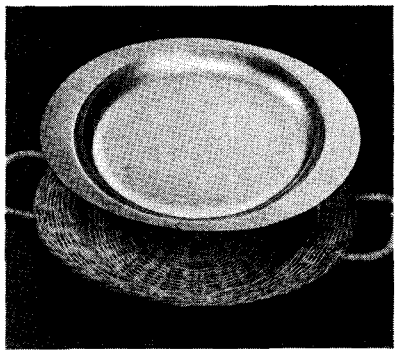
Smart, new way to barbecue right in your living room

"Bar-b-rachi" looks like a sleek, low cocktail table or a king-size tray... actually is a heat-proof charcoal broiler complete with 7 white ceramic compartments for canapes, sauces. Solid walnut stays cool to touch; no worry about your coffee table. Safe indoors; also can be used outdoors. Includes 8 skewers. Measures 17" wide, 25" long, 6" high. $49.98 ppd.*



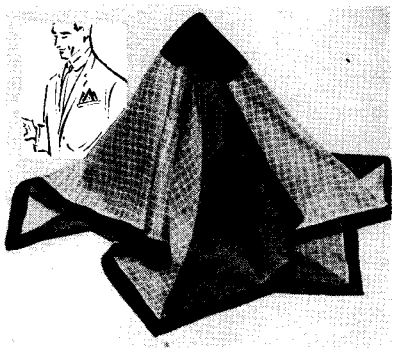
Give him money to burn

A magnificent ceramic ashtray with inset of real foreign coins for decorative interest. Makes a wonderful gift for his office, or home. 9½" square for big catch-all size that men like; prevents spilling of ashes. Smart bronze-tone. $5.00 ppd.



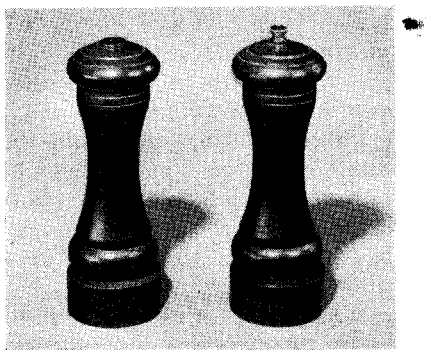
8 pieces in set for four

Smart homemakers will love convenience of this cook-and-serve 8-pc. set for four diners. Gleaming silver-tone metal platters for barbecuing, baking, roasting, broiling, or on-stove cooking. Rattan serving trays can be used alone. $9.98 ppd.



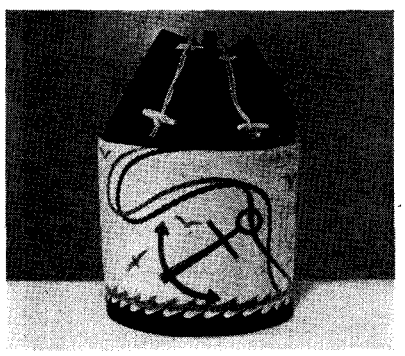
8-in-one pocket-kerchief

Every well-dressed man should have this handsome and cleverly designed foulard. Smartly combines 8 different colors in its print-motif design, for harmony with suits of any color. Fine quality pure silk with hand-rolled edge. $3.50 ppd.



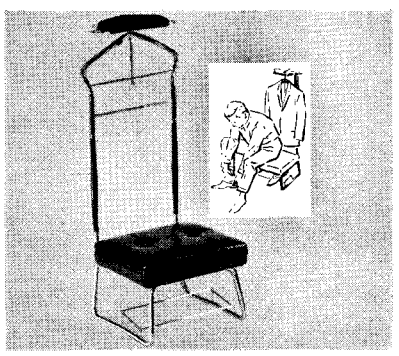
Tall and handsome pair

Impressive looking salt shaker and pepper mill set to grace your table, adding spice to your fare. 8" tall and handsomely shaped. Walnut finish wood; pepper mill has Sheffield steel grinder. Distinctively gift-boxed. Ideal hostess gift. $9.98 ppd.



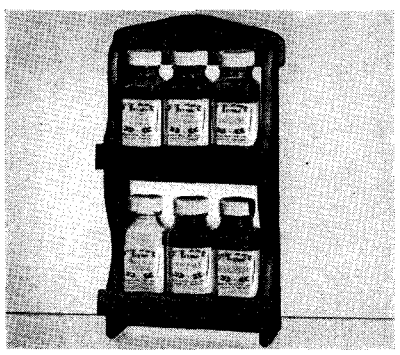
For hot or cold treats

Huge "duffle cooler" that you'll take wherever you go, keeping your food and drink contents at original hot or cold temperature. Double-thick Fiberglas® insulation. Durable, washable vinyl in red-white-blue; lightweight. $5.98 ppd.



Tidy valet, handy seat

Ends the clutter of clothes strewn about, keeps needs at hand. He sits on vinyl-upholstered seat instead of mussing bed. Beige seat; walnut-tone wood, brass-finish frame. East of Mississippi, $16.98 ppd. West of Mississippi, $18.98 ppd.*



Put spice in your life

Tasty zip and zing in your cooking with this set of 6 most-wanted spices in handsome Early American style wooden rack; hand-rubbed mellow finish. Adds a charming decorative note to kitchen, keeps spices quick at hand. 7-pc. set $5.00 ppd.

Ends golf ball chasing

"Boom-O-Rang" self-returning golf ball is great for pre-game warmup or learners' practice in backyard, park, or golf course. Genuine golf ball is attached to super-tensive braided nylon cord. Can be used with any golf club desired. $3.98 ppd.

Mail this ORDER FORM Today! Satisfaction Guaranteed!
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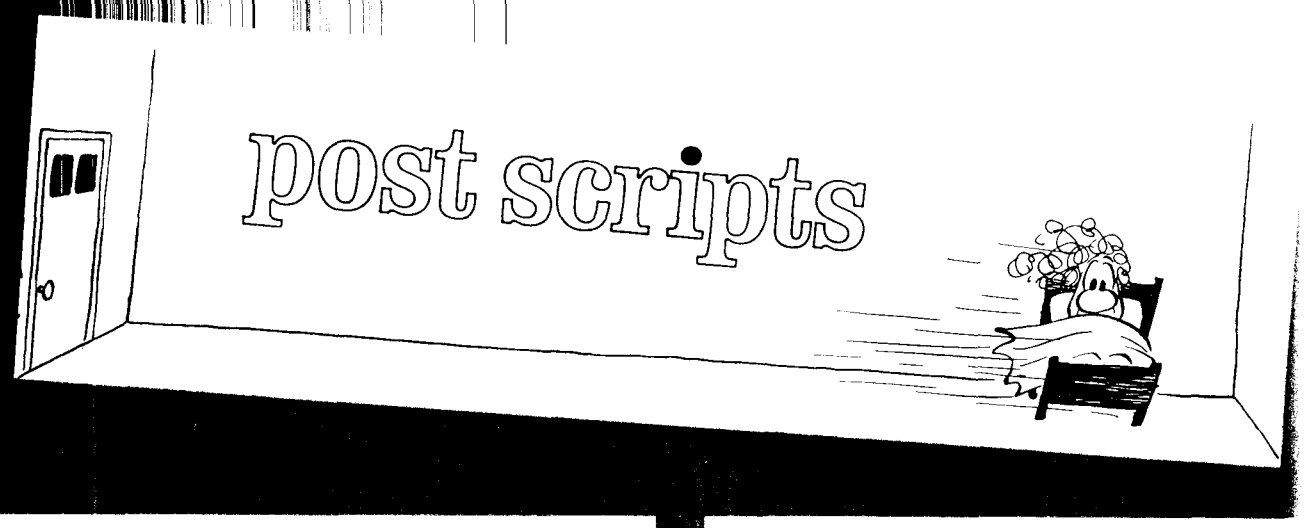
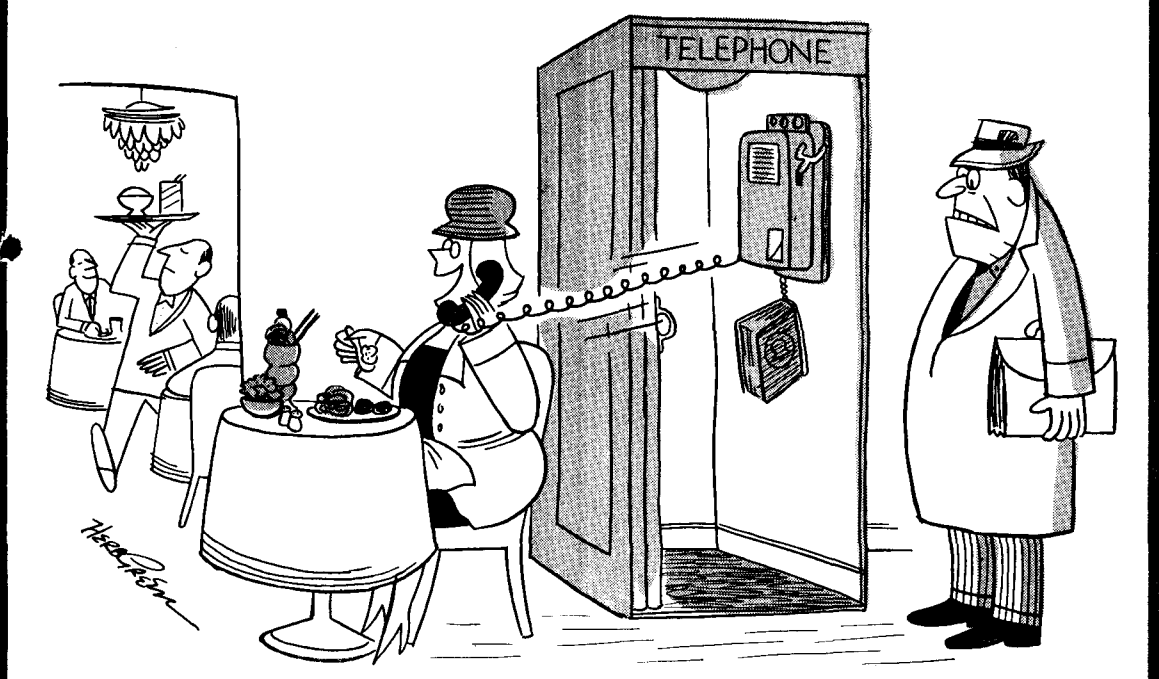
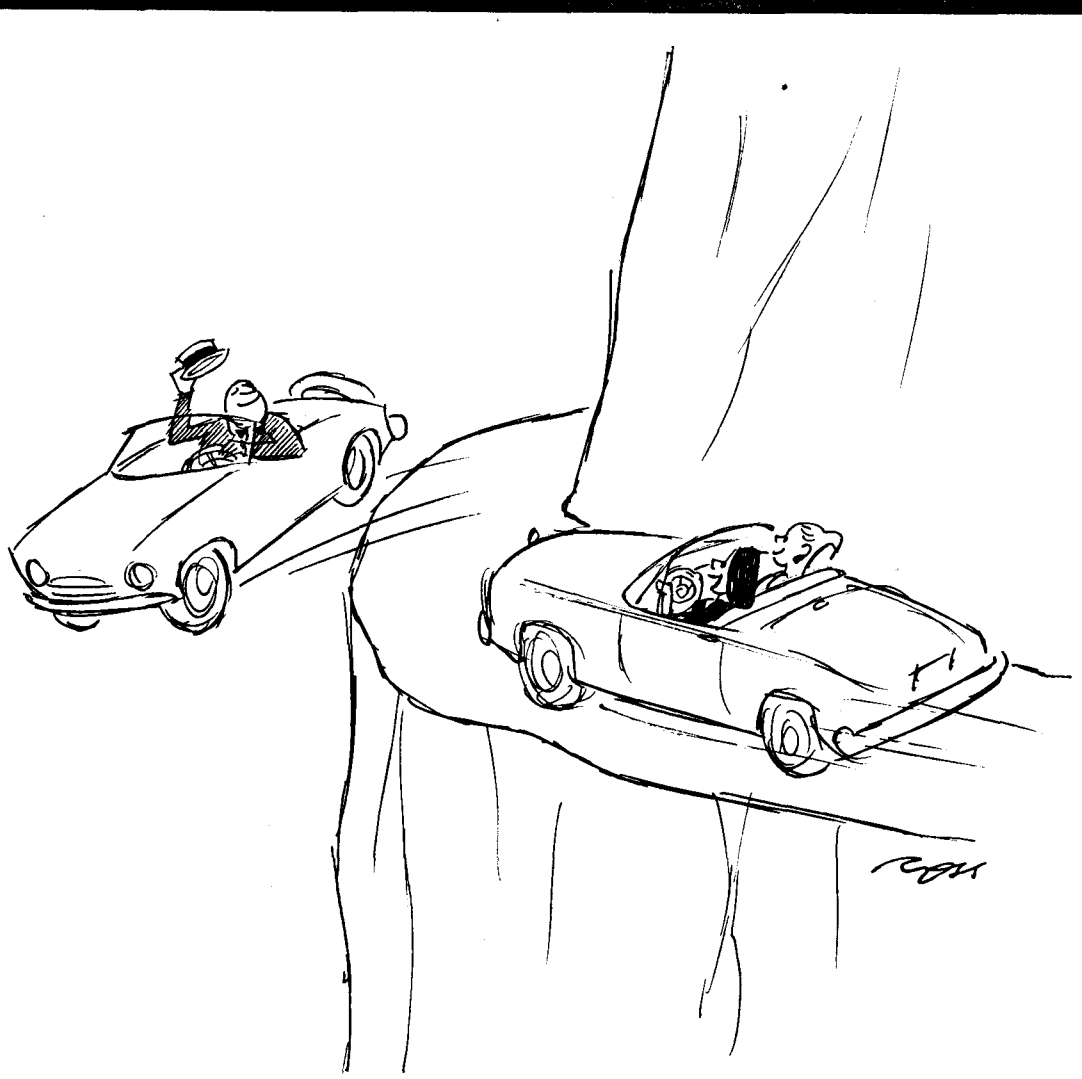




Lament of a Spade-Caller

Time was when I thought I could handle our
mother tongue as well as another,
But either something's happened to me, or it's
happened to Mother:
I don't recognize her today, she's so highfalutin,
So addicted to euphemism and circumlocutin'.
No wonder that I, who believe that a spade is a
spade,
Am a flop as a writer today—a disgrace to the
trade,
And unless I recant, it's the poorhouse I'm certain
to enter:
Yep, Over the Hill to the Economic Rehabilita-
tion Center;
Or prison, perhaps, for my debts; and it's quite a
mistake
To declare that "Stone walls do not a Correc-
tional Facility make."
How awful to be in jail, and unable to roam
Back to the old plantation and the Senior Citizens
at Home!
Yet home is the very place that I'd like to go:
I hear those angel voices calling: "Superannuated
Aframerican Joe."
Ah, Stephen Foster! You, at least, would be chary
Of saying "Massa's in de Heavenly Gates Cre-
matorium & Mortuary."

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"Now that's what I call a gentleman!"

"You laughed when I bought him a forty-foot leash."

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"Is that the only scent it comes in?"

I Feel I Lack That Indefinable Something

"O.K., friends, let's see how our four TV contestants did tonight. Mrs. Hendricks won the West Indies Cruise, the Wingflight Deluxe Sedan and the dining-room set. Mr. Hartung won the silverware set, the camping equipment and the motor scooter. Mrs. Atwell won the trip for two to Hollywood. Mr. Kurtz, I'm sorry to say, didn't win anything. . . . However, Mr. Kurtz, don't think for one minute you're going to go home empty-handed, because ——"

"Now, then, running down the head table, I'd like to introduce Lawton Griffin, who's been an outstanding attorney for the past thirty-six years, and who has earned the respect of persons not only in his field but in all fields of endeavor. . . . Will you please stand and take a bow, Mr. Griffin? . . . Thank you. . . . Next to Mr. Griffin is Vernon Kurtz. And next to Mr. Kurtz is Calvin Pilney, a man whose name is fast becoming a household word throughout our nation—a man who warrants the admiration of ——"

"Well, thank you very much, Mr. Kurtz. We greatly appreciate your taking the time to address our little group here today, and I know every member found your talk extremely interesting and informative. . . . Now, then, I promised a little while ago we'd have a question-and-answer session after the talk, so would any of you care to direct any questions to Mr. Kurtz? . . . Are there any questions? . . . Are there any questions at all? . . . Surely, there must be *someone* in the group who'd like to ask a question. . . . Any questions? . . . Any at all? . . . Well, thanks again, Mr. Kurtz. . . . And now, the meeting stands adjourned until ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Will you be long, sir? We're double-parked."

"He couldn't find a thing wrong with me—the quack."

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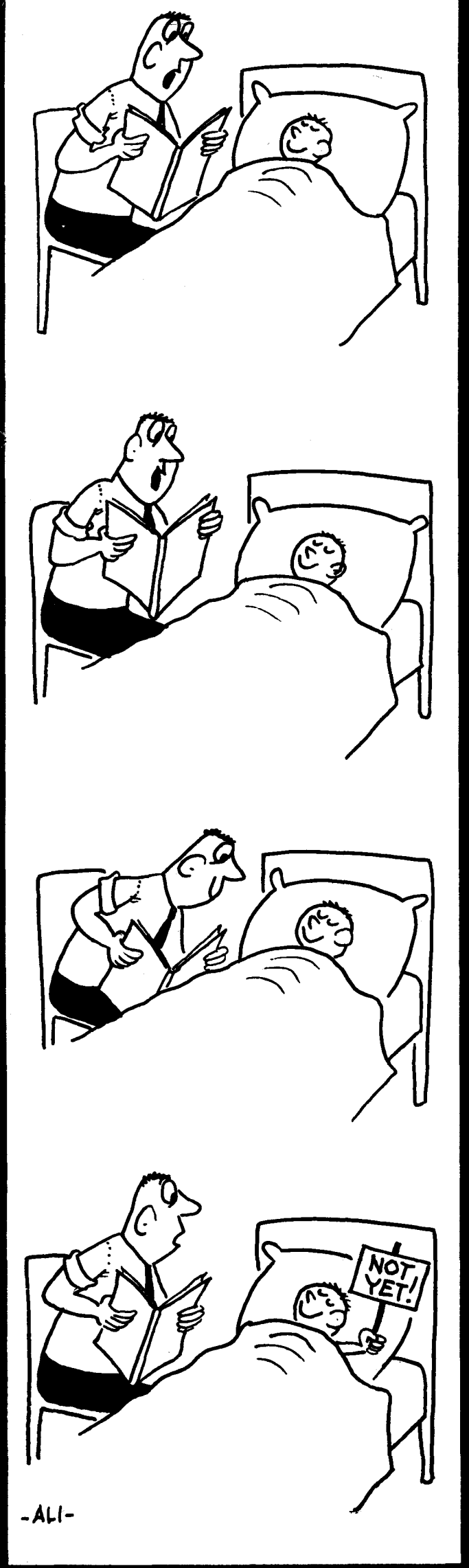
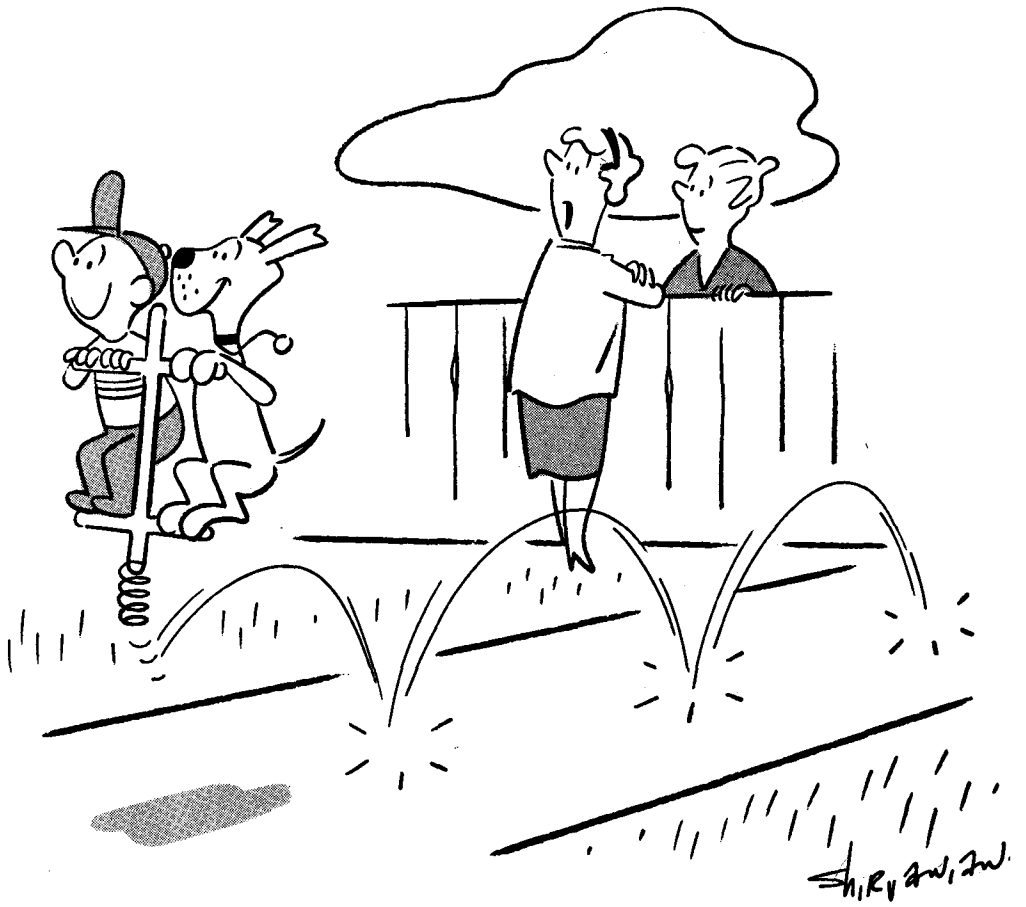
"Let's go over my sermon again. I must have said something."





"They're inseparable."

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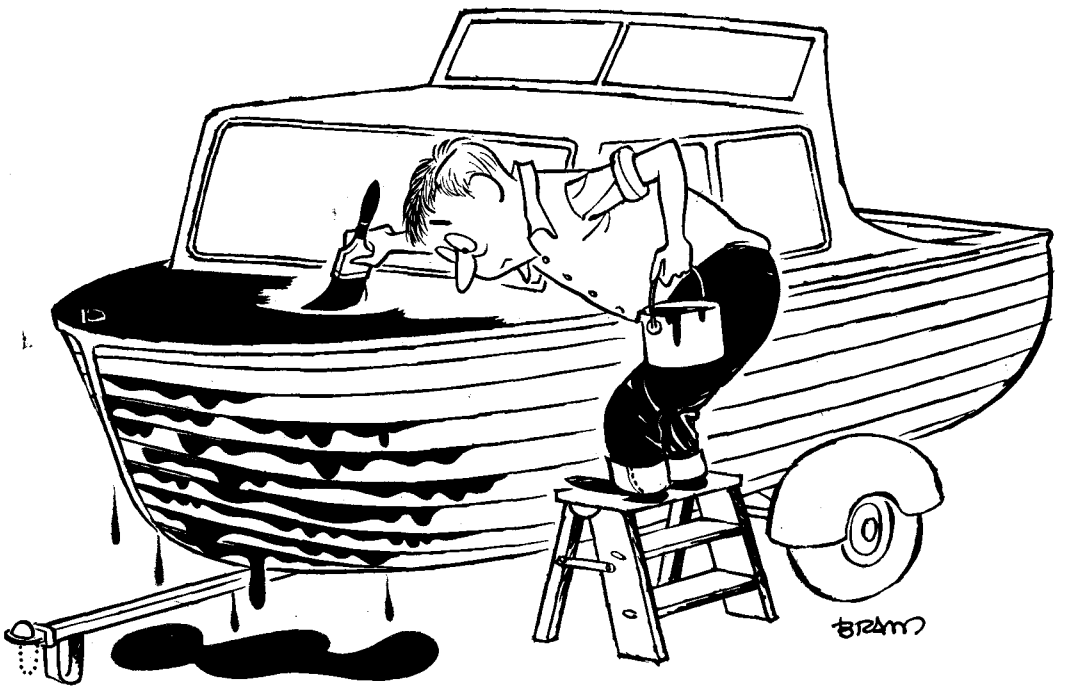
"Why don't you try reading yourself to sleep?"

"Miss Jones, send Bentley in."



"He lived too long in Chicago."

ANATOMY OF A BOO-BOO

Thursday, 10:00 P.M.

"Well, folks, this is Walt, your weatherman. After all the up-and-down weather we've been having, we've got some good news for you—it looks like summer is on the way, and with a bang. A pronounced and extensive warm front along this line he-e-e-ere—it was ninety-eight at Laredo at four this afternoon—is beginning a rapid northeasterly movement, right behind this high he-e-e-ere. . . ."

Friday, 10:00 P.M.

"Good evening again, folks, from Walt, your weatherman. Well, that warm front we were talking about last night is still moving northeastward—Wichita had eighty-four at three P.M.—and although its movement has slowed down a little, it should be arriving here on balmy southerly winds by tomorrow afternoon at the latest. Incidentally, it's what we call a 'dry' warm front, so it looks like a wonderful weekend for golf or driving or whatever it is you plan to do outdoors. This little line wa-a-a-ay up here near the Canadian border is a minor cold front that is more or less stationary, and that should cause us no trouble at all. In other words, we may expect steadily rising temperatures and clear skies over most of the area this weekend. So, happy driving, folks! And now. . . ."

Saturday, 10:00 P.M.

"Well, here I am again, folks, and it's going to be very difficult and rather—ha-ha—embarrassing to try to explain what's been going on for the past twelve hours. What actually happened was that the minor cold front we mentioned last night was backed up by a secondary cold front of considerable intensity that suddenly began a very rapid southerly movement from he-e-e-ere down to he-e-e-ere, colliding just south of Prairie City with the advancing warm front, which somewhere along the way picked up moist Gulf air. The result has been what you see falling outside the window. Incidentally, drivers have been advised to keep their cars at home unless absolutely necessary to drive, as the mixture of rain, sleet and snow has made the streets extremely treacherous. And now, back to . . ."

H. R. WHITAKER

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Borden's Alpine Spice Cottage Cheese gives you a lift for Lent

Borden's takes the snowy smoothness of dairy-fresh cottage cheese. Livens it with the color and crispness of onion, parsley, chives and caraway seeds. Blends all together into a new delight: Borden's Alpine Spice Cottage Cheese. Just the right perky goodness for just this time.

Borden's ALPINE SPICE CREAMED COTTAGE CHEESE

Borden's Alpine Spice lets you cut down without feeling let-down. It's a nourishing meal in itself. So rich in protein, yet low in calories. One scoop turns a salad into a balanced meal. What could be better now for Lent or for the months beyond? Taste and see.

BORDEN'S

VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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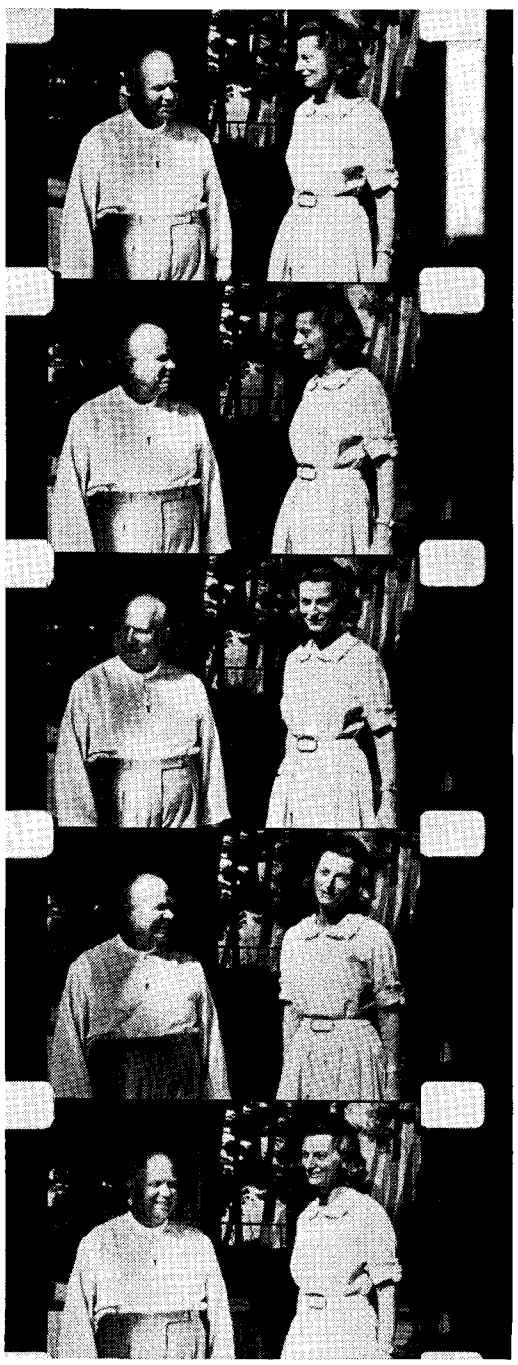
MY 36 HOURS WITH

By LUVIE MOORE PEARSON



Chairman Khrushchev and the author, in movie clips taken by her husband at Mr. K.'s Black Sea dacha.

In my wildest flights of fancy it never crossed my mind that little old me would spend thirty-six hours and eat five meals of two hours' duration each with Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev at his dacha on the Black Sea.

It all began when Mrs. Eugene Meyer asked Drew and me to join her on a boat she had chartered to tour the Norwegian fjords. It seems that Norway is near Russia and, before I knew it, Drew had planned a side trip. We had two divine, carefree weeks on the boat and then were off to Russia via Stockholm.

It was raining when we arrived at the Moscow airport. A man from Intourist said he had a car to take us to the hotel and a porter to get our bags. A customs official asked us to list our jewelry and money. And that was all. He didn't look at our bags or discuss cameras or cigarettes or liquor.

The main objective was for Drew to get an interview with Mr. K. But everyone was out of town. Russian Communists, we found, love their vacations just as much as American capitalists do.

Drew finally got in touch with Yuri Zhukov, chairman of the committee for cultural exchange, and with Danül Kraminov, editor of the Russian magazine *Abroad*. It took two days to reach Kraminov on the phone and set up an appointment. Drew spent a morning with him, but felt nothing would come of it.

However, a day or so later the editor called and said he was giving a luncheon for us with the top Russian newspapermen. The luncheon was held in a small private dining room in the Prague Restaurant. Our guide Tania and I were the only women. Eleven newsmen were present, including Aleksei Adzhubei, Mr. K.'s son-in-law and editor of *Izvestia*, and Pavel Satiukov, the editor of *Pravda*. Most of them spoke English.

Mr. Adzhubei brought up a front-page story in *The New York Times* which related that President Kennedy had asked for suggestions on what to do about the Berlin crisis and had received a lot of letters urging him to "poison Khrushchev." Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law seemed quite upset at this and thought it did not make for good relations for the White House to give out this information or for the *Times* to put it on the front page.

I had to agree. But Drew and I remembered that issue of the *Times*, and we pointed out that it also had carried a story about the John Birch Society contest on why Chief Justice Warren should be impeached. We told Adzhubei that we had been with the Chief Justice in Norway when he read this story, and he had laughed it off.

The luncheon was on Saturday. By Monday Mr. Zhukov had arranged the interview. We had a few days to kill, so we went to Leningrad to see the sights.

We arrived back in Moscow after midnight of the last day and were to be downstairs at five A.M. to meet Mr. Zhukov and start for the airport again. But we had forgotten to change our watches from Leningrad to Moscow time and so were one hour early. What a catastrophe! And no tea in the hotel at that ungodly hour, and none at the airport later. But we did find caviar sandwiches. In fact, caviar sandwiches are about as easy to buy, and as cheap, as peanut-butter crackers in the U.S.A.

On the way to the airport we picked up a lady who was introduced as "Tovarich" Kelly, a stenographer. We learned that Tovarich was born in Boston. In 1928, when she was fifteen, her father went to Russia on an engineering project. He and his family had stayed. Tovarich told me that her father and mother were dead, but that she has a younger sister with whom she still lives and that they always speak English at home. In spite of this, the Boston accent is gone; her English has a foreign sound. She said maybe she would like to go to Boston for a visit, but that her life is definitely in Russia. She looks like an American schoolteacher—except for her two or three gold teeth.

We were stuffed into an old Viscount airplane. The traffic to the vacation area along the Black Sea is like capitalistic tourist traffic to Atlantic City, and Mr. Zhukov, who is a top Soviet official, scrambled for a seat like everyone else. No one recognized him.

Victor Sukhodrev, the young man who interpreted for Khrushchev at his Camp David meeting with Eisenhower and for the Vienna meeting with President Kennedy, met us in Sochi. As soon as the baggage was collected, we left for Gagry, about an hour's drive and the nearest town to Mr. K.'s retreat.

At our hotel—or sanatorium, as it was called—we were settled in a lovely two-room-and-bath apartment with a balcony overlooking the sea. Soon there was a loud knock at the door. It was Victor Sukhodrev. "What we want to know is: Are you like Mrs. Lippmann?"

I was dumfounded. What was he driving at? Well, surely I could answer a direct and simple question. So I temporized.

"We are both married to columnists, but Walter Lippmann and Drew are different kinds of columnists, and I'm terribly afraid that I'm not like Mrs. Lippmann either. I don't speak any language but English and a few words of French. I am not a newspaperwoman, and ——"

Victor interrupted me. "The important thing we wish to know is: Do you insist on sitting in on the interview? Or will you go swimming with the daughters and the grandchildren? Mrs. Khrushchev will not be there as she is visiting one of her daughters in Moscow."

I told him perhaps the swimming would be more in my line, but I did not want to bother anyone and would be happy by myself with a book and my knitting.

"O.K.," he said. (Very American in every way was Victor, who has been to the United States many times.) "Bring your bathing suits along in case. And we leave in half an hour, so have a nice rest."

Nice rest with only a few minutes to decide that major female problem—what to wear? It seemed a more urgent problem than usual, as the Russians (if one could judge from the enormous crush of people at the French fashion show then going on in Moscow) are passionately interested in clothes. So I dug everything out of the suitcase, tried this, discarded that and, when the room looked as if a major cyclone had struck it, finally decided on a blue-and-white cotton stripe, neat and sweet but not flashy.

Another knock on the door. Time to go. Drew was putting his papers in his briefcase. "Am I like Helen Lippmann?" He didn't even look at me; just muttered, "For heaven's sake, at a time like this don't ask me any of your silly questions."

At the hotel entrance Mr. Zhukov, Victor, Drew and I piled into the big Russian car that looked like an old Lincoln touring convertible, and waved good-bye to Victor's wife and Tovarich Kelly. I was given the front seat. The driver, but for his modern costume—sport shirt, slacks and dark glasses—looked and acted like a storybook cossack. He drove hell-for-leather, sitting up straight as a ramrod with one hand on two horns.

Frankly, relaxing was out of the question for me anyway. And although I could hear Drew in the back seat chatting about the Georgian wines made in the vicinity, which are apparently considered better than the French wines by some connoisseurs and all Russians, I didn't think his heart was in it.

I was clutching my inexpensive little camera in my sweaty hand and also had Drew's movie camera. Should I toss them in the sea? A counter counterspy was bound to pounce on me, claiming that no middle-aged, well-to-do American would be seen traveling with a cheap camera; so it wasn't a camera, it was a bomb; and Drew's film of the mile-long queue at Stalin's tomb was clearly Stalinist propaganda. We'd be popped right into jail.

Since this type of thinking was only making me more nervous, I had to concentrate on the pleasant things I had read or heard about Mr. K. To prepare myself for our trip, I had read Harrison Salisbury's and George Kennan's books. Both are Russian experts from way back, and both claim that Mr. K. is most anxious to make friends with the West. The British papers also had many kind words for him. And I had seen him with my own eyes at a party given by the president of Togo, when he was in New York slapping his shoe on the table at the United Nations. It was just ridiculous for a girl of my stature to be afraid of a man of his. With these happy thoughts I began to enjoy the scenery.

The country around the Black Sea is too, too beautiful—lovely and green and lush. The sea is dark, tideless and calm. The beaches are gray pebbles, and cliffs rise from the shore. The air is hot in the sun, cool in the shade, with low humidity. Flies and mosquitoes don't seem to exist.

The car stopped beside a high wall that appeared to be made of painted cinder block. A gate was opened by a man dressed like one of our policemen in summer uniform, but with no hat. We drove in, the gate was slammed, and we found ourselves on a narrow lane in a wood of beautiful, very tall pine trees.

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KHRUSHCHEV

Drew Pearson's wife tells the story of her visit to the inner sanctum of Russia's "ruling class."

We had driven only a few yards when we saw Mr. K. He was strolling through the pines with a friend. The car stopped; we climbed out and were introduced by Mr. Zhukov. There was the premier—in his Panama hat, a Ukrainian peasant blouse of immaculate white cotton with a little tan embroidery around the cuffs and fine tan gabardine slacks which just matched the tan embroidery. His shrewd little blue eyes seem to look right through you, but his smile is warm and friendly.

Mr. K. led us down the road to the swimming pool, explaining it was the best place to have conferences because when the discussions became too heated everyone could jump in the water and cool off.

The pool is by far the grandest I have ever seen. It is oval-shaped, about seventy-five by thirty feet, and covered by a Japanese-style roof. But the real gimmick is that you have only to push a couple of buttons and glass sides encircle it, turning it into an indoor pool. The bathhouse has rooms for entertaining as well as changing and is furnished in a modern style. The setting is beautiful, on a raised knoll just off the beach, looking out over the sea.

Mr. K. motioned us to sit down. So I was apparently to be in on the interview after all. Mr. Zhukov, Drew and I sat on one side of a poolside table, with Victor, Mr. Khrushchev and a Russian stenographer facing us. Mr. K. said about the stenographer: "She will take down everything I say, either good or bad, and afterward I will regret it." He explained that the friend who had been walking with him was a photographer as well as a Soviet official. Mr. K. asked him to get the pictures he had taken of John J. McCloy, President Kennedy's disarmament adviser, who had been a swimming guest a short time before. The official showed us the pictures; then he took pictures of us. Mr. Zhukov and Victor took pictures too, and we were told to take all we liked. I was happy I had not thrown our cameras into the sea.

Unfortunately we were then in the late-afternoon shade, and the sun was facing the wrong way; so my color pictures did not come out. But I did take some pretty good movies with Drew's camera.

The interview began. Drew had his questions. Mr. K. had his statements. Then there was discussion back and forth. At the very end I was told I could ask some questions, so I asked, "Why do so many East Germans flee to West Germany if your system is so much better than ours?"

His reply was that consumer goods are low in East Germany because the East Germans had been required to pay reparations to the badly devastated countries of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Russia, whereas the West Germans were helped by the United States through the Marshall Plan. He also said that East Germany, unlike West Germany, had been largely agricultural before the war.

I then asked Mr. K. about the 50,000 East Berliners who had worked in West Berlin but were now shut off from their jobs by the wall. Would they be permitted to go back?

At home in Washington: Luvie and her columnist husband (in Russian hats bought during their visit).

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"PERHAPS I AM NAÏVE, BUT I BELIEVE MR. K. WANTS PEACE."

His reply was, "That will be up to the East German government. But when the Berlin situation has been settled, I would think that these workers could go back to their jobs."

Finally, after four and a half hours, the interview was over. We got up to say good-bye, when to my great surprise Mr. K. asked us to spend the night, adding it would save time—we could have a swim, dinner and rest; then Drew could type his notes and get immediate approval of them. (Drew had agreed that any words quoting Mr. Khrushchev directly would be submitted to him for accuracy—standard practice for newspapermen interviewing heads of state.)

We accepted the invitation, but I said I would have to go back to the hotel and pack our things. "Nonsense," said Mr. K. "It will be done for you."

Later, to my horror and embarrassment, I found that Victor's wife and Tovarich Kelly had had to cope with the awful mess I left in our hotel room. Happily the experience changed our relationship from cool and suspicious to warm and friendly. Just a group of slob sisters under the skin.

We started toward the cabanas by the sea, with Mr. K. calling loudly for his daughter Helene. She and the premier's daughter-in-law, who is an engineer, came out of the house and joined us. During the walk he explained that as a boy he worked in a mine and had no opportunity to learn to swim. But he added, "I noticed that Mr. McCloy does not swim very well either, so now I am not so embarrassed. And I have rubber lifesaving tubes for all. So if you do not swim very well, please do not feel embarrassed. I will give you a tube." While I was wondering if politeness required that we all swim in tubes, Drew declined.

The men went off to one cabana and we girls to another. Mr. K.'s daughter, whose job was running the house, is a very attractive, refined-looking woman with a slim figure and neat brown hair parted in the middle and pulled into a bun in the back. To my great surprise she swam in a red cotton-knit bikini.

For the first time I noticed a security guard. He hovered about ten yards away in a rowboat. Otherwise, I saw no security men anywhere.

It was almost dark. The sea was warm. The moon was coming up. We swam slowly around, relaxing. Mr. K., encased in his tube, kept up a rapid-fire conversation. A plane flew over. He quipped, "I don't think it is a U-2."

Then suddenly he said, "I'm going to show you that I can swim without this tube."

He climbed up on the pier, took off the tube, made a ridiculous dive back into the Black Sea and dog-paddled like mad. By chance I was the closest to the leader of all the Russians, and all I could remember from the lifesaving course I had taken at summer camp was that one should take a firm grip on the hair. Of course there was no hair. Happily, Mr. Khrushchev remained afloat. With great pride he circled around and made it back to the pier.

After our swim we changed and went up to the main house for dinner. Mr. K. seated me on his right, Drew on his left. Helene Khrushchev sat on my right. At everyone's place was a plate of bread, both black and white, a jar of yogurt, a stack of different-sized plates, several forks, a knife, a couple of stemmed glasses. All were of the simplest hotel kind.

The table was covered with food—cold cuts, caviar, cold salmon, sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, a wonderful cold eggplant dish, cottage cheese and assorted cheeses, sardines, mineral water and wine. I was rather horrified when I heard Drew ask for vodka.

Mr. K. said his doctor didn't allow him to have it, but he would make an exception. He added that he was only supposed to eat yogurt and cottage cheese for supper and breakfast, was really allowed only one meal—dinner at noon—but that he was going to celebrate.

A young boy did all the serving. He wore a white shirt, open at the neck, and dark slacks. He brought the vodka. Mr. K. toasted us, and we toasted him. We all toasted peace and friendship.

I soon found that it is not polite to pass things. The trick is to reach and spear; and since the table is covered with several dishes of the same foods placed in strategic spots, this is sensible and easy.

Naturally I made the horrid mistake of thinking the entire supper was already on the table. Then the main dishes started coming—blinis with caviar and sour cream, hot fish, hot chicken. I did get confused. Chin up and carry on. By now we had shifted to Georgian wine, which is as great as advertised, and finally we ended with raspberries and cream, tea and coffee. We started eating at ten o'clock, finished at midnight.

The beds in our dacha were comfortable and covered with white embroidered spreads. The bath was large and luxurious, with a huge tub, good soap, huge bath towels and plenty of linen hand towels, a rubdown table, a hairbrush and a pair of scissors. On the table in the bedroom were a bowl of fresh fruit, with little plates, knives and napkins beside it, and a bottle of mineral water. Our bags were in the room, neatly packed and nothing forgotten.

We were too tired to do anything but fall into bed. An hour or so later I awakened with a frightful pain in the tummy, which I richly deserved. I finally went to sleep early in the morning, thinking how great it was that I could rest the next day while Drew did his writing. At 8:30 there was a bang on the door, and then Victor was at my bedside, shaking me and saying, "Hurry. Get up. Mr. Khrushchev is waiting for you for breakfast."

Mr. K. was so chipper I could hardly bear it. He had on a fresh white Ukrainian blouse embroidered in blue, and blue gabardine slacks to match. Very natty. He said he had had a forty-minute swim before breakfast, that he took a forty-minute swim three times a day.

The table was laid with more or less the same type of cold food, with flowers and candy added. Mr. K. ate his yogurt. I ate my yogurt, wondering if I would live until the tea or coffee came. As people began spearing cold fish, cheese and cucumbers, I tried to keep my eyes on the sea, which was calm. Hot dishes began arriving—sausages, mashed potatoes and a sort of cheese fondue. I asked the daughter how she kept so thin. She replied, "We only have meals like this for guests."

Again we were at the table two hours, and the last thing to come was the tea and coffee. It seemed to me that I could not really be living through this, that I must be dreaming.

There was no hustle and bustle at all during our visit; we could see or hear no telephones, no bells, no secretaries or officials rushing in and out, no guards marching around, no cars dashing through the gate and up the drive. How was it possible? Mr. K. himself was relaxed and hospitable. Even Drew and Mr. Zhukov began to look less harried.

After breakfast we met the grandchildren—two dear little boys who were on their way to the beach with a nurse. Their grandfather called them, but they ran to Mr. K.'s doctor instead.

"That doctor," complained their grandfather, "has been up to bad capitalist tricks. He bribes those children with candy, and I don't know how much longer I am going to put up with it." But he said it with a laugh as the kids finally went to him for a big hug.

A little later I went for a walk along the sea, on a gravel path between beds of beautiful flowers—oleander, hibiscus and tropical plants such as you see in Florida, as well as dahlias, petunias, zinnias and a fascinating pampas grass imported from the Argentine. There were no other houses to be seen, but not far down the coast was a schooner that had deposited a group of kids who were camping on the beach.

Mr. Zhukov had been careful to correct us on the plane trip down when we asked him questions about Mr. Khrushchev's dacha. It is not Mr. Khrushchev's dacha, he explained, but the rest home for the Soviet Presidium, and any member could go with his family. There are three houses with equal facilities for all.

At two P.M. we were back at the table for another feast—more smorgasbord, plus a choice of cold borsch or Georgian soup. I took the latter, which was hot, made with chicken and tasty. It was followed by delicious fresh trout; then a roast of lamb with vegetables. We also were offered a bowl of fresh Boston lettuce.

The boy who served lunch came in to announce that Mr. Mikoyan was on the phone. Mr. K. excused himself, saying that Mr. Mikoyan had just returned from Japan and would have lots of news. This was the only time during our stay that Khrushchev was interrupted by a phone call. He returned in a few minutes and told us that Mr. Mikoyan had reported everything was just great in Japan.

At that point we heard from a distance a noise that sounded like a bomb exploding, or a big clap of thunder. Since there wasn't a cloud in the sky, it couldn't have been thunder, and I asked what it was. Mr. K. said probably it was from our base in Turkey which was just across the Black Sea.

"Maybe they are going to blow us up," he said. "I understand they are having maneuvers over there now."

"Well," I said, "you don't seem very worried."

"I'm not," he replied. "There isn't going to be war."

I can't tell you how many times he said there wasn't going to be war. He really seemed to mean it. It was reassuring.

Since our return everyone has asked me how on earth the conversation kept bubbling for such long periods. I don't know exactly how, but it did. I remember Mr. K.'s explaining why he took his shoe off at United Nations. He said he was banging his fist on the desk when he broke his wrist watch, which made him mad or madder, I guess; so he took off his shoe. He also said that the Spanish ambassador sitting just in front of him seemed scared to death he was going to be hit on his bald head.

We do have to remember that Mr. K. wasn't brought up like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

We told our host we had been impressed by the Moscow elementary school we had visited, where the children did the upkeep. I added there was some feeling in America that Russia's educational system was better in many respects than ours.

Mr. K. said, "We do not think ours is so good. In fact, we are making major changes in it. The biggest change will be that children from the eighth grade up to college will be obliged to have jobs as well as go to school. We think in this way the ones who are not up to going to college will be trained to work, and the ones who are going to college will have learned how to work. It is important to start working habits young."

This certainly sounds like a possible answer to our juvenile-delinquency problem. But think how the unions would squawk!

Drew had almost finished his work. We planned to leave early the next morning. However, it was 9:30 before we assembled at the table, as Mr. K. did not complete his morning swim until then.

The sun was high and bright and just right for my little camera, so I finally got some good pictures. Mr. K. happily posed for me and then bade us farewell with words which I will always remember. "If only your people and my people could be friends. If we could only sign a peace treaty together and stand together, there would never be any war. Because with us together, no one, and I mean no one, would ever dare start one."

Perhaps I am naïve, but I have talked to no one who has been with Mr. Khrushchev who doesn't like him and believe, as I do, that he is really a man of peace. As strongly as Napoleon and Hitler wanted war, Khrushchev wants peace. Peace is essential for the development that he wants for his country, and he knows it. I was shocked and horrified on returning to America to find that most of the cartoonists and headline writers were depicting him as another Hitler. He is obviously not a Hitler. Of course, by then he had started testing the bomb, which was deplorable. He told us he had little choice, because America was increasing the arms to West Germany and NATO. He did not mention his own troubles with the Red Chinese.

My family and friends have accused me of being brainwashed. One friend asked me to leave the house, saying that anyone who could say anything good about that double-crossing s.o.b. who started the Korean War was not welcome. Before leaving the house I proved via the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that Stalin was alive, kicking, and in command at the time of Korea. I began to feel that one first-class controversial character in the family is enough. Drew's fan mail after he merely reported what Khrushchev told him was so vitriolic I couldn't read it. So it was really against my better judgment that I was persuaded to write this report. I hope it will lead to better understanding and no controversy. THE END

NOTE: The skeptical editors of The Post *do not share Mrs. Pearson's estimate of Mr. Khrushchev's peaceful intent. We do share her hope for "better understanding."*

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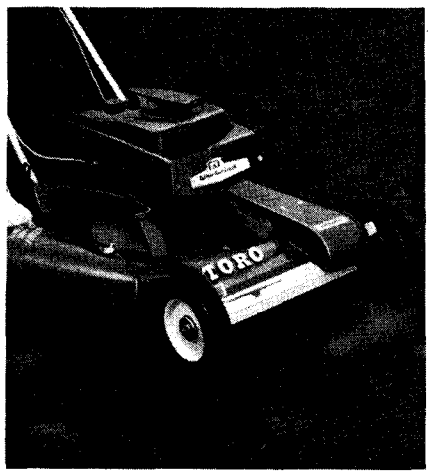
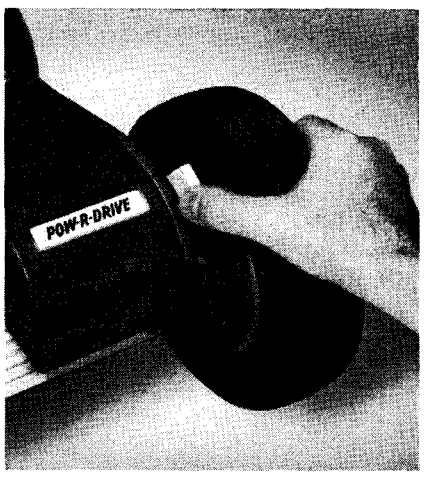
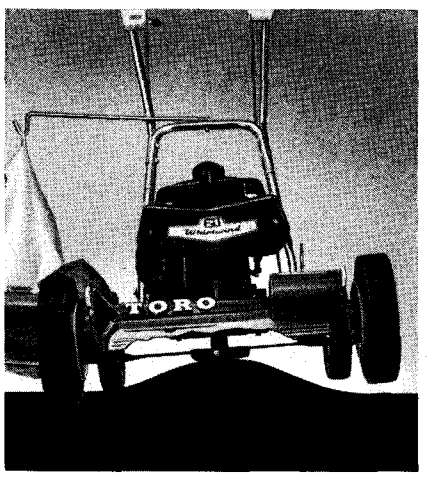


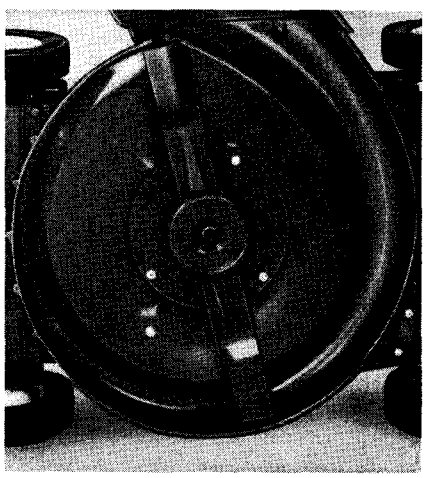
Clip smooth, even on roughest ground?



Adjust height of cut in 30 seconds?

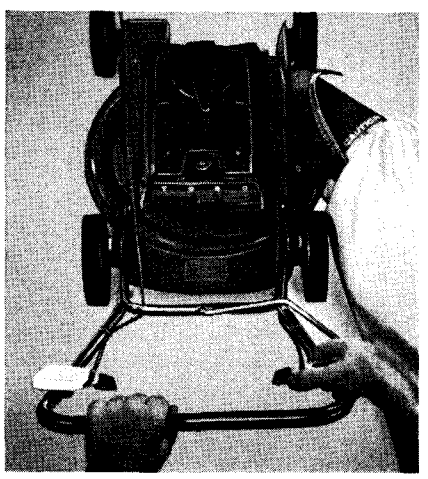


Clear 3 inch bumps without scalping?



Take jolts without breaking parts?

Cut 25,000 sq. feet in just one hour?*

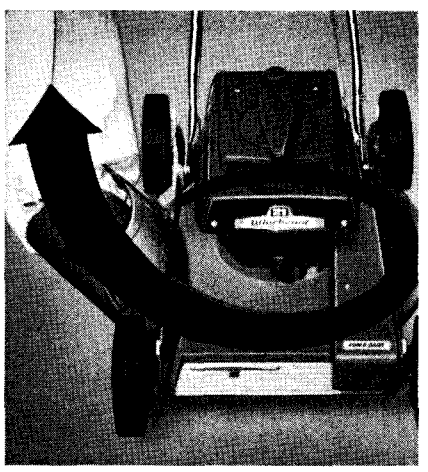


Start motor safely, easily from behind?

Vacuum up leaves, litter, weed seeds?

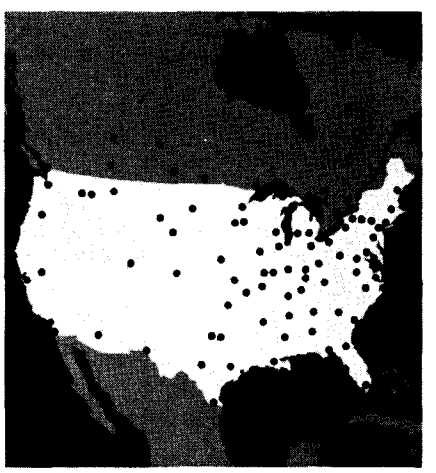
Operate for years without breakdown?

Cut right up to borders, buildings?



Bag grass clippings without clogups?

Meet Am. Standards Assoc. requisites?



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RELUCTANT WARRIOR

continued from page 31

Over the years there'd been a nagging suspicion that her father found him more Abbott than Pepperell; but last Tuesday, after drill, all three Whitakers had sought him out. Their house faced the green and they had called to him as he started home.

"Mother says we'll keep the tea water bubbling if you'd care to stop in these chilly evenings," Priscilla had said.

"Or any time," boomed Mr. Whitaker.

This cordiality had opened the floodgates, and it had been a social triumph. He thought of things to say. He had begged off, of course, and Priscilla's regret had been a touching thing to see.

Why had he begged off? Oh, well, he knew. If they'd talked about the minutemen, he would have had to admit that he hated drilling and hated guns. The approval would have faded away.

But now they would think of him kindly—the late Sam'l Pepperell.

The village was astir with noise and movement. Bells clamored, tireless drums beat out the call to arms. Captain Parker had mustered fifty or sixty men near the meetinghouse. Sam'l cut across to the middle of the street on Whitakers' side, and there was Priscilla, lovely in a crispy apron, silhouetted in her doorway. He would take her in his arms, he decided, and boldly kiss her good-bye. "I'll always love ye, Priscilla," he would say, and she'd have a secret memory to cherish in her sorrow. He had worked it all out and was turning in when a whip cracked and he caught a sharp sting against the seat of his breeches. He whirled in blank surprise. Bram Purdee, the Tory merchant, was fleeing toward Boston with a hasty pile-up of luggage in his one-hoss shay.

"Ye country bumpkin!" Mr. Purdee shouted, red-faced. "Ye'll all hang!"

Paps would have tumbled Mr. Purdee to the roadside and blacked his eye. Paps wouldn't have stopped to think. Sam'l did. It was too humiliating. Then he could only pretend he hadn't seen Priscilla and run on across the green as if eager for the fray. His feet struck a patch of wet, slipped out from under him and he sprawled at Captain Parker's feet.

"Here's a chip off the old block," the captain said, helping him up. "Ran the whole way, Sam'l? Good lad!"

The silence was sudden. Bells stopped. Drums abruptly stilled. Oncoming boots, thudding in cadence broke the frightening hush and out of nowhere a long column of redcoats advanced on the double with bayonets bristling.

"Rebels!" a mounted British officer shouted. "Throw down your arms!"

Nobody knew who fired first—then or ever—but the frozen moment was shattered by a mysterious first shot which brought an instant, point-blank fusillade. Gunsmoke obscured the British faces. Sam'l squared his shoulders, closed his eyes, waited. Turf spat about his boots. Shot-off leaves drifted from overhead. He opened his eyes. Were the fates in error? All about him men were falling. Jonas Parker, the captain's cousin, bravely stood his ground and bravely died.

"Disperse, men!" Captain Parker shouted.

The order inspired instant obedience from all but Sam'l. There was, he felt, some mistake. He put his head down, cradled his musket, and took off toward the red ranks in a frenzy. A bayonet slashed—and missed. British curses echoed in his ears. He plunged on through until suddenly he had sailed over a hedge, and found himself on the Concord road. *'Twill be later in the day, then,* he thought.

A galloping rider thundered up beside him. Reuben Brown of Concord had been sent out to verify rumors; he'd got a shock on a hilltop above the town.

"How many were killed?" he asked.

Sam'l, gasping, held up five fingers, added three more, shrugged. "I shoulda got it myself," he managed to say.

Impulsively Reuben Brown reached down, swung the boy up behind the saddle, and spurred on. Five miles of open road lay before them in a brightening morning; Sam'l hung on for dear life.

"What's your name, lad?"

"Sam'l Pepperell."

"So? Any relation to Major Enoch Pepperell?"

"He's my paps."

"The hell you say!" A new friendliness swept back with the breeze. "Well, don't worry, Sam'l. We'll give you another crack at 'em in Concord. They think we've got the military stores."

"And have ye?"

"'Twill take sharp eyes to find 'em."

Concord streets thronged with volunteers. Reuben Brown reported to a group of officers outside the tavern.

"And here's Enoch Pepperell's boy," he said proudly, bringing Sam'l forward. "This lad already fought at Lexington."

Colonel Brooks of Lincoln held out his hand. "Any relation to Colonel Peter Pepperell who lost a leg at Louisburg?"

"My cousin, sir."

"A brave man. Where is Peter now?"

"Dead, sir. Buried on our farm."

The colonel called to Capt. Thomas Quigley: "Let this lad march with us, captain. If he's half the man Peter was, he'll bring us luck."

"I'm half Abbott ——" Sam'l began.

A frightened plowboy broke through the crowd and stuttered a report. Regulars and grenadiers—hundreds of 'em—were stepping smartly along the Concord road; a mounted British officer had given him a message. "Tell the yokels to lay down their arms or die!" he'd shouted.

"By gar, they're ugly now," the plowboy said.

Officers huddled with the villagers in a quiet debate. The Rev. William Emerson offered to stand in the village and die, if need be, to prove to the world the brutality of a British king.

"Let's take the risk where it counts," Colonel Brooks said wryly. "We'll best guard the military stores if we make a stand at the bridge."

Sam'l leaned on his musket and watched the long columns march away. To his surprise, Captain Quigley came back to get him. "The colonel has an honor for you," the captain said.

Sam'l fell in step. "What is it, sir?"

"He's putting you in the vanguard, right up with him."

Sam'l strode along with purpose as paps had taught him—heel and toe, in splendid military bearing. "Tell me, sir," he said, "this *is* April nineteenth, ain't it?"

"Right you are, lad. A day we'll remember, eh?"

"Many people will," Sam'l said.

The company had halted in an open field, on the near side of a ridge, concealed from the bridge. Men were shouting angrily: "They've fired the town!" Sam'l was escorted to an honored position near Colonel Brooks. Billows of

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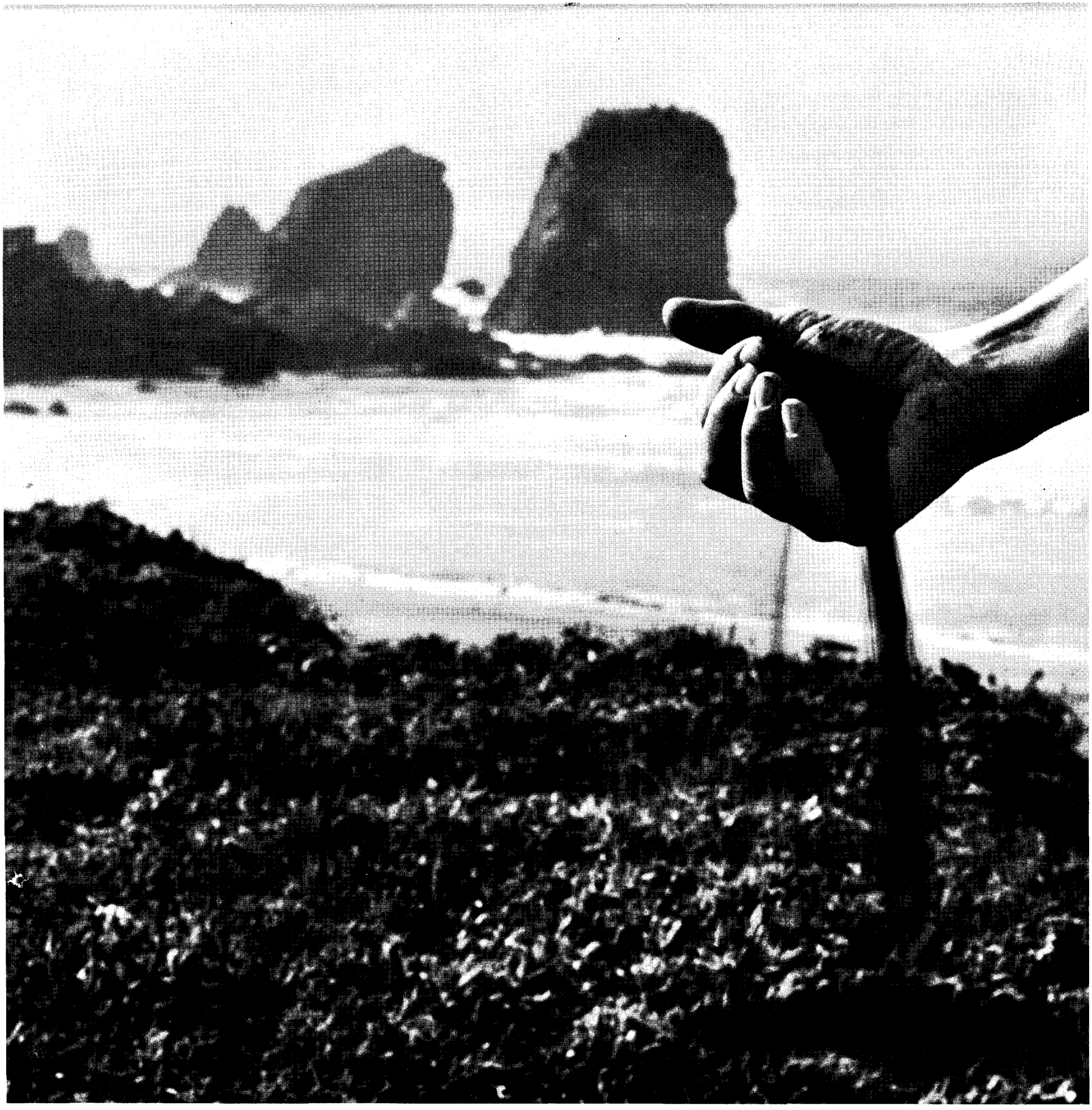

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. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

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WARRIOR smoke rose above Concord. Sam'l snapped to order with the others and then, amid shrilling fifes and beating drums, he marched into the full view of the waiting British.

A young British officer was trying to tear up the planks of the bridge. "That's our property," the men shouted, and dust spurted at the officer's feet.

"Take cover, men!" Colonel Brooks ordered. All did but Sam'l. Men scattered to wall, ditch and fence corner. Across the way the king's troops executed a complex maneuver, and the front ranks knelt and fired. Sam'l, alone on the causeway, squared his shoulders, closed his eyes and waited.

"Pepperell, you idiot! Come down here!" A sharp blow to the midriff sat Sam'l down hard, with legs widespread. A spent one-ounce ball had bounced off the walnut handle of the horse pistol and sailed away into the blue. Sam'l studied the dent and wondered what paps would say. Strong arms picked him up. "Use a little sense." The captain's tone was edged with admiration as he swung Sam'l into the ditch.

It was bedlam. He lay with his head down, waiting, until a man said harshly, "They've hit Quigley." Sam'l crawled back up again. It was a horror. He stood up. Redcoats, too, lay sprawled along the roadside. How could this be, and himself unscathed?

The British were in retreat. They were quick to learn lessons from the colonials, and now, as they took to wall and fence corner, Sam'l saw a musket leveled at him from behind a rail fence. *This is it*, he thought. But he felt nothing, neither anxiety nor fear. This, then, was the secret that brave men knew—a sense of eternal safety. Pvt. Sam'l Pepperell moved on toward the leveled musket while another part of him, a disembodied being, at one with earth, sky, the dying, the dead—and Captain Quigley—in perfect calm and unafraid, waited for the end. Or was it over? He bit a knuckle to make sure he was still alive. Ah, yes, and it was good to be alive. Then what was he doing here? He turned to run.

The blast struck his cheek and he went down screaming, "Ma, oh, ma!" In the gathering darkness he saw the glitter of the stream and crawled toward it. Then he plunged his head into the coolness, and a thread of pain flashed from ear to his jawline, and the river's silvery ripples gradually turned red. It was twilight now and a white-haired old man split a rock for an exact level. "Build thee a symbol of spiritual safety, Sam'l, for the end is inevitable. Do thy work well and live in peace," he said.

Death was a realm of sweet night air and pain and fever; it was sturdy arms lifting him into April sunlight and slow wheels turning; it was the rustle of linsey-woolsey and soft kisses on his other cheek; it was paps's hard hand gripping his own and the incredible words: "So ye fought at Lexington *and* Concord. We're that proud!"

He roused on a summery day to see forsythia in a bowl on the window bench and ma knitting in her rocking chair beside him. "What is the date, ma?" a weak voice asked.

Instantly gentle hands smoothed his forehead. "Why, it's May twenty-third, Sam'l, dear," ma said.

"I've lived past the day I died," he said.

"He's still delirious," ma said when Prudence came in with a cup of broth. Ma held him, and Prudence spooned the broth. Prudence was sad, with tears held back, because young men who had come acourting would never come again. Hiram Winthrop was dead—and Samuel Hadley and a hundred more. But ah, the vengeance! Three thousand colonials, rising from the very furrows, had sent the British army reeling to Boston in defeat.

"They ran a gantlet the whole way," ma said. "And it served them right."

"Why, ma!"

She traced the healing scar on Sam'l's cheek. The British ball that took his ear lobe, and slashed his cheek, had also poisoned his blood. Ma would never forgive them. She sounded like a Pepperell. "We rose to our own defense," she said, "and every night I thank God for my brave son."

"I keep having queer dreams," Sam'l murmured.

On a warm Sunday he roused to find around his bed his sisters, ma, paps and the Whitakers—and Priscilla! "I'm not

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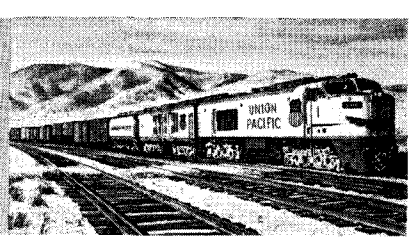

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dying after all," he tried to say, but words wouldn't come.

"Ye have been greatly honored, Sam'l," paps said gravely, putting on his spectacles. "In church this morning the Reverend Timothy Lane read an account written for the Harvard historians. This is the paragraph about you."

Eight women gazed with shining pride on the only son, the only brother, as paps read from a document:

Young Sam'l Pepperell reached Lexington Green a few moments before the British on that momentous dawn, April 19, 1775. Though eight men were killed and fourteen wounded, Sam'l stood his ground until ordered to disperse, whereupon he boldly charged into the enemy ranks. After dodging bayonets and eluding point-blank fire, seething with outrage and eager to fight again, he begged a ride to Concord with Reuben Brown, the saddler. During the skirmish at Concord Bridge, Pepperell again made a lone, defiant stand thus becoming—according to the Rev. William Emerson—a symbol of the embattled farmer defying the brutal British army. Pepperells have served with the local militia since 1642.

Paps waved the document. "This goes into the family Bible," he announced.

"'Twill match any exploit ye've got," ma said, and seven straw-blond heads nodded and Charity said, "Amen."

Priscilla's face was within a breath of his own. "Oh, Sam'l," she said, glowing, "and to think I was a witness. And papa too."

Mr. Whitaker, behind her, was misty-eyed.

Sam'l rocked up on his elbows. "I've got to talk to paps alone," he said hoarsely, and when the door had closed on the last of them, the lingering Abigail, he said, "Paps, don't put those lies into the Bible."

"Lies? What modesty is this? Yer a legend, lad. Yer like all the Pepperells. Ye've a spine o' Pepperell iron!"

"But I *ran*."

Paps stared as if he'd taken leave of reason.

"No, paps, truly. I ran all day long." Sam'l described the vision at the burying ground. "And it wasn't a prophecy, don't you see? I was scared barmy, that's all."

"No, no. Ye conquered fear."

"Paps, I never even fired my musket."

Paps put his spectacles away. "Ye mean . . . ye stood around waiting to be shot?"

"That's about it, sir."

Paps's shoulders slumped. After a long, dreary silence at the window he said, "My friend Major General Israel Putnam is in Cambridge now. I hear he wants to fortify Bunker Hill before the British do."

He came back to the bed and went on, gravely: "Ye lived when the doctors said ye couldn't. There must be a reason. If ye still wonder about yerself there'll be other tests."

He closed the door firmly behind him.

On a warm June morning—the fourteenth, Gran'pa Abbott's birthday—Sam'l walked to the burying ground with an armful of flowers, carrying a walking stick inherited from the late Lt. Tupman Pepperell, who died while holding off Indians to let the womenfolk escape.

After arranging the bouquet in a bowl on Gran'pa Abbott's grave, Sam'l moved on to read the other Abbott names nearby. They were uncles, aunts, cousins—gentle, kindly folk who had died in bed. His toe nudged an empty pottery jar, and he decided, in fairness, that he would make a bouquet for Gran'pa Pepperell too. When he had made an even division, he stepped back to study the effect.

"Sam'l," a male voice said, "the death rate on this earth is very high. It is one out of one—whether ye die in bed or in battle. And the secret that brave men know is this: Ye recognize the risks and do what ye must." And who had spoken? Pvt. Sam'l Pepperell, that's who.

He sighted along his wall and caressed it, warm in the summery weather. Why, when new generations were upon the earth—when all now living had died in bed or in battle—his walls would stand in testimony to his skill and dedication, and the word would go down to people yet unborn: *That's a Sam'l Pepperell wall!*

He swung the stick and took long strides. Paps was whittling on the back stoop. He'd not sit whittling for long.

"Ma!" Sam'l called up the stairs. "Send down some women to pack up gear and rations. I hear General Putnam needs a mason with a musket at a place called Bunker Hill." There was much fluttering of linsey-woolsey. "And hurry," Sam'l shouted, "I want to see Priscilla before I go."

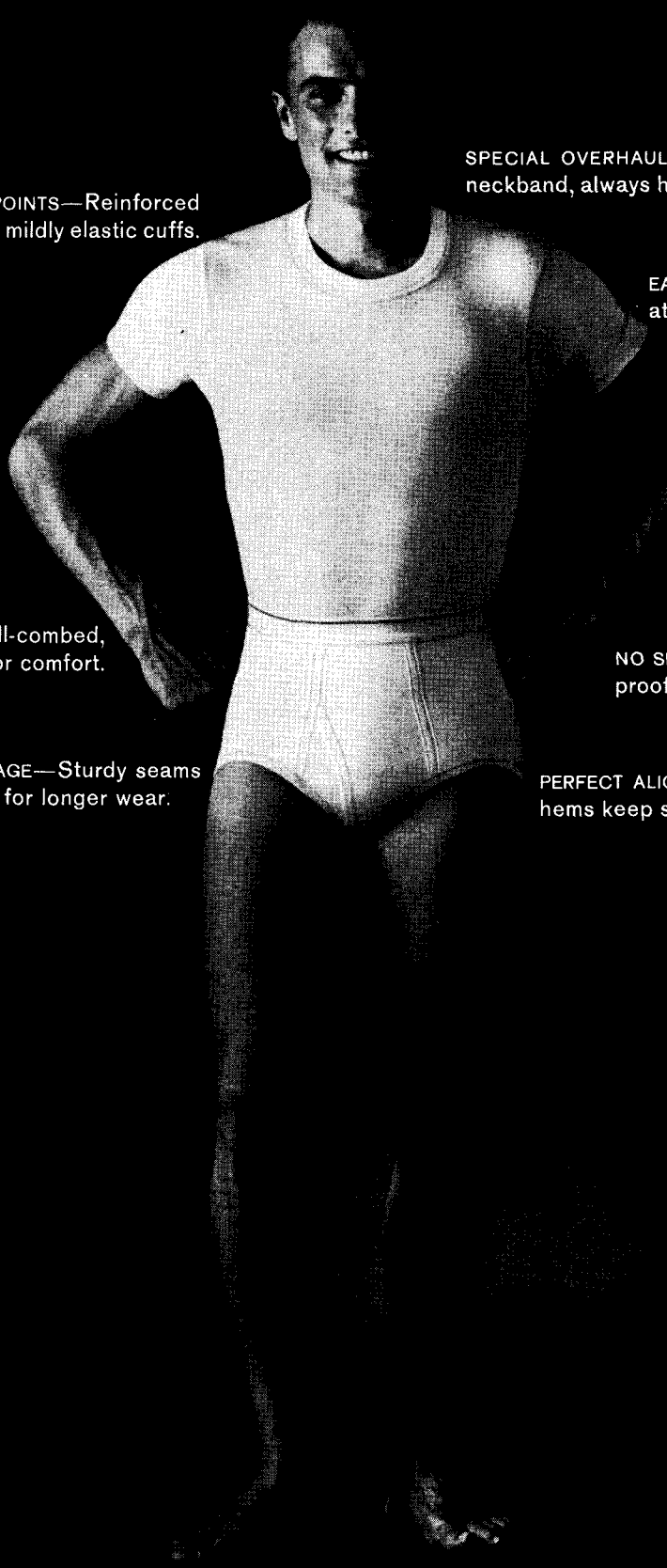
Paps was standing in the doorway with his arms spread wide.

"Ye see, Sam'l," he exulted. "Yer a Pepperell, through and through."

"Oho, no, yer wrong, paps," Sam'l said and bumped his own chest with a stiff forefinger. "*Sam'l Abbott Pepperell*—that's me."

THE END

CHECK UP, SPRUCE UP, FOR SPRING!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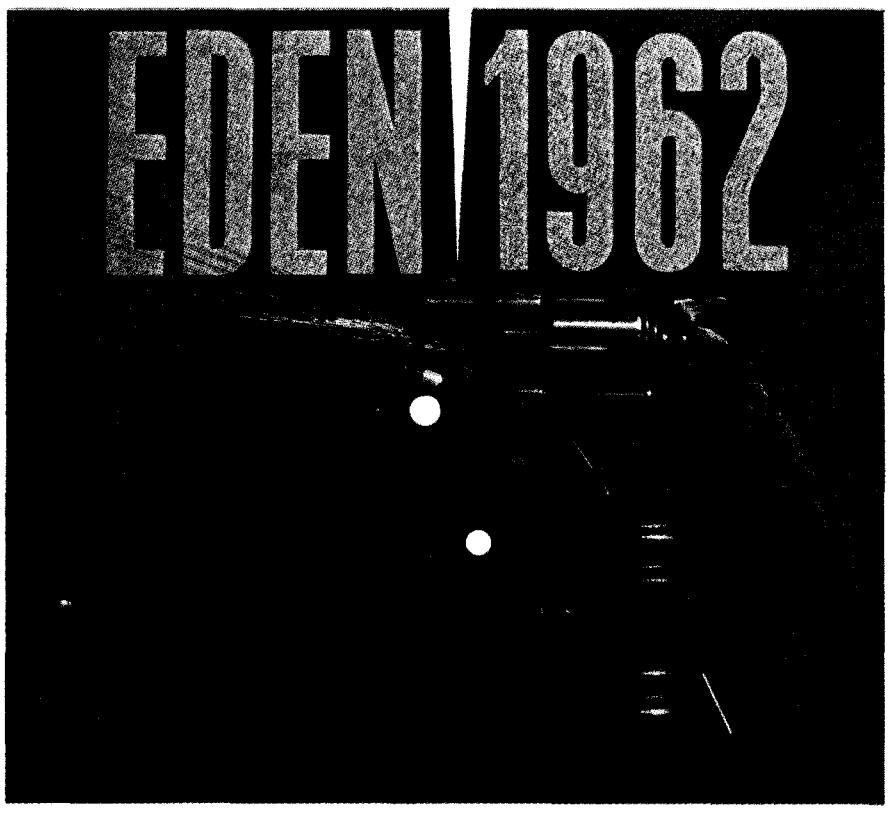
HALLIDAY MIGHT BE KILLED IF HE TOLD THE TRUE STORY OF THE VALLEY. PART FOUR BY DICK PEARCE



Criminal lawyer Lee Halliday went to Mara Valley under orders from California's attorney general to investigate a mysterious conspiracy that prevented outsiders from settling in the area. When shapely Anita Stillman invited Halliday to a party at her house, he became embroiled in an angry exchange with Hugh Trock, son of the valley's leading citizen. The next morning District Attorney Paul Pinkley called Halliday with the news that Anita Stillman had been found dead, asphyxiated by the exhaust fumes of her car. Pinkley gave the newspapers an account of the death that implied Halliday had driven the girl to suicide. The lawyer urged Sheriff Joe Schmidt to look for more evidence, arguing that Anita Stillman had been murdered.

At the coroner's inquest Halliday tried to speak, but the coroner silenced him, and Pinkley called Hugh Trock to the stand.

Hughie came slowly forward. Halliday looked at his watch, beginning to feel a gnaw of worry. Pinkley was ramming this thing along at an even faster pace than he had expected.

"Mr. Trock," said Pinkley, "will you give us your full name for the record, please."

"Hugh Trock."

"You knew the deceased, Anita Stillman?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Several years. At least six."

"Did there come a time when she and you began to go together?"

"Yes."

"And did there come a time when you began to go together more or less regularly?"

"Yes."

Hughie was sitting stiffly, his face still solemn. Pinkley said, "You and I discussed at great length whether you had a duty to testify here, didn't we?"

"Yes."

"And I convinced you that you had an obligation to do so, even though some of your testimony might be of a personal and embarrassing nature?"

"Yes."

"You are not a hostile witness but a very reluctant one. Is that it?"

"That's it."

Halliday could see Hughie begin to relax. His facial muscles smoothed out; his expression grew confident.

Pinkley went on, "You liked and respected Miss Stillman tremendously, didn't you?"

"Indeed I did."

"Right to the very end of her life?"

"Certainly."

"Did you and she at any time contemplate marriage?"

"We did not."

"Perhaps you should explain that."

"Well, we enjoyed each other's company very much, but we both recognized we were temperamentally unsuited for marriage to each other."

"I see. Now, directing your attention to last Thursday, March the twenty-second. Did you see Miss Stillman?"

"Yes. She came up from San Francisco to the Stillman farmhouse, and we went out together that evening."

"Did anything unusual occur?"

"Well, she was very keyed up and unhappy. She was receiving psychiatric therapy, you know. It seemed to me she had been worse for the last few weeks. I thought maybe we weren't good for each other while she was in this state. So I suggested we not see each other for a while."

"Let me be sure I understand this. You were not suggesting that the two of you break up?"

"Indeed not!"

"You meant that you should not see each other for a matter of a few weeks, perhaps a month?"

"That's right."

"Did she agree?"

"No," said Hughie sadly. "It was a mistake on my part. It made things worse."

Pinkley shook his head sympathetically. "Then what happened?"

"Well, nothing that day. But the next day, Friday, was warm and nice, you'll remember. She phoned and suggested a barbecue. I felt I shouldn't say no. But I asked her to invite the Spencers too, thinking they would be a quieting influence."

"Was anyone else invited?"

An interruption prevented Trock's answer. A man wearing a deputy-sheriff's badge strode in and spoke in rapid whispers to Sheriff Schmidt. The sheriff gave Halliday a reproachful look, got to his feet and hurried out. The deputy, following, stopped when a front-row spectator grabbed his coat and asked in an audible whisper, "What's up?" The deputy whispered his reply, grinning.

Pinkley waited out the interruption patiently, then said, "I believe I asked you, Mr. Trock, whether anyone else was invited."

Hughie looked down at Halliday. "I wouldn't say invited, exactly. Lee Halliday came to my office while Miss Stillman was there and put her in a position where she couldn't say no to him."

Pinkley put a scornful stare on Halliday, letting time stretch out until Halliday knew the whole courtroom was looking at him. "You're speaking of the Lee Halliday who sits there? The same man who tried a few minutes ago to disrupt this proceeding?"

"The same man."

"Thank you. And he was at the party that evening?"

"He was."

"Now, during the course of that party ——" Pinkley paused, annoyed; the spectator who had stopped the deputy sheriff and several near him were leaving the courtroom, and none too quietly. Not until complete silence returned did Pinkley resume, "During the course of the party did you and Lee Halliday come to blows?"

"Well, he was insulting and quarrelsome and ——"

"Just a minute, Mr. Trock," broke in Pinkley. "Such a characterization of Halliday's conduct is an opinion on your part, and we must deal here with facts, not opinions. . . . Mr. Coroner, even though further testimony might show that the witness's remark was accurate and justified, I'm afraid I must ask that it be stricken."

"All right, Mr. Pinkley."

Pinkley shot Halliday another look of sour glee. The look said, "Oh, this is delicious, Halliday. See how righteously I'm observing the forms while cutting your silly throat?" Halliday grinned back at him. But not Lois Dupree. That quick flush was again in her cheeks; it was the flush of indignation.

To the witness Pinkley said, "Just tell us whether or not you came to blows."

"That's right, we did."

"Then what happened?"

"Nobody was hurt, if that's what you mean. I told him to get out, and he did. But the whole thing left Anita—Miss Stillman—violently upset."

"I see. Now, what time did the party break up?"

"The Spencers went home a little before 11:30. Right after that Miss Stillman drove me home. Or almost home, I should have said."

"You didn't have your own car?"

"No. I had left it in town to have a little work done on it."

"You said Miss Stillman drove you almost home. What did you mean by that?"

"Well, as I said, she was very overwrought. The minute we got in the car she started talking about how everything was a mess—the party was a mess, she was a mess, the world was a mess. She said I was right, that we shouldn't see each other for a while. I agreed, and that was when she blew up. We were just turning into our lane—the Trock lane, that is. She stopped the car and said that if that was the way I felt, I could walk the rest of the way home."

"And did you walk the rest of the way home?"

"Yes," said the witness sorrowfully. "I know now that I shouldn't have left her alone. But I didn't realize —— You see, I didn't know she had tried suicide before. If I had known that, and if I had known the full story of why having Lee Halliday in her house was so upsetting to her ——"

Hughie's voice trailed off. Pinkley let the silence stretch out before he said, "And that was the last time you saw Miss Stillman alive?"

"Yes. The last time."

"Thank you, Mr. Trock. That will be all. . . . Will George Spencer take the stand, please."

Sheriff Schmidt strode back into the courtroom and straight to Pinkley. He spoke in a loud, rapid whisper, interrupted at intervals by sharp questions from Pinkley. Pinkley's face gradually darkened with rage. His eyes settled balefully on Halliday before he swung around to the bench.

"Mr. Coroner, the thing we might have expected has happened. This contemptible San Francisco lawyer has set up one of his razzle-dazzle diversions out in the street to destroy the purpose and solemnity of this proceeding. I ask that the sheriff be instructed to take Lee Halliday into custody!"

Halliday jumped forward and planted himself at Pinkley's side. The

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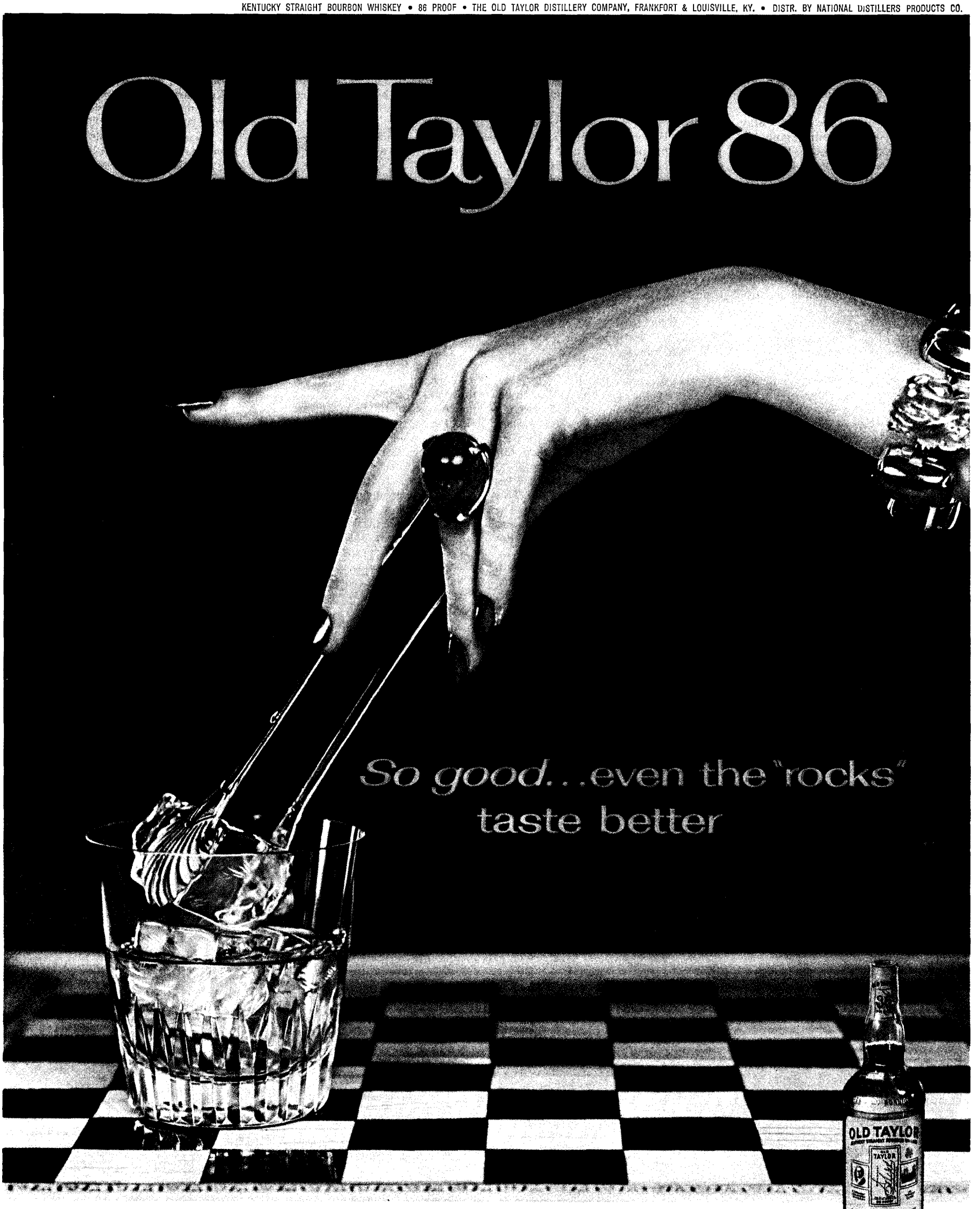

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EDEN little coroner reached for his gavel, but Halliday was quicker. He swept the gavel from the bench with one arm, at the same time swinging to face the courtroom. "I ask this jury," h cried, "to go out to the street and see how Anita Stillman was murdered!"

Pinkley thundered at the jurors, "Stay where you are! There's nothing going on in the street except the senseless killing of a hawk and some white mice." He swung to Schmidt, "Arrest him, Joe!"

Halliday made his voice quiet. "Why was the garden hose chopped off at both ends, sheriff? That's what my little exhibit out in the street explains."

"Damn you, Joe," roared Pinkley, "I said arrest him! Take him out of here!"

Schmidt said, "I think the jury'd better go look, Mr. Pinkley. It won't hurt anything."

Pinkley turned raging to the bench. But Coroner Shaw was staring in fascination at the racing pencils of the reporters. Pinkley stared at them too, the brown mottles on his cheeks standing forth as vivid blotches. One of the reporters jumped to his feet and hurried out. The others looked at one another, then rushed after him. The crowd followed, joined by the jurors.

"Round two, Pinkley," said Halliday softly. "Only round two." Then he, too, strode out and down the stairs.

Schmidt caught up with him as he emerged on the courthouse steps. "When this is over," muttered Schmidt, "I *am* going to arrest you. You had no business breaking into the Stillman garage and taking that car."

"It's not Anita's car," said Halliday. "It's a twin of hers. We scoured half the used-car lots in San Francisco to find it."

"Who's we?"

"Never mind. Stay close to me."

It was the car parked next to Halliday's own. Halliday could not hear its engine, though he knew it was idling. A large crowd pressed close to it, those nearest peering through its windows, heedless of the warning crayoned on its windshield: DANGER! POISON GAS INSIDE! STAY BACK! Two youths had climbed atop Halliday's car, and the deputy sheriff was yelling at them to get off. Schmidt and Halliday pushed through to him.

The deputy said, "That ol' hawk just died. He put up a real fight, though. Chased them mice and beat at the windows till he couldn't stand up no more."

Halliday looked into the car. The beautiful Cooper's hawk lay dead on the front seat, its body canted so that it rested on one pinion, its cruel beak pulled in against its breast. Dead white mice lay on the front seat and floor and on the back seat and floor.

Halliday turned away, more than a little sickened by what he had had to do. For this was the second hawk he had destroyed in this fashion. He had bought a pair of them from a pet-store owner, routing the man out on Sunday to make the purchase. Then he had tried this deadly experiment with the first hawk, for he had to be certain his theory was correct, and he had to find out how quickly the carbon monoxide killed. The pet-store owner had been reluctant to lose his hawks, offering parakeets or macaws instead, but Halliday had insisted; he had wanted the dramatic impact of a rapacious fighter surrendering helplessly to the unseen killer. Now he wished he had taken some other bird.

He searched the crowd until he found one of the jurors, called the man to him and went around with Schmidt to the back of the car. Squatting there, he pointed to a green garden hose thrust into the chrome tail pipe of the exhaust. The rest of the hose disappeared beneath the car. He pulled the hose out of the tail pipe, then pushed it in again slowly.

"You'll notice," he said, "that it wouldn't fit if we hadn't cut the brass coupling off the end of the hose."

The girl who expects opportunity to knock may not understand the meaning of a whistle.

Hal Chadwick

The juror asked, "Where does the other end go?"

"Ah," said Halliday. "It's thrust up a short drain hose that's connected to the car's heater system. The drain hose is there to drain off rain, and it's located just forward of and below the dashboard. Right now, with the heater open, the engine running and the hot-air blower on, carbon monoxide is being sucked from the exhaust through the garden hose, up the drain hose, through the heater system and into the car's interior." Halliday turned to Schmidt. "If you'll get under there and look, sheriff, you'll see that we had to cut the brass coupling off that end too, before we could push it up the drain hose."

Schmidt was still suspicious. "That's the same color garden hose that we found at Anita's car."

"But not the same hose, sheriff." Halliday stepped to his own car, pulled out a tarpaulin and a handful of clean rags and handed the tarp to Schmidt. "Here. Spread this, then get under the car and look. Jerk the garden hose out of the drain hose."

Schmidt obeyed. His voice came muffled from beneath the car. "O.K. It's out."

"Good. Just let it drop to the pavement and come on out."

Halliday returned to the back of the car, again with the juror at his side. Holding the garden hose firmly planted in the tail pipe with one hand, he pulled the free end of the hose to him with the other. Then he carried the free end around to the right side of the car, fishing a key from his pocket. He unlocked the right-front door, being careful to hold his head low and away. Those nearest him pushed back quickly. He opened the car door, reached around with his left hand and cranked the wing window open a little less than an inch. As he closed the car door, making certain it locked, a murmur of voices told him some of the crowd anticipated what he was going to do next. He forced the end of the hose into the wing-window aperture, sealed off the aperture with the rags and stepped back.

A shout told him the crowd had grasped the meaning of his lethal charade. Equally important, he thought wryly, it had enjoyed the show and so approved of him. He searched over the throng until he found Sue standing a little apart. She was staring wide-eyed at him.

"That's not all of it?" said Schmidt. He seemed anxiously hopeful that Halliday was holding something back.

"That's all," said Halliday shortly. "And that's enough."

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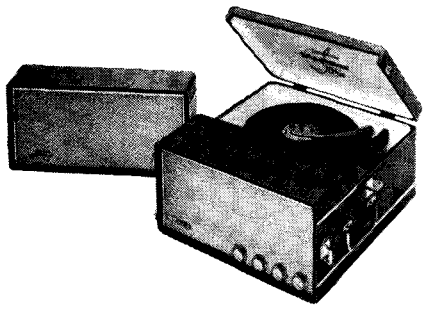

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"But you only showed what could happen, not what did happen."

"No. I showed how it happened. The rest is up to you."

"Now wait a minute ——"

Schmidt was interrupted by the strong voice of Pinkley, calling angrily to him, "Sheriff, get the jurors back to the courtroom. The circus is over."

Schmidt half turned to obey, his eyes wretchedly uncertain. He swung back to Halliday. "Pinkley's plenty sore at me. They all will be now. Damn you, Halliday, I thought you really had something this time."

"Go on and crawl back to them," snapped Halliday. "They'll take you back, because they'll know you'll never dare act like a man again. Lois Dupree will know it too."

He thought for a moment the big man was going to hit him. Then Schmidt wheeled and strode rapidly away. Halliday returned to the courtroom.

Somebody had done a good job of bucking up Coroner Shaw. He glared around the courtroom before declaring confidently, "Mr. District Attorney, this hearing is resumed. Call your next witness. And if there's another disturbance, even a little one, somebody's going to find himself behind bars so quickly his head will swim."

"You have just seen," rumbled Pinkley, "a typical performance by a big-city criminal lawyer of notorious reputation. It was entertaining. It was spectacular. And it was an utter, unspeakable outrage. There's not a shred of evidence in this record to support a hypothesis of murder by that means or any other means. I'm going to have a great deal to say later to and about Lee Halliday. But my first duty here is to present the facts. I now present to you the evidence demonstrating clearly the suicide of this unfortunate girl. . . . Will Miss Sue Stillman please stand forth as a witness!"

Sue rose and made the long journey to the witness chair, her face white and still. She spoke an inaudible "I do" to the witness's oath.

"You," began Pinkley kindly, "are the daughter of Harvey Stillman?"

"Yes."

"And the younger sister of the late Anita Stillman?"

"Yes."

"Your family maintains homes in both San Francisco and the Mara Valley. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Just try to relax a little more, Miss Stillman. You are among friends. You know that, don't you?"

Sue's eyes searched around the courtroom. They settled on Lois Dupree, and some message that passed between them caused her to shift deeper into the witness chair. Her eyes moved on to Halliday. The stiffness went out of her lips and her shoulders. "Yes," she said, her eyes still fastened on Halliday.

"Miss Stillman, you are aware of the tentative finding of suicide in the death of your sister?"

"I am, yes."

"You are also, as I understand it, here speaking not only for yourself but for your mother and father?"

"That's right."

"Now, Miss Stillman, I call your attention to an evening in your San Francisco home approximately ten months ago. On this occasion your parents and you went to a concert, but your sister Anita stayed home. Do you recall this?"

"Yes."

"And when you and your parents returned home, you found your sister unconscious on a living-room couch, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You tried to awaken her and found you could not?"

Again Sue looked at Halliday. "Yes," she said.

"And the reason you could not was because she had attempted to take her own life with sleeping pills. Is that correct?"

"*No!*"

The big courtroom grew still. Coroner Shaw looked down at the witness in gaping surprise.

"No?" said Pinkley. He was too old a courtroom campaigner to show surprise. His eyes moved speculatively from Halliday to Sue. "Perhaps you didn't understand the question, Miss Stillman. I said the reason you could not awaken your sister was because she had attempted suicide. Isn't that true?"

"No," said Sue. She was breathing strongly again; her voice was firm. "She had not attempted suicide. She had pretended suicide."

"What! What do you mean by *pretended* suicide?"

"I mean she pretended to kill herself to get even with mommy." Sue sat forward in the chair again; the words tumbled out. "They had been quarreling, and Anita was upset and angry. That's why she wouldn't go to the concert. She wanted to hurt mommy. But she only took three sleeping pills, because she knew that taking only three wasn't really dangerous. And that's why we knew she wasn't really trying to kill herself. When the doctor came he said ——"

"Miss Stillman!" Pinkley's thunder silenced her. He stared again at Halliday before he turned to the bench. "Mr. Coroner, this witness has been induced to change her story! Under the tragic circumstances that brought us all here, I am reluctant to press her. But justice requires it. I am compelled to claim surprise just as I would in a trial court and to cross-examine her as a hostile witness."

"Very well," said the coroner.

Pinkley made his voice coldly impersonal, "Miss Stillman, did you not telephone from San Francisco late in the day on Saturday last and hold a conversation with me about an attempted suicide by your sister Anita?"

"I did, but ——"

"Miss Stillman! I want just 'yes' or 'no' answers, if you please. And immediately before you talked to me, did you not telephone to Sheriff Schmidt sitting over there and hold a similar ——"

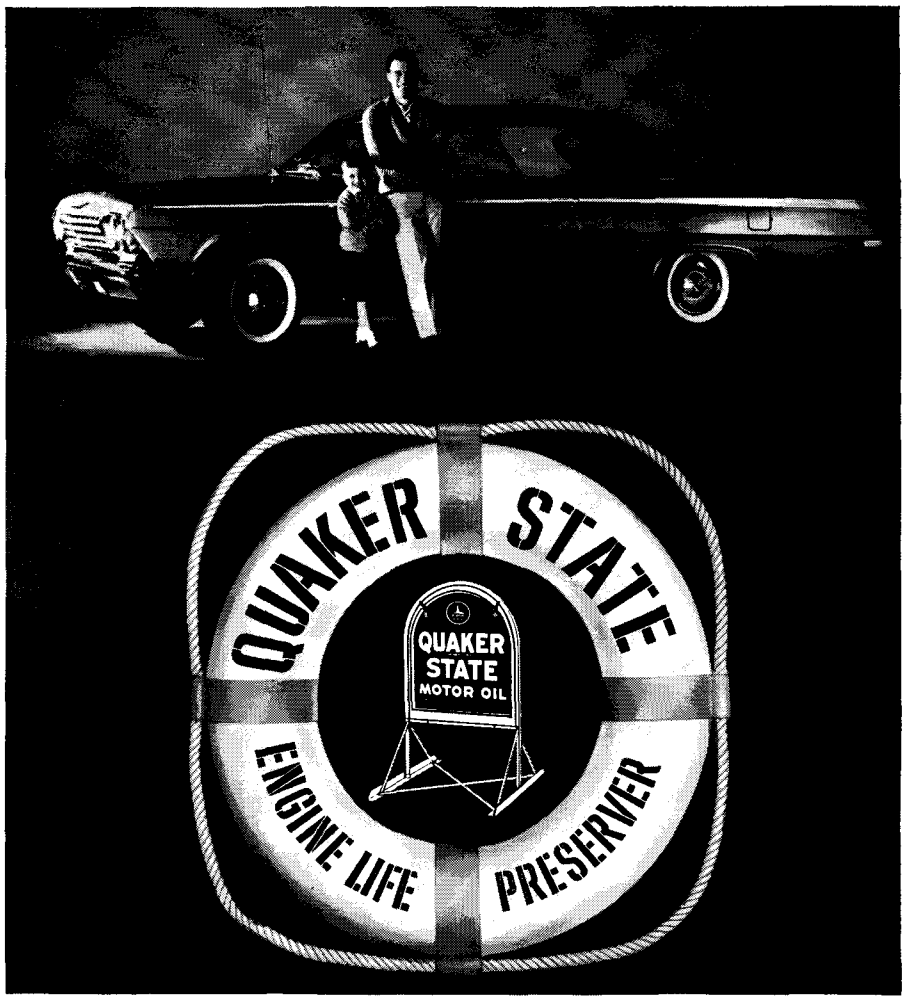
Pinkley stopped suddenly. He had turned as he spoke and pointed to the chair where Schmidt had been sitting. But Schmidt was not there. The deputy sheriff occupied the seat. Pinkley hesitated, strode to the deputy and asked in a loud whisper, "Where's Schmidt?"

The deputy replied conversationally, "Went out to the Stillman place."

Pinkley came slowly back to the bench, his head bent in thought. Time. Pinkley had to have time to think and maneuver. So Halliday was not surprised when Pinkley lifted his head and said, "Mr. Coroner, the sheriff has taken leave of us without my knowledge. His presence is required here. I suggest we recess this proceeding until the afternoon."

"Certainly, Mr. District Attorney." Shaw tapped his gavel. "This hearing stands recessed until two o'clock."

Halliday moved to intercept Sue as she left the witness chair, but the newspaper



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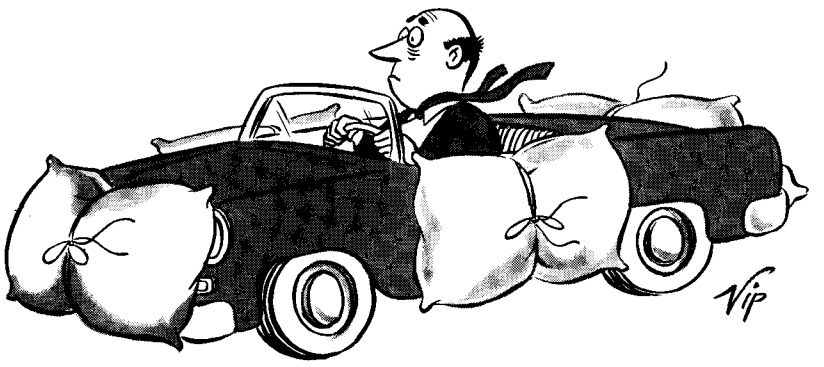

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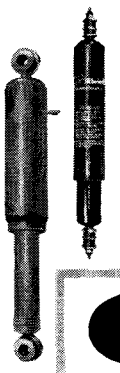

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EDEN reporters surrounded him with eager questions.

When they finished with him, Sue was gone. He hurried out and knew a sudden happiness when he found her waiting for him on the courthouse steps. He took her hand, smiling down at her. She smiled back, though she was exhausted and still deeply troubled.

"You were very brave," he said.

"No. I was very frightened. And now I'll never know whether I could have gone through with it. Telling a lie under oath, I mean."

He took her arm reassuringly. "Can you manage some lunch?"

She nodded. They went down the steps and the walk. Sue stopped, gazing ahead, and shuddered. The twin of Anita's car was still there. So was a crowd that included the deputy sheriff. Halliday went to the man and handed him the car key.

"Get this thing away from here, will you?" said Halliday. "I'll square it with you later."

He returned to Sue, and they walked toward the inn. Sue said with sudden anxiety, "Lee, are you sure Anita didn't do the same thing again? I mean, maybe she was pretending suicide a second time, and things got out of hand and—and that's how she died."

"I'm sure." He snapped his fingers. "Of course! That's what you first thought had happened when you didn't find a note, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and —— Well, if Hughie—somebody—murdered Anita by running that hose into the car heater, why didn't the car run off the road and into something when Anita lost consciousness?"

"Because he was at the wheel when she died. And also, most probably, the car was parked at the time. Right where you found it and Anita next morning."

"But the gas would have killed him too!"

"No. No problem there. He could have managed in any of several ways. My guess is that he used some kind of small air or oxygen tank hidden directly behind the driver's seat, with a small tube to his mouth controlled by his left hand."

"But wouldn't Anita have noticed?"

"No. It was dark, and Anita was drowsy. She had been sipping that liqueur all evening—enough to make her sleepy by that hour."

Sue said, "Hughie's a scuba diver! He would know about air tanks."

He nodded, saying absently, "Scuba diving and sports-car racing. Two dangerous sports. Hughie Trock is trying to prove something to somebody. When I understand what and why, I'll be a lot further along in proving he murdered Anita."

"Lee—are you sure somebody else couldn't have done it?"

"Hughie murdered her," said Halliday emphatically.

"How awful! And do you know Hughie lied when he testified? About Anita's emotional troubles being worse, I mean. She had been getting better for months and months."

"Hughie," said Halliday dryly, "was a well-coached witness. Which reminds me, he testified he had known Anita for some six years, but I gather they didn't go steadily until fairly recently. Do you know why?"

"Hughie was still married. I think his divorce became final only about a year ago."

"Who was his wife?"

"I never knew her. A Mara girl, I think."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Which one got the divorce?"

"She did. It wasn't contested. No children or anything to fight about."

"How long were they married?"

"Gee, I don't know that either. You see, I was off at college most of that time. Is she important?"

"Could be. I think Hughie lied about something else too. I think Anita told him on Thursday night—the night before he killed her—that she was breaking up with him."

"Oh! Do you? Then why did she have him at our house on Friday ni——" She stopped. "But I know the answer to that! Anita could never have been unkind. If he insisted on a final date on Friday, she could never have said no to him." She looked up at Halliday, her eyes horrified. "Lee, do you think ——" she began, then stopped.

Halliday answered the unfinished question. "Yes, I think she was afraid he would try to kill her. That's why she had

In the next Post

THE NEXT BEST THING

a story by N. J. Crisp

the Spencers. That's why she had me. And stupid idiot that I was, I didn't realize it at the time."

They reached the inn. He checked at the desk for messages, found none and started to excuse himself to go briefly to his room.

"May I come up too?" said Sue.

He looked at her in surprise, puzzled by something in her voice. "Certainly," he said.

When the door of his room closed behind them, Sue walked straight to him. She raised her mouth and kissed him. "Later would be too late," she said. "I had to thank you now."

He reached for her and brought her against him. Her lips were sweet and eager, her whole body responsive. He held her away from him, and they looked at each other, their eyes sharing the delight of discovery. He kissed her again and again, stopping only when he tasted the salt of tears. When he stepped back, she ran to the couch and hid her face; deep sobs shook her.

He said, "It's going to take time to set some things right. But we have time, Sue."

The courtroom was packed. And it held a surprise. Halliday, returning with Sue, found his attention drawn instantly to a shock of white hair and a beautiful old face. Tom Able Trock sat in the front-row seat, his son beside him, George and Helen Spencer directly behind. Tom Able smiled, beckoned, then stood up as Halliday and Sue approached. Hughie rose too, his movements mechanical.

"Sue," said the old man, "it's good to see you."

"I'm glad to see you, Tom Able." Sue was smiling. She liked him; curiously Halliday found himself pleased by that. And she ignored Hughie without showing revulsion; Halliday liked that too.

Tom Able turned to Halliday. "You've blown up quite a storm in our valley, Mr. Halliday."

Halliday nodded shortly. "I had to."

"Yes. You did. Of course." He seemed pensive. "Mr. Halliday, I wish you would come have dinner with me tonight." He smiled apologetically at Sue and his son. "Just the two of us. Except for my housekeeper. You would please me greatly."

"I'd be delighted," said Halliday. He took Sue's arm and led her to a seat beside him inside the railing.

The others arrived at that moment in an unsmiling group—Pinkley, Schmidt, the coroner, Lois and the deputy sheriff. The latter carried several pieces and loops of green garden hose; he also bore an ax encased in a sheet of transparent plastic. Paul Pinkley's face was gray, his cheeks more sunken than ever; he was, however, quite composed.

The coroner rapped the hearing to order. Pinkley stared coldly at Schmidt. "I am informed, Mr. Coroner, that Sheriff Schmidt has further testimony he wishes to offer. I want it in the record too."

"Very well."

Schmidt took the pieces of hose from his deputy and came forward. He wore a worried, stubborn expression.

"Sheriff," began Pinkley, "you have been at the Stillman place carrying on a further investigation of the death of Anita Stillman?"

"I have."

"And you made certain findings which you reported to me for the first time over the noon hour?"

"That's right."

"You have in your hands three pieces of hose of varying lengths. Will you explain their significance, please."

"Well. Before they were cut up, these were the parts of a twenty-five-foot length of lightweight garden hose with the usual brass coupling on each end. Mr. Stillman told me on Saturday that one just like it usually hung in his garage, but is missing now."

"I see. From an examination of the hose, can you tell us when it was chopped apart?"

"I'd say very recently." Schmidt held two of the chopped ends toward the jurors. "I don't know exactly when, of course, but you sure can tell it wasn't long ago."

"The natural presumption, then, is that it was done the night of Miss Stillman's death?"

"Yeah."

"Very well, sheriff. Show us the piece of hose that you found attached to the death car."

"This one." Schmidt held the longest of the three pieces by its two ends, letting its loop spread on the floor in front of him.

"Let the record show," intoned Pinkley, "that the witness is holding what was the middle portion of the original hose—that is to say, the portion remaining after the ends with their couplings had been chopped off."

Pinkley went on, "Can you tell us, sheriff, whether there is any significance about the length of this particular piece of hose?"

"Well, I tried it and found it was just barely long enough to run from the exhaust pipe of the death car around to the front wing window on the right side."

"Go on."

"Then I got under the car with it, and there I found a small drain pipe to the heater system, just like Mr. Halliday said. The hose was just the right length to fit up that drain pipe, with a little slack left over."

Pinkley let the murmur of sound run around the courtroom, waiting it out stonily. Schmidt kept unwavering eyes on the district attorney. These two had had stormy words over the noon hour, Halliday knew. He also knew what Pinkley intended to do and felt sorry for Schmidt.

Pinkley said, "Very good, sheriff. Now tell us, did you find the instrument used to cut up that hose?"

"I did. It's that ax over there on the table. I also found a short length of two-by-six timber that was used as the chopping block."

Pinkley picked up the plastic-encased ax and handed it to Schmidt. It was a single-bitted ax with a polished hickory handle.

"On what, sheriff, do you base your conclusion that this was the cutting instrument used?"

"Well, several reasons. The ax and the chopping block and the two other pieces of hose were laying all together in a corner of the garage. There wasn't anything else in the place to cut with. The ax has a good edge on it. And I think we'll find microscopic pieces of this hose on the blade. Leastwise, I'm sending it to the state crime lab to check."

"I see. Is there anything else, sheriff, that's significant about this ax?"

"Yeah, there is," said Schmidt quietly. "I searched the car and the garage for gloves and didn't find any. Then I checked the ax handle for Miss Stillman's fingerprints. It didn't have her prints or anybody else's prints on it. That handle had been wiped clean."

Silence held the courtroom for a little time as the meaning sank in. Then the sounds of many voices united in a strong buzzing that went on and on because the coroner made no effort to stop it. Sue's trembling hand sought Halliday's, as though for protection.

Halliday returned his attention quickly to Pinkley. The district attorney stood with head bowed, his cadaverous face quite without expression. When he stirred and spoke, it was with a deadly casualness.

"Thank you, sheriff. Now let us retrace our steps a bit. When word of Miss Stillman's death reached me on Saturday morning, I telephoned down to you and had you come up to my office, did I not?"

Schmidt braced himself. "That's right."

"This was immediately upon your return from an examination of the body and the car at the death scene?"

"Yeah."

"Miss Lois Dupree of my office was present?"

Schmidt looked at Lois. She too knew fully what was coming, thought Halliday; she was quite still, quite pale. Schmidt said, "She was there."

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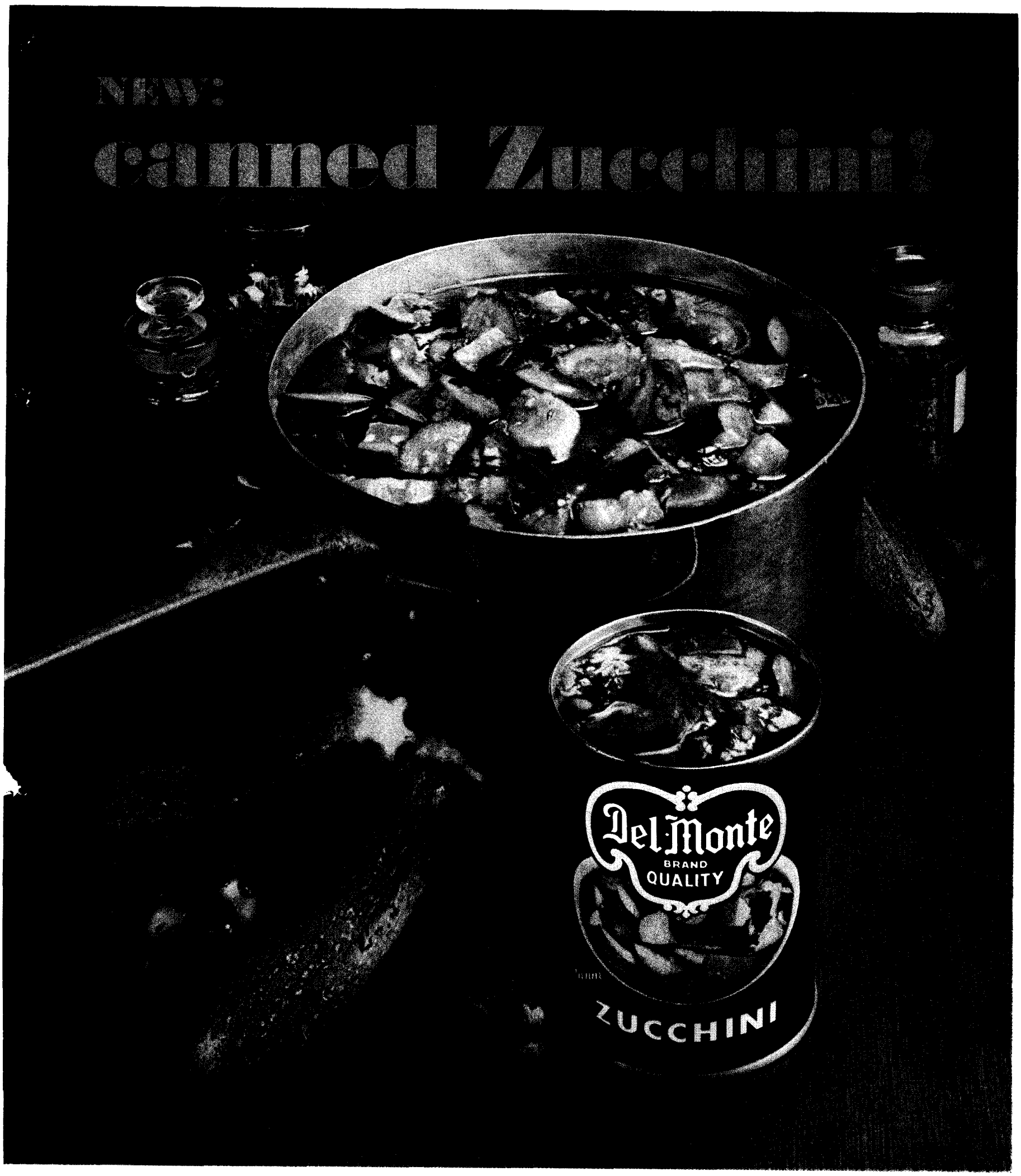

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EDEN "At that time, sheriff, did I not tell you that the death of Miss Stillman was a very serious matter, and that you should make certain your investigation was exhaustively complete?"

"Yeah, but ——" Schmidt hesitated and looked at Halliday.

Pinkley flung the words, "But what, sheriff?"

"You were the one who told me about the party at the Stillman place the night before and Halliday's being there and Halliday's old fight with the Stillman family. I didn't know about any of those things up to then."

Pinkley bore in swiftly, "I simply told you these were matters that might shed some light on Miss Stillman's death and should be investigated, did I not?"

Schmidt shifted uneasily. "Well —— Yes."

"And I offered you the services of Deputy District Attorney Dupree to help you in your interrogations?"

"Yeah."

"She did help you?"

"That's right."

Pinkley turned until he half faced the courtroom, letting time pass until he got the full silence and full attention he wanted. "Now then, sheriff, answer this, if you please. Did you on that occasion, or any subsequent occasion, or at any time or any place, inform me or Deputy District Attorney Dupree that the couplings had been cut off both ends of the hose employed in the death of Miss Stillman?"

Schmidt shifted his big bulk as though the chair had become acutely uncomfortable. "I guess I didn't."

"You *know* you didn't; don't you?" hammered Pinkley.

"All right, I didn't!" flared Schmidt.

"So that when I came into this courtroom this morning for this proceeding, I was completely unaware of this vital fact?"

"I don't know what you were unaware of. All I know is, I didn't tell you about the hose because it didn't seem to mean much."

"You didn't tell me about the ax either, did you?"

"How could I? I hadn't seen it yet."

"But this was because you hadn't looked for it. True, sheriff?"

"I hadn't looked," agreed Schmidt.

"Though we must presume that it was there in the garage, in plain sight, all of the time? So much in plain sight, in fact, that anyone who might have a reason to confuse matters by wiping the prints off that ax handle"—Pinkley sent a deliberate, sidelong glance at Halliday—"could easily have found it and done so?"

"Hey, wait a minute!" bridled Schmidt. "I put the car in that garage and padlocked the place myself early Saturday afternoon."

"Oh, you did!" Pinkley pretended vast surprise. "You at no time told me about doing that either, did you?"

"I didn't have to. The law says I'm to do the investigating, not you. And it doesn't say I have to tell you everything I do."

"That's right, sheriff," agreed Pinkley smoothly. "You didn't have to tell me. You don't have to do the prosecuting, either, in the event some person is charged and tried for the death of Miss Stillman. Do you?"

"No-o-o." Schmidt couldn't see what was coming.

"And because you chose not to tell me about the hose and the ax and not to seek my advice on how to preserve them inviolate as evidence, you've made them virtually worthless in a court of law. Do you know that?"

"I don't follow you."

"No, I guess you don't," agreed Pinkley with biting sarcasm. "That's just the trouble. You don't follow me. And so you don't see what a defense attorney would be able to do to this evidence, all because of your carelessness. You don't see that he would point out how the death car and the hose were left unguarded near a busy highway for at least two hours Saturday morning so that anyone with a motive could have switched hoses. You don't see that he would emphasize how the ax was carelessly left for a still longer period where anyone could have wiped it clean of fingerprints. You don't see the way he would tear into the fact that all this evidence was stuck behind a flimsy padlock at the Stillman place for the entire weekend, and with the Stillmans away! You just don't see at all, do you, sheriff?"

It was an immensely shrewd arraignment, devastating in its effect on Schmidt's reputation. Yet Schmidt fought groggily back. "I tell you," he growled, "I didn't think about those things Saturday, because it was just a routine suicide till I talked to Halliday. And I'll tell you something else. You wanted it to be suicide, because you wanted to blame it on Halliday!"

Pinkley slashed boldly, "You're under oath, sheriff. Prove that or resign your office!"

"That ain't all!" Schmidt shouted. "The chopping block shows that hose was cut with two clean blows of the ax. Whoever did it had a good eye and a good swing. It wasn't done by any woman!"

"Ah," said Pinkley. "Now we're getting more belated evidence, interspersed this time with personal opinion. Do you have still more evidence that you haven't told us about, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Maybe I have," said Schmidt more quietly, "and maybe I haven't."

Pinkley turned from him with an abrupt, contemptuous gesture. "Mr. Coroner, the sheriff doesn't seem to know whether he has further evidence pertinent to this hearing or not. I suggest that the inquest be recessed to an indefinite date while the sheriff tries to complete his inquiries."

"Just a minute." It was Halliday, jumping forward. He had been waiting for this moment. His eyes held those of Shaw; the little coroner made no move toward his gavel. "I demand that the coroner order an autopsy on the body of the deceased, to be performed in San Francisco in the presence of Dr. Sidney Parr, the pathologist."

Shaw looked for guidance to Pinkley, who said, "I've no objection. In fact, in view of the turn this matter has taken, I would have asked for it myself without any intervention by Mr. Halliday."

"I also demand," said Halliday, "that Hugh Trock be taken into custody on suspicion of murder!"

"And just who," snapped Pinkley, "is this demand being made upon?"

"Upon all three of you," said Halliday. "The coroner can dismiss the jury and make a finding of sufficient cause to hold Trock. Or you can file a charge. Or the sheriff can make the arrest on his own authority."

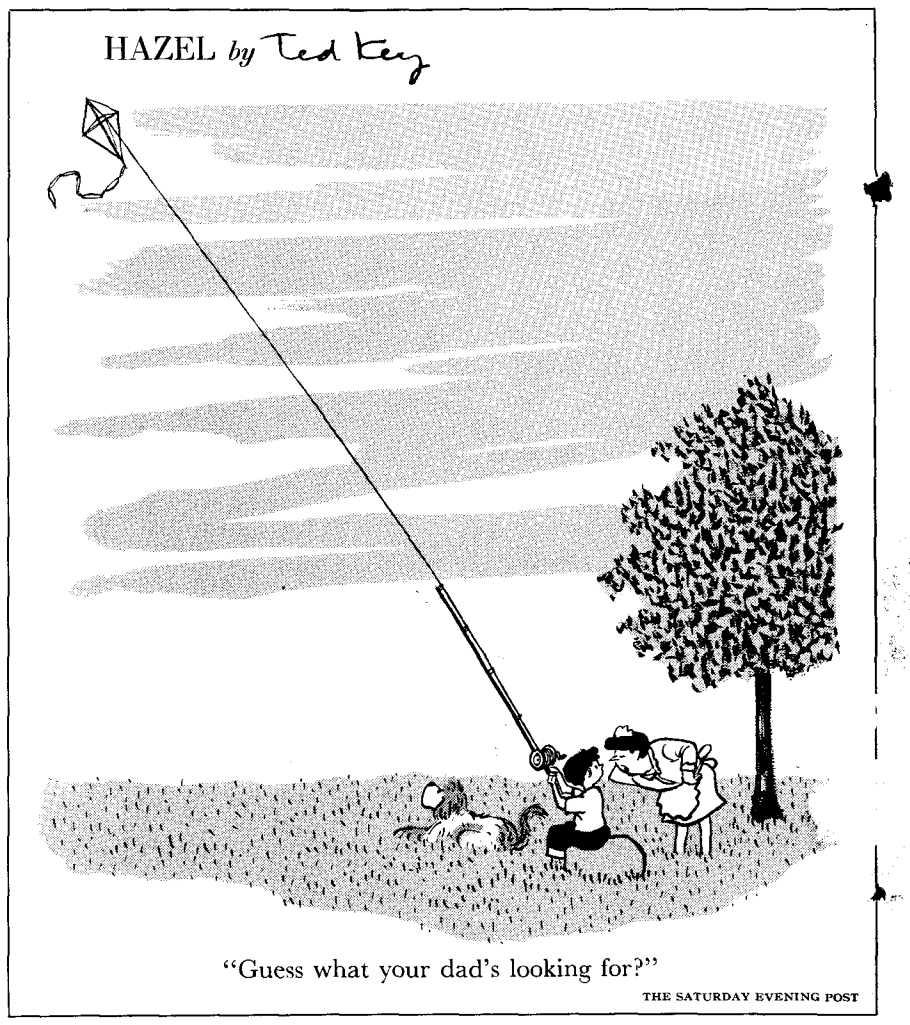
"The coroner won't do it, and I won't do it," said Pinkley. "The tainted evidence in this record is not sufficient to justify holding anyone, let alone a prominent citizen of this valley who we all know would never flee the jurisdiction. The sheriff can do as he likes but, if he takes my advice, he'll make no arrest."

Schmidt, still in the witness chair, looked from Pinkley to Halliday. Schmidt shook his head; he knew, as Halliday knew, that the arrest wouldn't stick with the district attorney opposed to it.

"Then," said Halliday. "I have a further demand. In view of the district attorney's intimate association with certain principals in this case, in view of his obvious bias and prejudice and in view of his unprincipled attack on Sheriff Schmidt, I demand that he step aside and let a special prosecutor handle all further proceedings."

TO BE CONTINUED

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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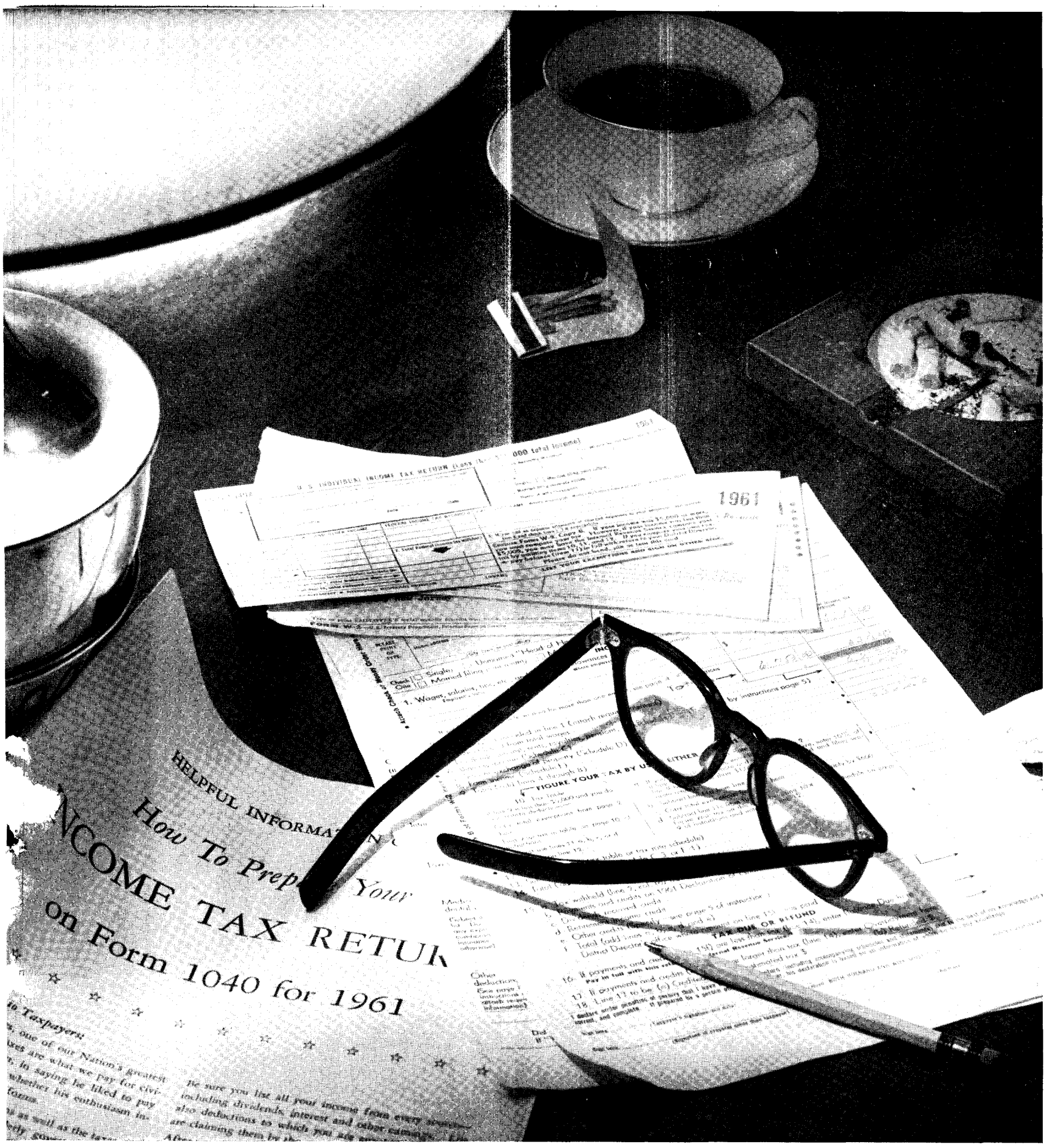

SUPPOSE YOU COULD DECIDE, TONIGHT, just how the government should spend your tax money. You would certainly want it used to keep America's defenses strong. But is there any point in having it spent needlessly, in other fields? Some people want the federal government to pour a lot of your tax money into more electric plants and lines. This is unnecessary, because the investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply all the additional electric power a growing America will need. Why should anybody insist on using your money for a job that can be done without tax spending?

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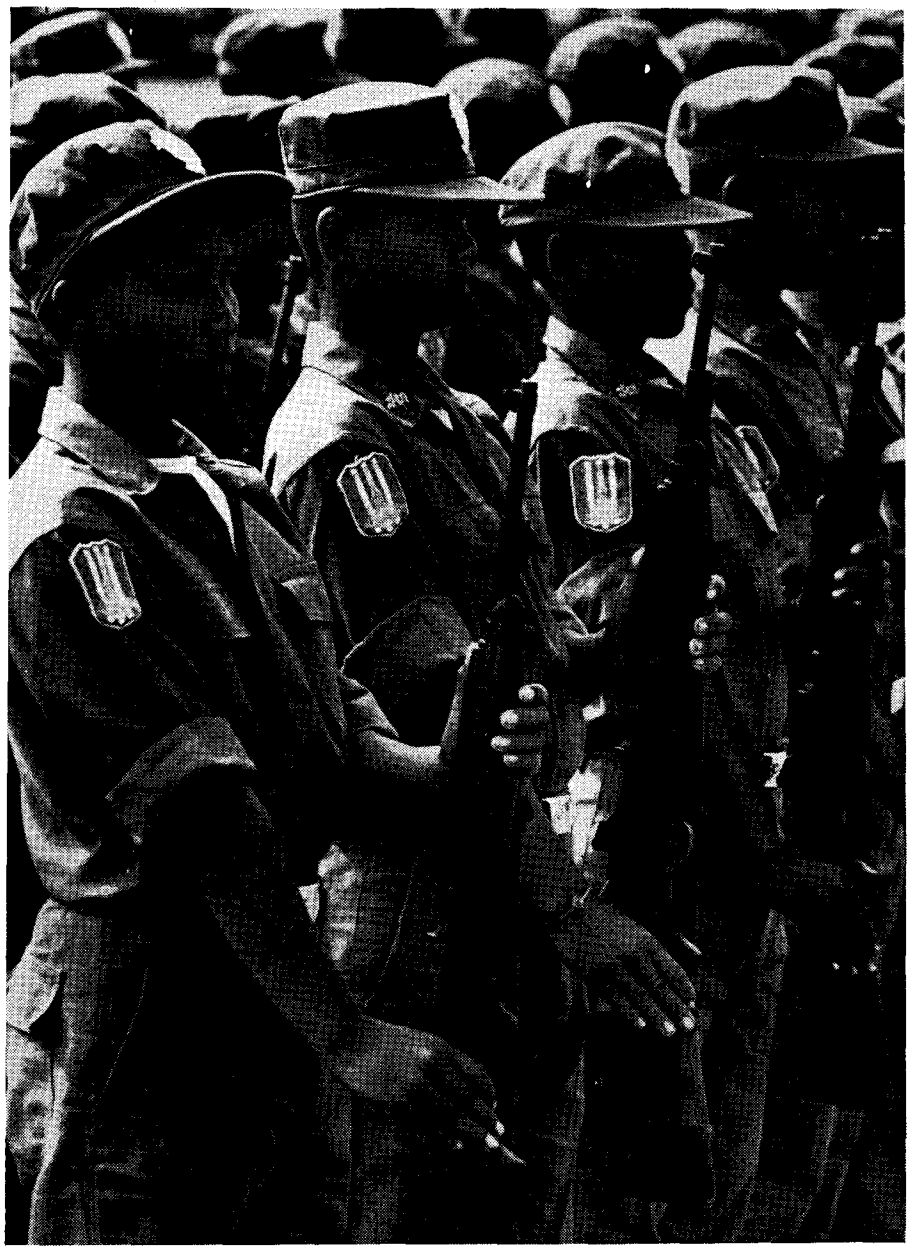
HAVE WE LOST SOUTHEAST ASIA?

By Don A. Schanche

A *POST* EDITOR'S FIRSTHAND REPORT ON THIS TROUBLED REGION, WHOSE PRINCIPAL DEFENSE AGAINST RED CHINESE INVASION IS THE ALMOST-POWERLESS SOUTHEAST ASIA TREATY ORGANIZATION.



Royal Laotian troops: While Laos struggles toward stability, they parry guerrilla thrusts from the north.

Photographs by John Bryson

Mr. Charan Pikul is one of the leading astrologers of Thailand, a nation in which few persons from the king down will take any important action without first considering the stars. Each morning Mr. Pikul consults his charts and draws a horoscope for the king and queen. Frequently he dabbles in political horoscopes, and occasionally he forecasts the fates of nations. On the day I consulted Mr. Pikul, he had just taken on all of Southeast Asia. He was very glum.

"This year 1962," he clucked. "Very bad. *Very bad.* Beginning February fifth with the total eclipse of the sun, there will be many changes in the world. Even worse, seven heavenly bodies are in conjunction. They have a great effect on the horoscope of Communist China. I see the Chinese becoming very aggressive in Southeast Asia. They will be aggressive in Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. They will win Cambodia. They will not be stopped in 1962."

Mr. Pikul is an unorthodox source, to be sure, but his forecast is not much different from the more informed opinions of heads of state, government leaders and diplomats I talked to on a recent two-month tour of the Southeast Asian mainland. To a man, their words were grim. Consider this description of a recurrent nightmare by a Vietnamese official:

"I see unarmed, hungry masses of Chinese walking out of China into Southeast Asia. Sometimes it is only five million of them. Sometimes it is fifty million. They keep coming, looking for food, until they overwhelm us. Facing this sea of people, we are helpless. How can we stop them?" The official shuddered. "It's not too far-fetched when you think about it. It would be difficult but not impossible for a nation of 700 million to drive fifty million of her people down here."

That was only a nightmare. But it reflects the fear of every thoughtful person in Southeast Asia. Whether the Chinese invasion comes like a wave of hungry locusts, as in the dream, or by more conventional methods such as military force or political subversion, the fear that it will come eventually is always there.

One need not be a skilled strategist to understand why. China's people are starving. Western agricultural experts estimate that, even with twenty-five years to recover from her present disastrous famine, China still will not produce enough to feed her swelling population, which could reach 1,000,000,000 by the 1980's.

At the very feet of China lies the verdant, underpopulated mainland of Southeast Asia. This troubled region, encompassing Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, the Malay Peninsula and Burma, is potentially very rich. With the exception of Laos, which is mostly a jungle populated by happy-go-lucky indolents, each of these countries produces more food than it eats. The area embraces vast regions of uncut timber, unsurveyed land which may prove rich in minerals and untilled farmland.

Equally important to power-hungry China is the region's location. The Southeast Asian mainland is slightly larger than Western Europe. It dominates a vast area from the South China Sea to the Bay of Bengal. By possessing it the Chinese could extend their power from India to the Philippines.

Complicating this awesome threat from Communist China is the power of Communist North Vietnam, which currently is feeding arms and men into the two jungle wars of Laos and South Vietnam. Although North Vietnam appears to be oriented toward Russian-style Communism, there is little doubt that if the time of conquest comes it will join the Chinese.

Theoretically countering this threat is the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), formed at the urging of the United States in 1954. A collective defense grouping, it was designed as an Asian counterpart to NATO in Western Europe. But SEATO, unlike NATO, has no military forces or machinery for quick action in the event of trouble. In a military crisis, SEATO members—Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, the United Kingdom and the United States—would meet to debate the problem. If any one of the eight members disagreed with the course the seven others wanted to take, SEATO could not act.

So far Britain and France have been reluctant to consent to any strong action in SEATO. For example, during the rapidly deteriorating crisis in Laos in 1960, the government of that country requested SEATO observers, just to make the organization's presence felt there. Along with Cambodia and South Vietnam, Laos is included under what SEATO calls its protective "umbrella." A request from a threatened nation under the umbrella is supposed to bring action. In this case it did not. After debating the request for days, SEATO had to reject it because its eight members could not agree. Lacking unanimity on such a minor action, it is doubtful that SEATO will ever get unanimous consent for a major use of power.

Thus Southeast Asia stands uncertainly under a leaky umbrella at a time when storm clouds are dropping torrents of rain. The storm is presently at its worst in the strategic heartland of Southeast Asia, the mountains, jungles and bountiful river deltas of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Thailand.

To get an idea of what is happening in that area, we should examine these

Vientiane, Laos: The departure of King Savang Vatthana for the royal capitc at Luang Prabang. Another attempt to form a coalition government had failec

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"TO LIVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE— AND DIE AS A FREE COUNTRY."

Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk has kept his nation on a course of precarious neutrality. (He says a Red take-over in Southeast Asia is "inevitable".) Sihanouk's angry feud with Thailand's Premier Sarit led to closing of the Thai-Cambodian border last October.

nations one by one. Although they have many things in common—agricultural economies, the Buddhist religion, and similar ways of rural life—the people of these countries, and their national institutions, differ greatly. The immediate problem of Communism, while common to all, takes a different face in each nation. The problem is most grave and immediate in South Vietnam and Laos, both of which owe their troubles to Communist North Vietnam.

To understand Laos, we should first become acquainted with the cast of characters in Laotian affairs. Remember these four names:

Prince Souphannouvong, dyed-in-the-wool Communist who leads the 15,000-odd Pathet Lao rebels in sometime alliance with his half brother

Prince Souvanna Phouma, amiable, French-oriented but left-leaning neutralist who controls some 3000 former Royal Army troops and has been working to unseat

Prince Boun Oum, hefty premier of the right-wing Royal government, who is supported by

Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, deputy premier, defense minister and government strongman who controls the 50,000-man Royal Army of Laos.

Their nation is one of the most backward on earth. In its entire 90,000 square miles there are only 700 miles of usable all-weather roads. Its 3,000,000 people are peace-loving, fun-loving, love-loving and lazy. Largely indifferent to their oft-changing governments, they are content, like most Asian peasants, to be left alone.

There are a great many different forces at work in Laos. Since 1955 the United States has given Laos roughly $350,000,000 in aid. At various times this U.S. money has supported a neutralist government, a neutralist-rightist coalition, a neutralist-Communist coalition and a rightist government. In one of the coalition governments Red Prince Souphannouvong actually administered the U.S. aid money.

In addition to the internal groups passing power back and forth, there is a bewildering variety of foreign agents doing their best to confuse an already tangled situation. Entering the capital city of Vientiane, a dirt-road village about the size of Platte, South Dakota, is like stepping into the pages of an Ian Fleming spy mystery. When photographer John Bryson and I arrived, we repaired to the Constellation Hotel, a four-story, walk-up hostelry, which serves as the town rendezvous for Westerners. Within five minutes we encountered a CIA agent, an agent of Britain's MI-5, a shadowy ex-Nazi S.S. officer who appeared to have some connection with the French, and the chief coordinator of the Laos opium traffic. With the exception of the opium smuggler, who was minding his own happy business, each had an ear cocked to the others' conversations. While they sipped their drinks, a Soviet M.V.D. man, accompanied by his ambassador, strolled past the open lobby bar.

For some months now, some of these foreign intelligence agents have exerted greater influence on Laotian affairs than their ambassadors have. Although most Americans are unaware of it, some of our own CIA men and American military advisers on the scene have acted, much to the consternation of the State Department, to subvert U.S. policy in Laos. We shall come back to that sad state of affairs later. First let's examine our official policy.

The situation could change before you read this, but at this writing the United States supports the right-wing government of Prince Boun Oum. But we believe it is too weak to defeat the rebellious coalition of neutralists and Communists and bound to fall if the on-again-off-again cease-fire, in existence since last May, is permanently broken. For this reason the U.S. has joined the Soviet Union, Red China, Britain, and ten other nations which make up the fourteen-nation Geneva Conference on Laos, in attempting to herd Boun Oum into a new coalition government with his enemies.

Theoretically, a coalition government of Communists, rightists and neutrals, led by Prince Souvanna Phouma and under surveillance by a three-nation (India, Canada and Poland) International Control Commission, will stabilize the country and eliminate the Ho Chi Minh Trail, a jungle and mountain supply route through which the Communists funnel arms and men from North Vietnam, through Laos, and into war-torn South Vietnam. American policymakers have accepted this theory as an article of faith for three reasons.

1. Although admittedly a weak solution, there is no alternative.

2. Although Russia has industriously airlifted a huge supply of military equipment into Laos, Soviet representatives in Geneva have convinced the fourteen-nation conference that they want to see a trouble-free, neutral government there.

3. Although a similar International Control Commission in Vietnam has been an abysmal failure because Indian representatives have been loath to offend the Communist Poles, India has been more realistic lately, and a newly constituted I.C.C. in Laos might work.

These are thin timbers with which to build a policy, but at this stage the State Department believes they are all we have. Short of open military intervention by the United States, an act which we fear might trigger Chinese intervention and another Korea, point one is valid. But by thus acknowledging to the world that we fear a clash with China more than we fear the loss of Laos and continued guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam, we may be sowing troubles which we won't be able to harvest without a war. Thus it appears to many that our policy in Laos, by its timidity, will lead to disaster.

In any case, it is a policy, and one would expect that all the interested agencies of the U.S. Government would support it. Some do not. A handful of Americans on the scene in Laos have been working to subvert it. These men, identified by American and other Western sources as agents of the Central Intelligence Agency and members of the American Military Assistance Advisory Group in Vientiane, scarcely hide their disapproval.

There was one example of this American split during my visit to Vientiane. At the time, the eyes of the world were on the three feuding princes, who were scheduled to meet in Vientiane to work on details of the proposed coalition government. Only the minor question of agreement on security arrangements for the meeting stood in the way of the get-together. To smooth the way, our able ambassador, Winthrop Brown, convinced reluctant Prince Boun Oum and General Phoumi that they should go along with security arrangements favored by the other two princes. Shortly after Brown left Phoumi's house with the assurance that the way was at last cleared for the

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princes to meet, a CIA agent entered. Apparently he talked Boun Oum and Phoumi out of keeping their word to Brown, for two hours later the princes were as far apart as ever on the question of security arrangements.

Whether you agree or disagree with our policy in Laos, it is difficult to swallow that kind of duplicity. Sadly it is but a small example of the split in American ranks which has existed there for many months. It probably was this split, as much as anything else, which got us into the pickle in the first place.

It first broke into the open in August of 1960 when a pint-sized Royal Army paratroop captain named Kong Le rebelled with his battalion and seized Vientiane, the capital city. He installed Souvanna Phouma as premier. The United States Embassy recommended that we recognize the futility of trying to build an effective right-wing opposition and go along with the neutral prince. But CIA and American military officers threw their support to General Phoumi and Boun Oum, who eventually marched on the capital and took over. Kong Le joined the Communists. By last May the Communists and neutralists had taken more than half of Laos and, with guerrilla forces, dominated much of the remainder. America finally went to the negotiating table with a gun at its back. Now arm in arm with our mortal enemies, Russia and Red China, we are pleading to get what we could have had free a year and a half ago.

Now let's take a look at South Vietnam. As previously reported in *The Saturday Evening Post* (LAST CHANCE FOR VIETNAM, Jan. 6, 1962), prospects for victory over the Communists in this beleaguered country are not encouraging. A relatively small force (20,000) of Communist guerrillas has terrorized the populace, paralyzed agriculture and destroyed public confidence in the stoutly anti-Communist government of President Ngo Dinh Diem. Thousands of Vietnamese who are fed up with military insecurity and government corruption either support the Communists or favor overthrowing Diem's regime, or both. The United States has responded, perhaps too late, by helping to recast the Vietnamese army so that it can bring security to the countryside. At the same time we are attempting to convince stubborn, autocratic President Diem that he must make political and social reforms to regain the support of his people. Neither effort is significantly hurting the Communist guerrillas. Their continued health is assured by a jungle lifeline called the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which pours arms and men from Red North Vietnam through Laos into South Vietnam.

This Communist lifeline passing through the jungle Kingdom of Laos underscores the American dilemma in Southeast Asia. Certainly we would like to see it cut off, for without it the Viet Cong guerrillas in South Vietnam would soon collapse. But instead of acting to eliminate this supply corridor, steps the United States is taking in Laos probably will preserve it.

The apparent hopelessness of the situation in Laos and Uncle Sam's sorry record have not gone unnoticed in the rest of Southeast Asia. In Thailand particularly, our failure in Laos has generated a severe case of nerves.

Historically the Thais have been the most fortunate of all the Southeast Asians. Before World War II, Thailand took note of the rising power of Japan. With a shrug—"if you can't beat 'em, join 'em"—she sided with Japan. Early in the war she sensed Japan's eventual defeat and began sidling back over to the West. Thailand's position in international affairs was best expressed by her wartime premier, Marshal Phibun. "Which side do you think will be defeated in this war?" he asked his chief of staff in 1942. "That side is our enemy."

At the moment Thailand is enjoying the greatest prosperity in her history. The fabled city of Bangkok is booming. New cars choke the streets. Modern skyscrapers block the tourists' view of the gold spires erected in the heyday of the great Siamese kings. But amid all the prosperity there is an air of discouragement. Thailand shares borders with neutral Burma and neutral Cambodia as well as soon-to-be neutral (or Communist) Laos. Although her government, a military oligarchy led by Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, is stoutly pro-Western, the Thais are speaking more and more of neutralism as the means of survival.

"Can you blame us?" asked one senior official. "We have doubts about you Americans. Will you support us when a really critical time comes? After watching you in Laos, many of us wonder."

Next door to Thailand, peaceful Cambodia serves as an object lesson in the benefits of neutrality. Neither country cares much for the other. They severed diplomatic relations last fall after weeks of bitter words between Marshal Sarit and Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. But the deftness with which the latter has walked the tightwire between East and West, and the profits he has gained by this death-defying feat, have led many Thais to want to try the same thing.

Since he recognized the Soviet Union and Communist China in 1958, Sihanouk has managed enormously well. Russia built a showcase $15,000,000 medical center in the capital city of Phnompenh. The Chinese Communists have put up about $40,000,000, much of it to establish a textile industry. France has pumped in $28,000,000. Czechoslovakia has given about $1,000,000, Japan and Australia, as well as the United Nations and the Colombo Plan, also have given aid to Cambodia. But eclipsing all of these gifts to Cambodia is the $320,000,000 in United States aid.

Thanks to this flow of aid from both sides of the iron curtain, Cambodia has no internal or external debt, and there is no inflation. Unlike Laos, most of the money has gone where it should. More than 20 percent of the national budget is spent for education, which hardly existed eight years ago. Cambodia now has forty-five high schools and 3000 primary schools. Malaria and yaws, which once afflicted more than half the country's 4,700,000 people, have been almost wiped out. American machinery has boosted agricultural production by more than 50 percent in three years.

But there is an aura of tragic resignation over all of this remarkable growth. Sihanouk sadly believes that Communism inevitably will triumph in Southeast Asia. When I talked to the Prince in the ornate royal palace in Phnompenh, he uttered these melancholy words:

"We do not want Communism to come too soon to our country. First we want to build Cambodia up as much as we can. It is like the choice of a condemned prisoner. If given a choice between dying today or tomorrow, he will always choose tomorrow because it gives him one more day of life. Given a choice between quick death and a long death, we prefer the latter. We choose to die as a free country."

"But must Communism come?" I asked him.

"Yes, inevitably," he said, "because there have been too many errors in Southeast Asia. It is too late to reverse them."

Fortunately not all Southeast Asians share Sihanouk's fatalism. But neither are they especially optimistic. Few question the belief that, despite our talk of a "favorable" settlement of the Laos problem, Laos is as good as lost to the Communists. Even with a "neutral" government they expect arms and men from North Vietnam to continue pouring through Laos into South Vietnam, so that this country too may be lost. Although the United States continues to pump military equipment and advisers into Vietnam, many Asians doubt that we are willing to fight there ourselves, if it becomes necessary.

From this reporter's observation, this doubt about the continued earnestness of the United States in Southeast Asia is the most important factor in the struggle there. From it stems the growing trend toward neutralism in Thailand. It is responsible for an increasing sense of discouragement in South Vietnam. And it forms the basis of Sihanouk's fatalism.

Our first task in Southeast Asia, therefore, would appear to be relatively simple: dispel the doubts about our intentions there. At present, despite our involvement in SEATO and our military assistance to Vietnam, the U. S. is by no means irrevocably committed to the defense of Southeast Asia, and the Asians know it. SEATO has been shown to be what the Chinese call it—a "paper tiger."

If we intend to preserve Southeast Asia as a part of the non-Communist world, we will have to make a commitment there which the Asians know is irrevocable. As a start we should pressure our allies in SEATO to change the "unanimous consent" rule which prevents it from acting in the crisis. Then we should lead in the creation of at least a token permanent military force in SEATO, one which could act quickly when nations under its currently leaky umbrella call for help.

Finally, if the three princes of Laos continue in their failure to get together on a coalition government, we should reassess our timid policy and reconsider what we seriously considered last year: armed intervention in alliance with such other SEATO countries as will join us. Intervention is the apparent goal of the small group of Americans who have worked so industriously to undermine our present policy in Laos. Although one cannot condone members of one branch of the United States Government working against another, it is easy to sympathize with their aims. The risk of Chinese intervention and another Korea will remain, of course. But the alternative is the eventual loss of all Southeast Asia to the Communists.

No matter what we do, the future of Southeast Asia will be troubled and grim. But among all the forecasts I heard in Southeast Asia, astrologer Pikul's dire prediction of Chinese Communist aggression in 1962 was the least discouraging. For after predicting a year of aggression, he brightened somewhat and added, "The Chinese will be aggressive, but they will not necessarily be successful. In 1963 I see the Americans coming in to stop them. I think they will succeed."

THE END

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EDITORIAL

The Mind and Human Understanding

To those who believe that man's brain will always be smarter than the computers, it was reassuring to hear Astronaut John Glenn urge that in future space flights more reliance be placed on the pilot and less on automatic gadgetry. When it comes to crucial decisions, nothing in this dazzling age of telemetry and electronic guidance quite equals the alertness, fine tuning and dependable judgment of the human mind.

But with all its achievements in science and technology, in literature, philosophy and the arts, the mind still has trouble mastering one subject—itself. The secrets of its marvelous and often terrifying behavior elude us. Precisely how the network of brain cells functions we do not know. What are the chemical or electrical formulas for thinking—or for hating, fearing or loving? What causes thoughts and emotions to spin out of control, and what can be done to steer them back into orbit? How can mental illness be prevented?

Few questions facing us today cry more insistently for useful answers. Seventeen million persons in the United States alone are suffering from mental disturbances; half of our hospital beds are occupied by mental patients. The rest of the world has burdens just as heavy.

In a four-part series that begins this week on page 17, *The Post* takes a look at what one famous family of psychiatrists, the Menningers, are doing, with their Kansas colleagues and neighbors, to develop the needed answers. The Menningers belong to an illustrious company that for more than a century and a half has been combating superstition, cruelty, apathy and pessimism in the handling of the insane. It is a company that included Pinel of France, Benjamin Rush and Dorothea Dix of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century America and, in the modern era, Freud, Jung and Adler in Europe, and a host of distinguished men in this country—Smith Ely Jelliffe, A. A. Brill, Adolf Meyer, Harry Stack Sullivan, Franz Alexander, Kenneth Appel, Leo Bartemeier, Daniel Blain, Karl Bowman, Francis Braceland, Harry Solomon and many others.

These leaders have done much to advance our understanding and treatment of mental disorders. But the sheer numbers of disturbed men, women and children have continued to outstrip the facilities for therapy. It is estimated that one out of ten of us will require psychiatric care during our lifetime. Whether we find the right kind of help when we need it will depend largely on how high a priority we, as a nation, give to this phase of our medical program.

In the past we have slighted it shamefully. As President Kennedy observed in his February message to Congress on the nation's health needs: "While we have treated the physically ill with sympathy, our society has all too often rejected the mentally ill, consigning them to huge custodial institutions, away from the heart of the medical community." The very bigness of these public mental hospitals—some with 10,000 to 15,000 patients—as well as their isolation and their serious understaffing are the main reasons we are so far behind in our care of the mentally ill. The Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, to whose outstanding report, "Action for Mental Health," the President referred, has pinpointed these and other shortcomings and has recommended specific steps for improvement. It urges the extension of treatment facilities through community mental-health clinics, general hospital psychiatric units and other services. It advises against building any new state hospitals larger than 1000-bed capacity and suggests that our total expenditures for mental health be tripled during the next ten years to an annual outlay of $3,000,000,000.

Funds and facilities won't do the job alone, of course. Nor will the widely heralded drugs. The tranquilizers have taken the edge off some of the psychic pain, have calmed agitated patients and made them more accessible to other forms of therapy. But most psychiatrists believe that the mind that has lost itself can find its way back only with the help of other minds—the minds of doctors and psychologists, nurses, occupational therapists, aides and citizen volunteers. As the Menningers put it, "People get well because of and with the help of people."

Unfortunately, the simplicity of this slogan is deceptive. For the effectiveness of person-to-person therapy depends upon the depth of understanding. And here we are back to our original observation on the dismaying lag in the mind's knowledge of itself. This has been apparent not only in our inadequate care of the mentally ill but in our neglect of the behavioral sciences generally. Psychologists, sociologists and social anthropologists are concerned with understanding the human species and with the art of learning how individuals get along with one another. Failure to master this art lies at the bottom of many of our current troubles—the South's denial of rights to Negroes, the clashes between labor and management, the bloody agonies of emerging nations in Africa, the growing tensions of the cold war. Perhaps one reason the behavioral sciences have been so neglected is that so much human behavior is so bad. But this is all the more reason for giving more attention to them.

Yet the behavioral scientists have had to fight an uphill battle for public acceptance. When a young woman friend of ours who had a degree in anthropology applied several years ago for a job with a foreign-aid branch of the Government, she was turned down by an official who remarked, "I'm afraid we don't have much need for people who collect arrowheads and fossils."

Such an appallingly narrow notion of anthropology is inexcusable in a Government department dealing with people of other countries and cultures. Happily there are recent signs that the view in Washington is broadening. The National Institutes of Health have announced a new program of research grants in the behavioral sciences, to be headed by Dr. Murray Aborn, a psychologist. The program will support studies "on how and why man conducts himself as he does within his human and technological environments, and how and why he develops and changes."

These are goals of knowledge we would all do well to keep in sight; but it will require constant effort to do so. For there is far more glamour in the glittering electronic hardware of war than in the difficult social machinery of peace. It is easier to guide a missile than to control human conduct, easier to push a button that will destroy the people of another nation than to learn how to share the planet with them. The danger is that while "hardening" our missile bases we may harden our characters and forget that the only salvation of the world lies in the maintenance of sanity in our international relations. If the human family, East and West, cannot grow up mentally and emotionally, then we are all surely lost.

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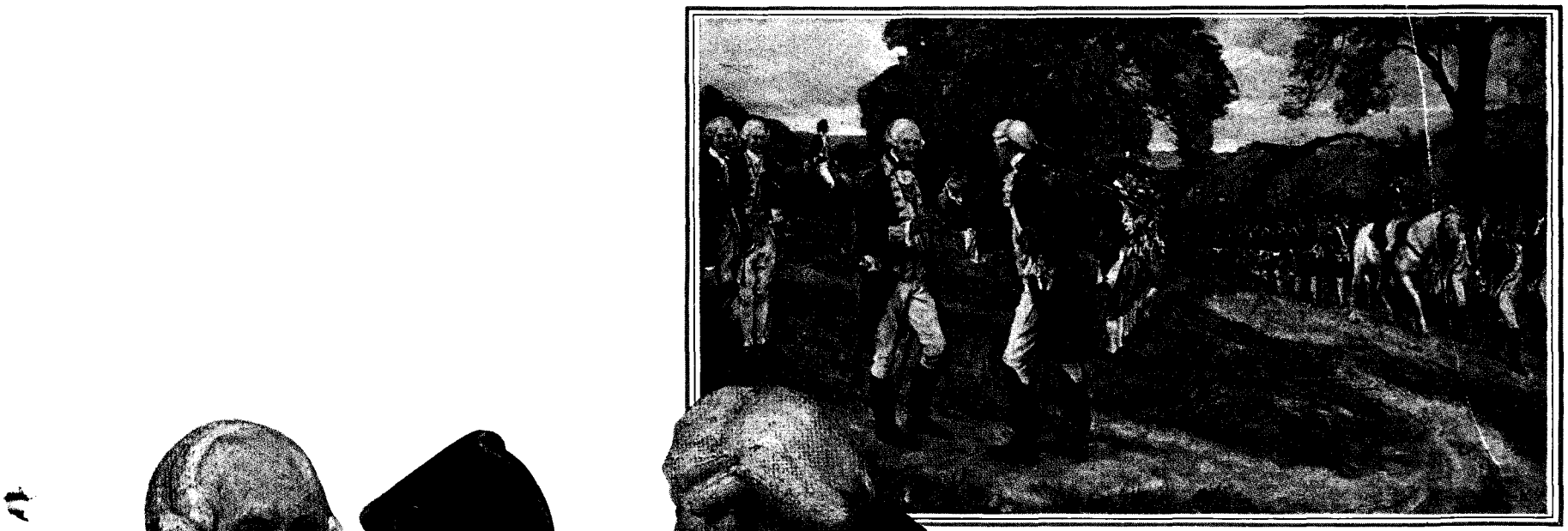

British General Burgoyne presents his sword to victorious American General Gates at Saratoga, October, 1777. Painting by H. E. Smith.

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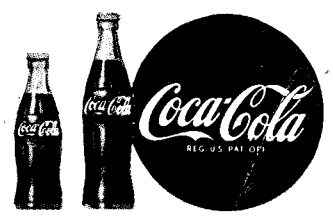

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